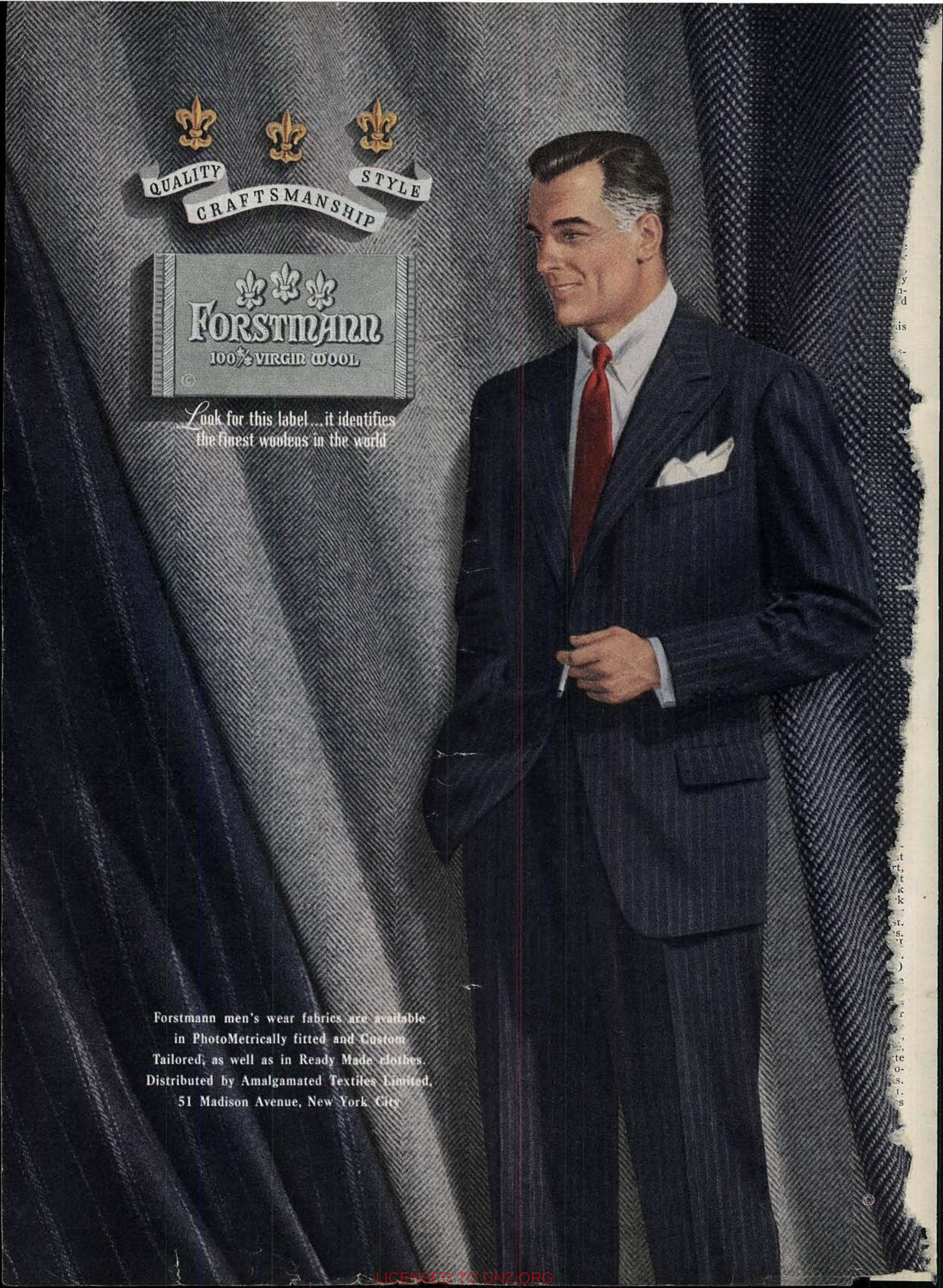
Jan. 20, 1951

THE NEW YORKER

Price 20 cents

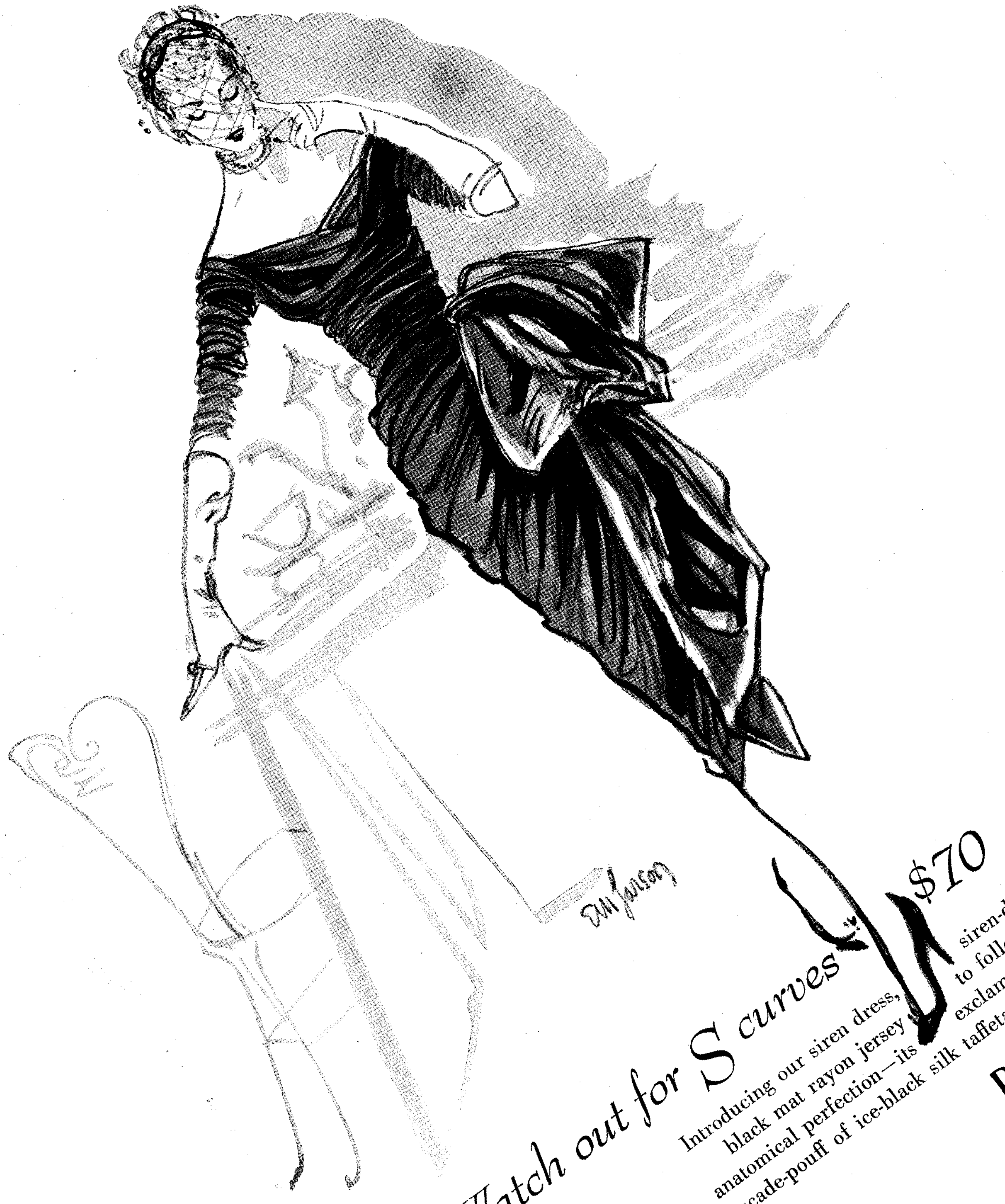
ALFRED UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

J 20



QUALITY
CRAFTSMANSHIP
STYLE
FORSTMANN
100% VIRGIN WOOL
©
Look for this label ... it identifies the finest woolens in the world

Forstmann men's wear fabrics are available in PhotoMetrically fitted and Custom Tailored, as well as in Ready Made clothes. Distributed by Amalgamated Textiles Limited, 51 Madison Avenue, New York City



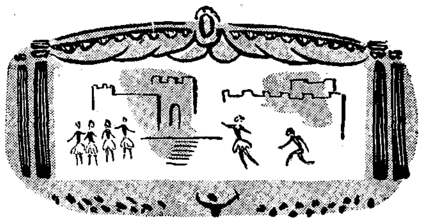
Watch out for S curves

$70

Introducing our siren dress, siren-draped and shaped of black mat rayon jersey to follow nature with anatomical perfection—its exclamation point, the cascade-pouff of ice-black silk taffeta, sizes 10 to 16.

BERGDORF GOODMAN
5th AVE. at 58th ST • NEW YORK 19
ON THE PLAZA

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Affairs of State—Celeste Holm in a comedy dealing with Washington love and politics, neat and unsurprising, that is Louis Verneuil's first job of playwriting in English. With Reginald Owen, Barbara O'Neil, and Shepperd Strudwick. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Bell, Book and Candle—John van Druten's comedy about witchcraft in modern Manhattan lags a bit toward the end, but it is still a remarkably entertaining play. Lilli Palmer makes an enchanting sorceress, Rex Harrison is excellent as her bewitched admirer, and the rest of the cast, including a Siamese cat, is very good, too. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Country Girl—A play by Clifford Odets about an alcoholic actor and his understanding wife. It is likely to remind you of several things you've seen before, but it has its touching moments, and Uta Hagen and Paul Kelly are splendid as the troubled pair. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Darkness at Noon—Sidney Kingsley has done a vigorous and penetrating adaptation of Arthur Koestler's novel about a former hero of the Communist Party who is tried and finally executed by the new leaders of the movement. Claude Rains is superb in the leading role, and the other members of the cast include Walter J. Palance, Kim Hunter, and Alexander Scourby. Frederick Fox designed the enormously effective set, and Mr. Kingsley is the director. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

An Enemy of the People—Arthur Miller did this adaptation of Ibsen's play about the tragedy of a man who defies public opinion. Fredric March heads a cast that contains such able people as Florence Eldridge, Morris Carnovsky, Art Smith, Martin Brooks, and Ralph Dunn, but the play has become something of a museum piece. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Jan. 20.)

King Lear—Louis Calhern in a handsome and elaborate production of one of Shakespeare's most difficult tragedies. Among those surrounding the mad monarch are Arnold Moss, Norman Lloyd, Edith Atwater, Wesley Addy, Martin Gabel, and Nina Foch. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Jan. 20.)

The Lady's Not for Burning—There are stirring performances by John Gielgud, as a cynical warrior, and Pamela Brown, as an alleged witch, in Christopher Fry's interesting, if sometimes fairly ornate, comedy in verse. Among the others on hand are Eliot Makeham, George Howe, Penelope Munday, and Richard Burton. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

New York City Theatre Company—George S. Kaufman's and Edna Ferber's "The Royal Family," with Ruth Hussey, J. Edward Bromberg, Ethel Griffies, Peggy Ann Garner, and John Emery, is being presented through Sunday, Jan. 21. . . . ¶ Shakespeare's "King Richard II," with Maurice Evans, Kent Smith, and Betsy Blair, will open on Wednesday, Jan. 24, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 4. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8:15. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Peter Pan—Jean Arthur is Peter and Boris Karloff is both Mr. Darling and Captain Hook in this stylish and intelligent revival of the Barrie fantasy. Also, Leonard Bernstein has contributed some arresting incidental music. A first-rate job, though the play itself may call for a somewhat indulgent attitude. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sunday and Monday, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesday, Saturdays, and Sunday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Jan. 27.)

Ring Round the Moon—Gilbert Miller has given a superlative production to this frail but very attractive comedy, which was translated from Jean Anouilh's French original by Christopher Fry. Lucile Watson, Stella Andrew, Oscar Karlweis, and Denholm Elliott play important parts in it. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Jan. 20.)

Season in the Sun—Wolcott Gibbs has revamped his series of Fire Island stories into one of the funniest plays to come along in some time. With Richard Whorf, Nancy Kelly, Paula Laurence, Anthony Ross, and King Calder. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Second Threshold—Clive Brook is admirable as a man who sees no further reason for living, in this slightly disappointing posthumous play by Philip Barry, which Robert E. Sherwood has more or less revised. There are competent supporting performances by Margaret Phillips, Hugh Reilly, and Betsy von Furstenberg. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Twentieth Century—This 1932 Hecht-MacArthur comedy about some very strange and comic carryings-on aboard the Limited has been brilliantly revived, with a company headed by José Ferrer and Gloria Swanson. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:45.)

Long Runs—**the happy time:** A high-spirited French-Canadian family and the effect of its uninhibited behavior on an adolescent boy. Roger Dann now has the lead. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **the member of the wedding:** Carson McCullers' adaptation of her novel concerning a young girl's desperate need to identify herself with something o somebody. With Ethel Waters, Julie Harris and Brandon De Wilde. (Empire, Broadwa at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Su days, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays an Saturdays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in th issue:

Four Twelves Are 48—A comedy by Joseph Ke selring, with Anne Revere, Ernest Truex, and Hiram Sherman. Produced by Aldrich & Myers, and directed by Otto Preminger. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Bless You All—Mary McCarty, Pearl Bailey, and Jules Munshin in a revue that is funny about half the time, which is probably par for the course. Arnold Auerbach wrote the sketches, Harold Rome did the music and lyrics, Helen Tamiris handled the choreography, and John C. Wilson is the director. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Call Me Madam—Ethel Merman plays a lady ambassador just about the way she played Annie Oakley, which is, of course, practically perfectly. The occasionally disappointing book is the work of Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse; Irving Berlin wrote the generally excellent songs; and the cast includes Paul Lukas, Alan Hewitt, Russell Nype, and Pat Harrington. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Guys and Dolls—This triumphant comedy, adapted from one of Damon Runyon's stories, at last gives us a worthy rival to "South Pacific." The book is the work of Abe Burrows and Jo Swerling, Frank Loesser wrote the music and lyrics, George S. Kaufman is the director, and the fine cast is headed by Isabel Bigley, Sam Levene, Robert Alda, and Vivian Blaine. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Michael Todd's Peep Show—Mr. Todd has resurrected burlesque in a big, rough show tha features six former practitioners of the a as well as some of the handsomest and mos lightly clad girls you ever saw. Bobby Clar directed the sketches; the music is the wo of many hands, among them those of the King of Thailand; and Lina Romay is in the ca Not recommended for the overly fastidio (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. C 5-4878. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30 Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.

Out of This World—Cole Porter wrote th music and lyrics for this variation of th Amphitryon legend, but somehow it isn't a funny or as tuneful as it ought to be. Othe participants include Lemuel Ayers, who designed the sets and costumes; Hanya Holm who arranged the dances; Agnes de Mill who staged the production; and Charlo Greenwood, who, with David Burns, pr vides most of whatever comedy there i (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-312 Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinée Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**gentlemen prefer blondes:** Lorelei Lee and her trip abroad. Carol Channing, Yvonne Adair, and Jack McCauley populate

	Page
THE ART GALLERIES	60
BOOKS	86
THE CURRENT CINEMA	84
MUSICAL EVENTS	71
OF ALL THINGS	58
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
FEMININE FASHIONS	74
THE RACE TRACK	82
TELEVISION	80
THE THEATRE	54

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address.

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXVI, No. 48, Jan. 20, 1951. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1951, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Philippines, Latin America, and Spain, $7.50; Canada, $8.00; Other Foreign, $10.00.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27

the Anita Loos story. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **KISS ME, KATE:** "The Taming of the Shrew" as Shakespeare might have written it if he had had a hand from Cole Porter. Currently with Anne Jeffreys and Ted Scott. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **SOUTH PACIFIC:** Anybody here doesn't know about "South Pacific"? Ray Middleton is now playing opposite Mary Martin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

ANGEL IN THE PAWNSHOP—Eddie Dowling and Joan McCracken in a comedy by A. B. Shiffrin. Produced by Mr. Dowling and Anthony B. Farrell, and staged by John Larson. Opens Thursday, Jan. 18. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

ARMS AND THE MAN—A theatre-in-the-round production of Shaw's play, with Francis Lederer and Sam Wanamaker. (Arena, Hotel Edison, 234 W. 47th St. PL 7-1093. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Jan. 20.)

SONJA HENIE—Heading her annual ice revue, which opens Friday, Jan. 19, and will run through Wednesday, Feb. 7. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Nightly, except Sundays and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 26-27, at 8:30. Matinées Sundays, Jan. 21 and Feb. 4, at 2:30.)

DUDLEY-MASLOW-BALES TRIO—Together with the New Dance Group in a dance recital. (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday, Jan. 27, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music and other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—In the Trianon Room, the dance orchestras of Jules Lande and Nino de Moraes soothe the guests at dinner and supper, except Sundays.

BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Except Sundays, Mischa Raginsky's orchestra operates at cocktail time in the Palm Court and during dinner in the Madison Room. No dancing either place.

GOGI'S LARUE, 45 E. 58th St. (EL 5-6374)—Ted Straeter in all his considerable glory (dinner jacket, carnation, and blithe piano), turning out dance music in this luxurious jewel box. Gogi's romantic violinists cruise the room during intermission. Fridays, like Princeton proms, are black tie. Closed Mondays.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—A stableful of pretty fancy clotheshorses, among them some very nimble sprinters. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

NEW YORKER, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—The Terrace Room, bless its big heart, has an ice show at dinner and supper. Alice Farrar and Carol Lynne are its most noticeable objets d'art. Ray Robbins' and Peter Kent's orchestras play for dancing. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Denise Darcel, so handsome and well dressed it doesn't matter much what she sings, is in the Cotillion Room, where Stanley Melba's orchestra and a rumba band do the dance music. All bands perform at dinner and, except Sundays, at supper. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's orchestra plays for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing in the elegant Café Pierre. Page Morton, who sings in several tongues (seriatim, that is), is at the piano between sets.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, during dinner and supper, Herb Shriner's bucolic philosophizing, and Mark Monte's and Dick La Salle's orchestras' pretty dance music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, which has a pink-champagne air, offers Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's flowing dance orchestras after eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's music tinkles in the Palm Court during the cocktail hour. No dancing.

RITZ-CARLTON, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (MU 8-3000)—Emery Deutsch's dinner music in the Oval Room, except Sundays, when Harold Sandler's orchestra fills in. . . . ¶ The Palm Court offers Mr. Sandler's cocktail music from four to seven, except Sundays. No dancing in either room.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Guy Lombardo is again tenting on his old campground, the Grill, where he plays at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—At dinner and supper in the Maisonette, one of the most opulent wine cellars in town, there is Julie Wilson, a good-natured siren who can't quite persuade anybody that she's as wicked as some of her owlish lyrics seem to imply. Milt Shaw and Horace Diaz, those old family retainers, provide the dance music, and Les Crosley is Miss Wilson's impeccable accompanist. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's dance orchestra is on tap in the Café Lounge at dinner and supper, as well as for tea dancing every afternoon.

SHERRY-NETHERLAND, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—The Carnaval Room, the assembly hall for a regal element of our population, has dinner and supper dance music by Hugo Pedell's band and Jan Brunesco's gypsies. Closed Sundays.

STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—In the Café Rouge, from dinnertime on, Frankie Carle's orchestra swarms through the hit-parade tunes. Closed Sundays.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—At least it keeps the youngsters off the streets at night. Suzy Mulligan sings, and Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band supply the dance music.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Florence Desmond is splendid when she parodies such natural phenomena as Tallulah Bankhead, and a bit less so with the inevitable Hollywooders. Teresa Brewer's face-to-face hassle with a microphone is extremely tense. Emile Petti's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band for dancing.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—At dinner and supper in the Wedgwood Room, the dances of Nelle Fisher and Jerry Ross, plus the choral work of the Continentals. Emil Coleman's orchestra is the main music-maker. Mischa Borr's dance band alternates with Mr. Coleman's, and on Sundays plays until midnight all by itself. Starting Thursday, Jan. 25, Liberace, a piano player with gags, will take over, assisted by a new brace of ballroom dancers. . . . ¶ In the Flamingo Room, Michael Zarin's orchestra for dancing from six o'clock on. Closed Sundays.

NOTE—The Rainbow Room is open, but only for cocktails, from four-thirty to nine. The main room is too large for anything less intimate than a game of lacrosse, but the tables by the big windows are worth scrambling for. Closed Sundays. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): That famous ceramic tree glitters brightly, but no more brightly than the piano arabesques of Cy Walter, who's here at dinner and again at supper, except Sundays. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, who was on the bandstand at Helen of Troy's coming-out party, starts his bouncy music at eight. Phil D'Arcy's trio is around, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Hustle and bustle, hustle and bustle. Except Mondays, Nancy Reed's piano at dinner and supper; except Sundays, Ernie Warren's trio, which heats up a bit at times. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Subdued piano and fiddle after nine-thirty for a not especially subdued audience. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A musical-comedy version of Spain, with furious indigenous dances by both cast and clients. Closed Mondays. . . . **VIEUX CARRÉ,** 13 E. 55th St. (PL 3-7296): Except Mondays, from cocktails through supper, Louis Hawkins, one of the town's most debonair hosts, turns his fine Southern hand to lighthearted piano and conversation in this playful reminder of a New Orleans balcony. The room is over L'Aiglon Restaurant. . . . **NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): In the bar of this busy bit of 1960 décor, Rudy Timfield's dinner and supper piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **CELESTE,** 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): After the theatre, Portia Nelson sings forgotten songs in a not-to-be-forgotten voice, to the thoughtful piano of Bart Howard. Jim Mahoney is the dinner pianist. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 127 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9131): Vicente Gomez, doing wonderful things with a guitar at dinner and supper. Closed Tuesdays. . . . **CAFÉ MADISON,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-5000): Piano music from six to nine, Mondays through Fridays, and Bernie Dolen's orchestra for dancing during the same hours on Saturdays and from noon to nine on Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): If you're down front, you'll be able to see Frankie Laine, of the hot-and-bothered school of song; Betty and Jane Kean, a brisk pair of comedians; and the entertaining dances of Copsey and Ayres. Dancing. . . . **OLD KNICK MUSIC HALL,** Second Ave. at 54th St. (PL 9-2724): A real rumpus room, with hiss-the-villain melodrama, singing waiters, old movies (trimmed with Paul Killiam's ad-lib, punning commentary), and other foolishness (trimmed with the spoofing ballads of Clara Cedrone and Bill Meigs). Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): Josephine Premice, cavorting and singing, is the life of the party. Arthur Blake, another mimic of Hollywood characters (it's getting to be an overcrowded profession), does a lot better than most of his confreres. Phil Napoleon's Memphis Five is distinctly audible

PALUMBO

**Dutch treat for juniors . . .
tweed and flannel
split the check!**

Fair enough, our Spring wayfarer whose round-hipped suit and check-faced topper play switch to the count of several ensembles! In navy with navy and white checks, grey with grey and white, sizes 9 to 15, 85.95; the matching hat, 10.95

Peck *and* Peck

NEW YORK • CHICAGO • BOSTON • PHILADELPHIA • BALTIMORE • DETROIT • CLEVELAND • ST. LOUIS • MINNEAPOLIS • ST. PAUL
INDIANAPOLIS • WASHINGTON, D. C. • CINCINNATI • KANSAS CITY • MILWAUKEE • HARTFORD • BUFFALO • PROVIDENCE • ATLANTA

Why should a dress be *Pretty?*

EVERYONE takes it for granted that a woman should have pretty clothes. But have you ever wondered exactly why? Well, a pretty dress is more than clothes. A pretty dress is self-assurance . . . poise . . . confidence . . . *morale.*

The deep, inner-satisfaction of being well-dressed is something nearly every American woman can now enjoy. But this was not always true. Not so very long ago, beautiful dresses were a rarity—worn only on state occasions. Then, with the perfection of rayon, the natural desire to appear at one's best—*all the time*—came into its own.

For rayon, being a man-made fiber, could be designed in miraculous new ways. Out of the test tube came satins and velvets, crepes and sheers in luxurious profusion. And as dress designers used these fabrics to create a new world of fashion for all, the great ready-to-wear industry, with its fine clothes at low cost, was born.

Yes, today's woman in her pretty dress owes a lot to rayon, which has brought so much charm, so many added values to everyday life. American Viscose Corporation, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

Avisco®

AMERICAN VISCOSE CORPORATION

AMERICA'S LARGEST PRODUCER OF RAYON

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

above the room noises. Cliff Jackson is still at the keyboard during the intermissions.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Every night, Pearl Bailey, the laziest (and often the funniest) gal in town, surrounded by Paula Drake's sharp-witted humor, the raffish burlesques of Tony and Eddie, and the music of the Page Cavanaugh Trio. Stuart Ross is at the piano and Harold Cooke is master of ceremonies. . . . ¶ In the lounge, except Saturdays, the after-theatre piano fancies of the celebrated Eadie and Rack. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Ronny Graham, the house analyst, offers his own explanation of why the whole human race is falling on its face; Bibi Osterwald and the Three Riffs sing high-grade, high-velocity nonsense. The piano of Julius Monk and the light fantastic chamber music of the Norman Paris Trio provide the setting. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Richard Dyer-Bennet, the eminent balladier, sings folk songs, not without an austere sense of humor and Royce Wallace sings warm and sings blue. Between shows, the brisk dance music of Clarence Williams and Karl Lynch. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Young talent at play, under the guidance of Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, who also play valiant double piano. Hazel Webster, of course, is the solo pianist. Antique movies on Sundays; Monday is amateur night. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Above the tumultuous Show Spot bar, except Sundays, Mabel Mercer sings her one-of-a-kind sad songs about the loveless love life of the moderns. Sam Hamilton is her pianist. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): Spivy shows up in her Swiss chalet late in the evening to run through her night-blooming ballads. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA COMMEDIA,** 59 W. 52nd St. (PL 9-3477): Starting around nine-thirty, the piano of Laurie Brewis, the jaunty little Londoner, and, after eleven, the skylarking carols of Jo Hurt accompanied by Don Abney. At cocktail time, Mr. Brewis officiates upstairs, in a new room. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Jimmie Daniels, the singing host of this Oriental palace, has lots of vocal company—prankish songs by Alice Ghostley, forthright ones by Joan Shaw, and mournful ones by Norene Tate, who also does double piano with Reginald Bean. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** Hotel Meurice, 145 W. 58th St. (CI 7-7440): Except Mondays, the impish songs of Pat Rainey, a seductive girl with a sinuous voice.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Continued high winds and rampageous weather, mostly from Wild Bill Davison's freewheeling trumpet. Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, Edmond Hall, Bob Casey, Gene Schroeder, and sometimes Mr. Condon help him let joy reign unrefined. Ralph Sutton plays spontaneous-combustion piano between sets. On Tuesdays, visiting firebrands compound the chaos. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's Dixieland band, with Andy Russo on trombone, is working here. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Jimmy Archey, Tommy Benford, Pops Foster, and Dick Wellstood, kicking a fair-sized gong around. Don Frye plays piano while they're outside for a smoke. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays. Dancing. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): What may be the death throes of bebop activate many of the doings of Dizzy Gillespie's sextet, Lester Young's quintet, and Dinah Washington's song fest. On Thursday, Jan. 25, a new show, headed by the George Shearing Quintet. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those Friday-night rigadoons. On Jan. 19, the chief cacophonists will be Wild Bill Davison, Max Kaminsky, James P. Johnson, Buster Bailey, and Bob Wilber. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): More Friday-night fun in a boiler factory. This week (Jan. 19), Big Sid Catlett, Red Allen, Munn Ware, and Sol Yaged head the roster. Dancing.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

KIT BARKER—Oils and drawings, a bit in the style of John Tunnard, by one of the younger contemporary English artists, whose first oneman showing in New York this is. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.; through Jan. 23.)

HAROLD BAUMBACH—City scenes, for the most part, with considerable quiet awareness beneath a naïve manner. (Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 10 to 6; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; through Jan. 19.)

RENATO BIROLLI—Paintings of the Adriatic, done in flickering blues and in a style that makes good use of simplification, by a young Italian until now never shown in this country. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 27.)

MARIO CARREÑO—New oils by one of the more perceptive of the modern Cuban artists. (Perls, 32 E. 58th St.; through Jan. 27.)

CLIMAX, 1913—Paintings and a few sculptures, all dated around 1913, by such early moderns as Mondrian, Braque, Picasso, Malevitch, and Archipenko. A generally enlightening study of the state of art in that era. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 3.)

SALVADOR DALI—A large Madonna, plus some smaller works, all technically impeccable, as always, but the products of an inspiration that is now a little jaded. (Carstairs, 11 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 27.)

DRAWINGS—A big and carefully selected exhibition, spanning the sixteenth through the nineteenth centuries and containing a number of rarities that are certain to delight amateurs in this field. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through Feb. 10.)

JEAN DUBUFFET—New paintings, much richer and more restrained in treatment than formerly, though still a bit bad boy in subject matter. (Pierre Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 3.)

SIDNEY GEIST—Sculptures, many in polychrome, that are strongly influenced by the Northwest Indians. A promising first New York showing. (Hacker, 24 W. 58th St.; through Jan. 27.)

ADOLPH GOTTLIEB—New paintings, less strict in pattern and more colorful than before, by an artist who bases his abstractions on Indian motifs. (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.; through Jan. 22.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **FRIED,** 40 E. 68th St.: Oils and other works, most of them never before exhibited in this country, by such moderns as Picabia, Arp, Vantongerloo, and Morgan Russell. Weekdays, 1:30 to 5:30; through Jan. 20. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Dong Kingman, Paul Cadmus, Oronzio Maldarelli, and others, in an exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and drawings; through Feb. 3. . . . **NEW ART CIRCLE,** 41 E. 57th St.: A small and choice selection of paintings by Josef Albers, Karl Knaths, Marsden Hartley, and other Americans; through Feb. 3. . . . **ROSENBERG,** 16 E. 57th St.: New oils by Milton Avery, Karl Knaths, Abraham Rattner, and Max Weber; through Jan. 20.

EDWARD LANING—Drawings of Italy, most of them turned out in the past two years. (Hewitt, 18 E. 69th St.; through Jan. 27.)

LUIGI LUCIONI—Paintings, 1925 to the present, showing his progress (if such it is) from an early Impressionism to the glassiest sort of representationalism. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.; through Jan. 20.)

JOHN MARIN—A new crop of oils and water colors, about equally divided between seascapes and landscapes, by the acknowledged dean of American artists. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.; through Jan. 27.)

MODERN FRENCH—At the **KNOEDLER,** 14 E. 57th St.: An unusually handsome loan showing of Impressionist and post-Impressionist paintings, for the benefit of the New York Heart Association; through Jan. 27. . . . **NIVEAU,** 63 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Braque, Utrillo, Bombois, and others.

MYSTERY AND MAGIC—A group show stressing the dreamlike and the fantastic, with some excellent pieces by Xavier Gonzalez, Sydney Simon, and others. (Grand Central Moderns, 130 E. 56th St.; through Jan. 20.)

SCULPTORS GUILD—Work by such members as Chaim Gross, Arline Wingate, Joseph Konzal, and Cleo Hartwig. Seven cubicles have been set up, in which some of the sculptors demonstrate the techniques involved in sculpturing wood, clay, stone, and so on. (Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. Weekdays, 9 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Feb. 4.)

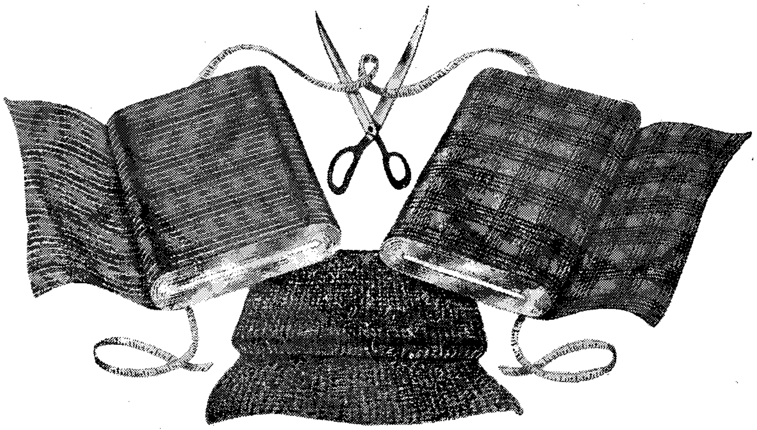
CHARLES SELIGER—New abstractions, anatomizing, with a kind of Japanese delicacy, the structure of leaves, flies, fish, flowers, and the like. (Willard, 32 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 27.)

THEODOROS STAMOS—New paintings, occasionally carrying a good deal of poetic feeling behind their hazily abstract approach. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 27.)

SAKARI SUZUKI—Landscapes and cityscapes, chiefly, demonstrating a controlled use of segmented color that is agreeable and refreshing. (Artists', 851 Lexington Ave., at 64th St. Weekdays, noon to 5:30; through Jan. 25.)

PAVEL TCHELITCHEW—A set of abstract drawings

TRACK
7-45
V. DE PAUW



OUR SPECIAL-ORDER DEPARTMENT

Brooks Brothers' workmanship and styling ...plus a man's individual variations

Our Special-Order Department offers many advantages. You can choose your own materials from a wide selection of fine woollens...the clothes are made on Brooks Brothers' own distinctive patterns, incorporating certain individual variations...and you can have try-ons of partly finished garments.

In the end you have a suit, topcoat or sport jacket that reflects Brooks Brothers' unsurpassed tailoring and quality...and is distinctly your own.

Special-Order Suits, $125 *to* $165

Special-Order Odd Jackets, $85 *to* $105

Special-Order Topcoats and Overcoats, $115 *to* $210

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

346 MADISON AVENUE, COR. 44TH ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 6, N. Y.
BOSTON • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO

of human heads, executed with geometric exactitude and almost unbelievable precision of line, in this artist's first showing in several years. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 27.)

Marcel Vertès—Imaginary portraits, frequently quite witty and penetrating, of contemporary notables as they might have appeared in childhood. (Kleemann, 65 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 31.)

Some of This Week's Openings—At the BUCHHOLZ, 32 E. 57th St.: Paul Klee, drawings; through Feb. 3.... CARRÉ, 712 Fifth Ave., at 56th St.: Raoul Dufy; through Feb. 3. For the benefit of the Arthritis and Rheumatism Foundation. ... NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.: Audubon Artists. Daily, 1 to 5; through Feb. 4.... NIVEAU, 63 E. 57th St.: Raoul Dufy; through Feb. 10.... PARSONS, 15 E. 57th St.: Richard Pousette-Dart; through Feb. 3.... BERTHA SCHAEFER, 32 E. 57th St.: Ary Stillman; through Feb. 3.... SCULPTURE CENTER, 167 E. 69th St.: Opening group show. Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 5 and 7 to 10; Saturdays, 2 to 5; through Feb. 17.... JACQUES SELIGMANN, 5 E. 57th St.: Five centuries of European-master drawings; through Feb. 28.... VAN DIEMEN-LILIENFELD, 21 E. 57th St.: Five centuries of master paintings; through Feb. 3.

MUSEUMS

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Italy at Work," a large collection of furniture, metalwork, glass, machinery, jewelry, and ceramics, as well as model interiors for a theatre lobby, a chapel, and a dining room, all intended to illustrate the progress of contemporary Italian design. Weekdays, 10 to 5; Wednesday evenings, 6 to 9:30; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Jan. 31.... ¶ Prints by members of the Brooklyn Museum Art School's Graphic Workshop; through March 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A show selected by a national jury and called "American Painting Today—1950," in which more than three hundred artists are represented; through Feb. 25.... ¶ Bronze sculptures, ancient and modern, from the permanent collection; through Jan. 21.... ¶ An exhibition of fifteenth- through nineteenth-century European porcelains and pottery, recently given to the Museum by R. Thornton Wilson; through Jan. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Sketches and pen-and-ink drawings by the late Charles Dana Gibson, including political cartoons, a couple of portraits, and many versions of the Gibson Girl. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through March 31.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibition demonstrating the use of good modern design in furniture and other household articles; through Jan. 28.... ¶ A survey of abstract painting and sculpture in America since 1912; starting Jan. 24. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A group show by the Museum's regulars, among them Hilla Rebay and Josef Albers, as well as by some Germans as yet little known here. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6; through Feb. 24.)

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8th St.—A memorial showing of around ninety-five paintings and drawings, ranging in date from 1922 through 1948, by Arshile Gorky. (Daily, 1 to 5; through Feb. 18.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall LU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Jan. 18, at 8:15: "The Barber of Seville," with Erna

BRONZINI

5 East 52nd Street, New York

BRONZINI
LIBRARY COLLECTION
MEN'S SILK NECKWEAR
Bow Ties with a new idea!
"the knot with all the pattern."*

*Pat. Pending

Berger, Herta Glaz, Eugene Conley, and Giuseppe Valdengo. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 19, at 8:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Regina Resnik, Martha Lipton, Richard Tucker, and Clifford Harvuot; and "Pagliacci," with Delia Rigal, Ramon Vinay, Leonard Warren, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 20, at 2: "Fledermaus," with Marguerite Piazza, Patrice Munsel, Risë Stevens, Charles Kullman, and Richard Tucker. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 20, at 8:15: "Il Trovatore," with Zinka Milanov, Fedora Barbieri, Kurt Baum, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Monday, Jan. 22, at 8: "Tristan und Isolde," with Kirsten Flagstad, Blanche Thebom, Ramon Vinay, and Herbert Janssen. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 23, at 8:15: "Il Trovatore," with Zinka Milanov, Fedora Barbieri, Kurt Baum, and Francesco Valentino. (A benefit for St. Barnabas House.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 24, at 8: "Faust," with Delia Rigal, Giuseppe Di Stefano, Cesare Siepi, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 25, at 2:30: "Das Rheingold," with Margaret Harshaw, Karin Branzell, Hans Hotter, and Set Svanholm. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 25, at 8:15: "Fledermaus," with Ljuba Welitch, Patrice Munsel, Charles Kullman, and Eugene Conley. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 26, at 8:30: "La Traviata," with Delia Rigal, Lucielle Browning, Jan Peerce, and Giuseppe Valdengo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 27, at 2:15: "Das Rheingold," with Margaret Harshaw, Jarmila Novotna, Hans Hotter, and Set Svanholm. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 27, at 8:15: "Il Trovatore," with Zinka Milanov, Fedora Barbieri, Kurt Baum, and Leonard Warren. (A non-subscription performance.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall—Bruno Walter conducting a Brahms cycle: Thursday, Jan. 18, at 8:45; Friday, Jan. 19, at 2:30; Saturday, Jan. 20, at 8:45; and Sunday, Jan. 21, at 2:45 (all with Zino Francescatti, violin); and Thursday, Jan. 25, at 8:45; Friday, Jan. 26, at 2:30; and Saturday, Jan. 27, at 8:45 (all with Clifford Curzon, piano).

Boston Symphony—Charles Münch conducting. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Jan. 19, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 20, at 2:30.)

N.B.C. Symphony Orchestra—Arturo Toscanini conducting Verdi's "Te Deum" and "Requiem," with Herva Nelli, soprano; Fedora Barbieri, mezzo-soprano; Giuseppe Di Stefano, tenor; Cesare Siepi, bass; and the Robert Shaw Chorale. A benefit for Casa Verdi, a home, in Milan, that Verdi founded for aged musicians. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 27, at 5:30. For tickets, call SA 2-5392.)

National Association for American Composers and Conductors—The Teachers College Little Symphony, Ernest E. Harris conducting, with Valarie Lamorée, soprano, in a program of music composed by, among others, Samuel Barber, Normand Lockwood, and Frank Wigglesworth. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44th St. Sunday, Jan. 21, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Don Cossack Chorus—Serge Jaroff directing. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 19, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Kirsten Flagstad—Soprano. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 4-3200, Ext. 2461. Thursday, Jan. 18, at 8:30.)

Alexander Borovsky—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 20, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Artur Schnabel—Piano, in an all-Beethoven program. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Jan. 20, at 8:30.)

New Friends of Music—Budapest String Quartet. (Town Hall. Sunday, Jan. 21, at 5:30.)

Luboshutz and Nemenoff—Duo piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 21, at 8:30.)

League of Composers—Works by Darius Milhaud, Paul Nordoff, and others. With Nan Merriman, mezzo-soprano; Maxim Schapiro, piano; and other vocalists and instrumental-

Tiffany table appointments are chosen with confidence by the most discriminating hostesses. A gift from our collection of China and Glassware is certain to give pleasure.

Glass—Candlesticks, 4¼ in. high . . . the pair . . . $ 6.
Pitcher, 2 quarts . . . . 31.
Lenox China—Bradford pattern
Place setting consisting of dinner, dessert, bread and butter plates, tea cup and saucer 23.25

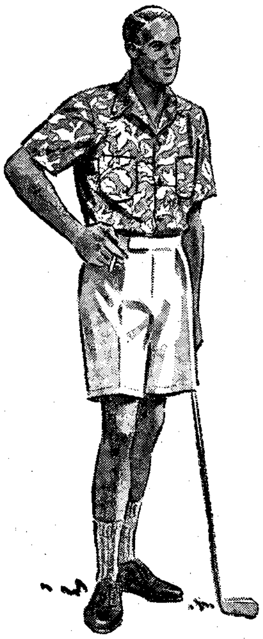
Mail Inquiries Receive Prompt Attention

TIFFANY & CO.
FIFTH AVENUE & 57TH STREET
NEW YORK 22 PL 5-8000

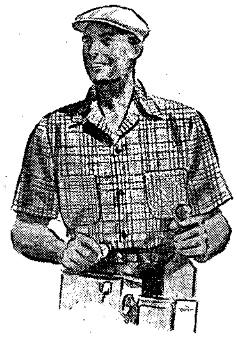
COLORFUL NEW MATERIALS FROM ENGLAND & SCOTLAND IN BEACH & RESORT WEAR

Introducing the newest in Beach and Resort Wear. Rogers Peet's importations of fine Cotton Piques from England and sheer D. & J. Anderson Voiles from Scotland. Patterns of greater color-interest than ever in washable materials of great renown. In Rogers Peet Sport Shirts, Beach Shirts and Trunks.

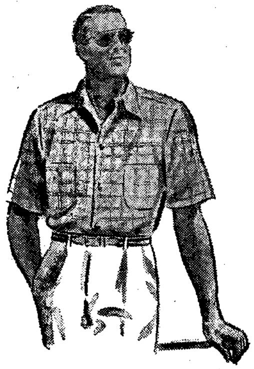
MAIL ORDERS INVITED*



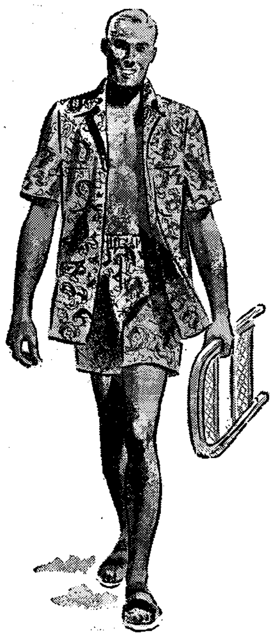
Sport Shirts in rich Paisley and other patterns in cool, handkerchief-weight English Voiles are $7.50. Particularly good-looking when worn with White Belgian Linen Bermuda-Length Shorts as illustrated. $8.95.



Sport Shirts in D. & J. Anderson's world-famous sheer Voiles in Colorful Plaids are $8.50.



Sport Shirts in D. & J. Anderson's world-famous sheer Voiles in self-checked soft pastel colors are $10.



Beach Shirt and Swimming Trunks to match in bold, richly-colored prints in heavy ribbed Cotton Piques woven in England. Shirts $10. Trunks $7.50.

*MAIL ORDERS ... SPECIFYING SIZES AND PREDOMINANT COLORS DESIRED ... SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO PERSONAL SHOPPER, ROGERS PEET COMPANY, 5th AVENUE AT 41st STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

Rogers Peet Company
Makers of fine clothes

In New York:
Fifth Avenue
at 41st Street

Thirteenth St.
at Broadway

Warren Street
at Broadway

And in Boston:
Tremont St.
at Bromfield St.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ists. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Jan. 21, at 8:30. For tickets, call CI 7-3841.)

Jan Peerce—Tenor. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday, Jan. 23, at 8:30.)

Albeneri Trio—Erich Itor Kahn, piano; Giorgio Ciompi, violin; and Benar Heifetz, cello, in an all-Beethoven program. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 24, at 8:30.)

Budapest String Quartet—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Wednesday, Jan. 24, at 8:40.)

Jascha Heifetz—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 24, at 8:45.)

Josh White—Folk singer. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 4-3200. Ext. 2461. Thursday, Jan. 25, at 8:30.)

Gina Bachauer—Piano. (Town Hall. Friday, Jan. 26, at 8:30.)

Maryla Jonas—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 27, at 3.)

Note—Webster Aitken will give a piano recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Jan. 28, at 2:55. Tickets will be issued on Tuesday, Jan. 23, in order of written application. Applications must be received on Tuesday morning—not before—and a separate request must be made for each ticket.

MISCELLANY

Duke Ellington—And his orchestra. A benefit for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. (Metropolitan Opera House. Sunday, Jan. 21, at 8:30. For tickets, call LO 3-6890.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811. Other numbers are included in the listings.)

Boxing—Paddy Young vs. Kid Gavilan, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Jan. 26. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

College Basketball—St. John's vs. Brooklyn College. (69th Regiment Armory, Lexington Ave. at 25th St. MU 4-6170. Saturday, Jan. 20, at 3. Advance tickets on sale at Madison Square Garden.)

Professional Basketball—Knicks vs. Minneapolis, and Baltimore vs. Fort Wayne, Thursday, Jan. 18, at 7:15; and Knicks vs. Rochester, Sunday, Jan. 21, at 7:30. (Madison Square Garden.) . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Tri-Cities, Wednesday, Jan. 24, at 8:45; and Knicks vs. Washington, Saturday, Jan. 27, at 8:45. (69th Regiment Armory, Lexington Ave. at 25th St. MU 4-6170. Advance tickets on sale at Madison Square Garden.)

Indoor Polo—Two matches every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30.)

Track—Millrose Athletic Association meet. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Jan. 27, at 8.)

FOR CHILDREN

Concert—The Little Orchestra Society, Thomas Scherman conducting. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Jan. 20, at 11. For tickets, call CI 5-5159.)

Plays—By the **JUNIOR THEATRE:** "Hänsel and Gretel." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturdays at 2:15. For tickets, call CI 6-0224.) . . . **HANS MANN CHILDREN'S FAIRY TALE THEATRE:** "Hänsel and Gretel." (Carnegie Recital Hall. CI 7-7460. Sunday, Jan. 21, at 3.) . . . **SALOME GAYNOR THEATRE:** "Tom Sawyer." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 27, at 3.)

Tibor Nagy Marionettes—"Fire Boy: A Pueblo Indian Legend." (Church of the Heavenly Rest, 2 E. 90th St. AT 9-3400. Saturday, Jan. 20, at 11.)

Miscellany—Oscar Brand in a program of songs, stories, and singing games, along with Sally Ray, doing folk dances in costume.

DODGE
ROUTE-VAN

Demonstrating a few uses of the "Route-Van"—created by practical imagination at Chrysler Corporation

How can you please trained seals—and trained salesmen?

Not to mention sportsmen and laundrymen, milkmen and people in many other different businesses? You wouldn't think *one* product of an auto factory would please them all — but it did!

Our engineers were working on ways to improve merchandise delivery vans — the kind your milkman, cleaner and baker probably use. They discarded old ideas — put *imagination* to work to create a new kind of vehicle—and came up with the Dodge "Route-Van."

Then it happened! An animal trainer bought one for his seal. Fishermen used them for mobile cabins. There's a traveling phonograph shop in one, a restaurant in another, and a "highway" hardware store. And people in many kinds of businesses found this "room-size" van just right.

It's shorter, for easier parking and shorter turns — yet there's so much more room inside. Its doors are wider, its floor "curb-high." A new chassis, new steering, new springing, a new "split" rear axle . . . all these features make it fit many purposes.

Businessmen find they can give you better service, at lower cost, when they use this new van. It's another big example of the way we use practical, creative *imagination* at Chrysler Corporation to make trucks, and *cars*, better each year. You'll find many other proofs of these better values when you see the great new Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto and Chrysler.

Driver-salesmen as well as owners like the new Dodge "Route-Van." Wider doors and lower floors make their work easier. They're smart-looking vans as they drive up to your door, too.

PRACTICAL *Imagination* **BUILDS TRUCKS OF GREAT UTILITY**

CHRYSLER CORPORATION

PLYMOUTH DODGE DE SOTO CHRYSLER

Airtemp Cooling, Heating, Refrigeration **Chrysler** Marine & Industrial Engines **Dodge** Job-Rated Trucks **Oilite** Powdered Metal Products **Mopar** Parts & Accessories **Cycleweld**

Come to Britain
IN FESTIVAL YEAR

Whenever you come to Britain this year, you'll sense a gala spirit in the air.

For this is "Festival of Britain Year" . . . and we are celebrating with a year-round, country-wide program of fairs, festivals, fetes, and exhibitions! There's never been so much to see and do in Britain, so much pageantry, color, and excitement!

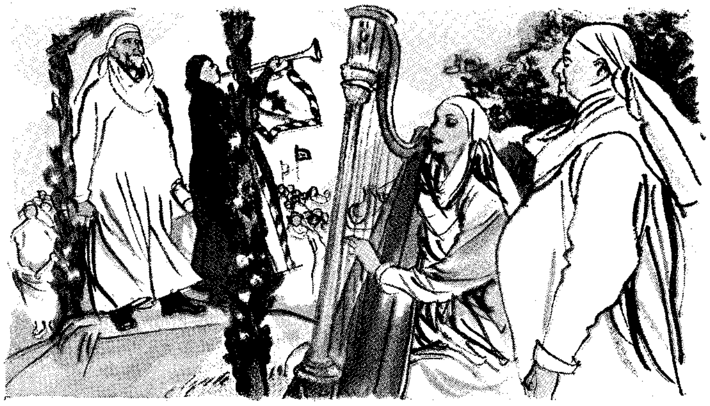
You'll find, too, abounding comfort in Britain now . . . with food (including famous British delicacies) plentiful in restaurants, hotels, and inns . . . with gasoline unrationed and with shops well-stocked with treasures old and new. You'll be delighted to see how far your dollar goes in this land of "fair value" and favorable exchange . . . giving you a real *holiday from high prices!*

So don't delay! Start planning early . . . to come to friendly, hospitable Britain in Festival Year for a welcome you'll never forget . . . and the time of your life!

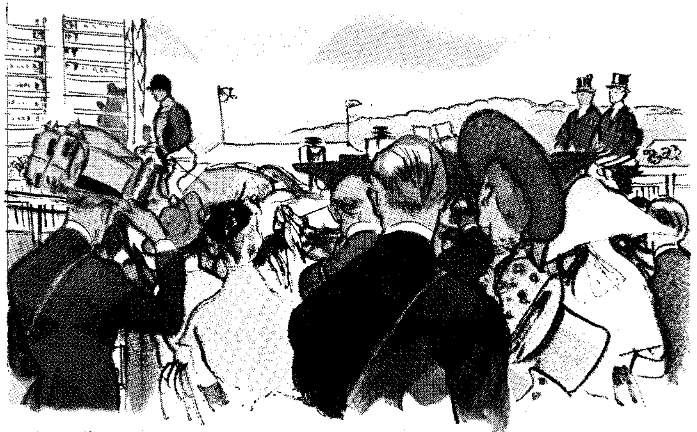
Whenever you come . . . wherever you go . . .
you'll find more than ever to see and do!

★ ★ ★

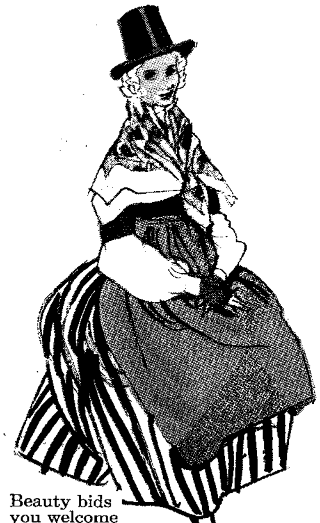
Wherever you shop . . . whatever you buy . . .
you'll find that your dollar goes farther!



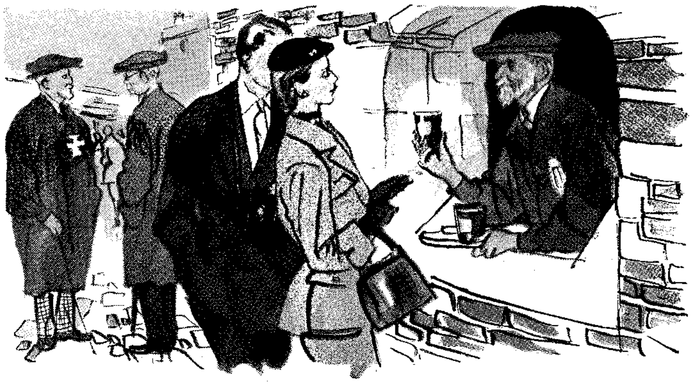
ENJOY GREAT ENTERTAINMENT, in perfect settings at more than 20 festivals across the country . . . great music, drama, ballet, opera, brilliantly performed . . . painting, sculpture, craftsmanship . . . Britain's and the world's finest on display.



DELIGHT IN SPORTS AND PAGEANTRY, for this year there's extra glitter to our traditional ceremonies, extra excitement to our world-famous sporting events . . . racing at Ascot, tennis at Wimbledon, golf at St. Andrews, yachting at Cowes, rowing at Henley.



Beauty bids you welcome to Wales . . . land of song and legend.



WALK THROUGH HISTORY'S PAGES, exploring the scenes of literature and legend, visiting the castles and cottages in Britain's green and pleasant countryside. Wherever you move in Britain's present, you'll sense our background of 2000 years of history!

British Travel and Holidays Association

COMING EVENTS
in Britain

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT . . . and start planning your visit *now!* Ask him for illustrated literature, giving full details of Festival Year. Or write BRITISH TRAVEL CENTRE, 336 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

SPRING COMES TO BRITAIN EARLY . . . WHY DON'T YOU?

(McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Jan. 20, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2:30 on the day of the performance.)

Movies—"Breaking the Ice," with Charles Ruggles. For the benefit of the John Haynes Holmes House. (Community Church, 40 E. 35th St. MU 3-4780. Saturday, Jan. 20, at 3.) . . . ¶ Features and short subjects. (Trans-Lux Colony Theatre, 2nd Ave. at 79th St., BU 8-9468; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison Ave. at 85th St., BU 8-3180; Saturdays at 11.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Most committees and branches of the United Nations that admit the public to their deliberations are more or less marking time. Prospective visitors to Lake Success are advised to consult their newspapers or to call either the United Nations itself (FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2253) or the Information Center for the United Nations (JU 2-0233) before making plans.

National Motor Boat Show—June in January for the mechanized mariner. (Grand Central Palace, Lexington Ave. at 47th St. Daily, 11 to 11; through Saturday, Jan. 20.)

Costumes—Twenty-one eighteenth- and early-nineteenth-century costumes and accessories, including a wedding dress and a wedding suit worn in 1766, a muff and tippet of 1810, a feather cape, fans, and shoe buckles, plus some furniture and silver. All the items belonged to the family of the eighteenth-century New York shipbuilder and merchant William Walton. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Feb. 21.)

Hayden Planetarium—The January show is called "Riddles in the Sky," and deals with flying saucers, stars that change color, and other celestial phenomena. (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.—French and English furniture, chiefly of the eighteenth century, and Italian Renaissance furniture, all the property of the late Mary S. Harkness. (Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 18-20, at 1:45.) . . . ¶ Portraits and genre and other paintings by eighteenth- and nineteenth-century artists, among them Romney, Inness, and Tait, from various collections, including that of the Comte de Montbrun, of Paris. (Exhibition Saturday, Jan. 20, Monday, Jan. 22, and Wednesday, Jan. 24, from 10 to 5, and Tuesday, Jan. 23, from 10 to 8; auction Wednesday, Jan. 24, at 8.) . . . ¶ Georgian and Regency furniture and decorations, from several anonymous sources. (Exhibition Saturday, Jan. 20, Monday, Jan. 22, and Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 24-26, from 10 to 5, and Tuesday, Jan. 23, from 10 to 8; auction Saturday, Jan. 27, at 1:45.)

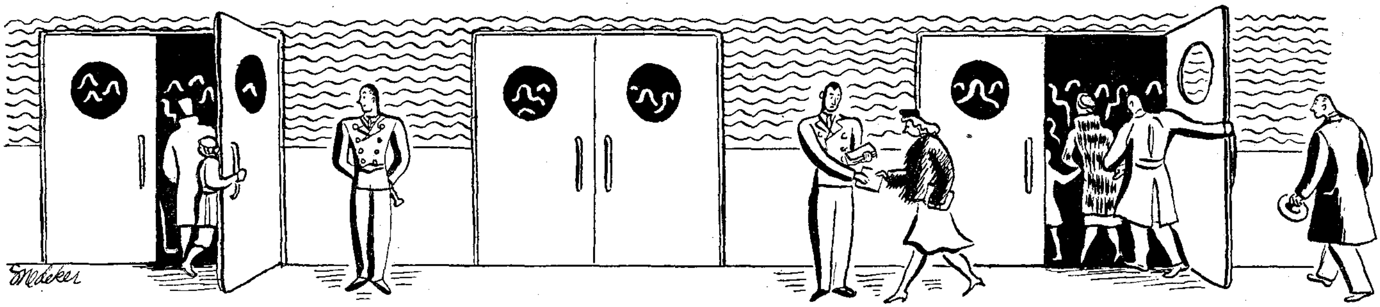
•

Note—Volunteers are needed in every department of civil-defense work. Twenty categories of assignment have been set up; a few demand professional or technical skills, but most are open to anyone of stout heart, limb, and determination. Among the branches of service are the Auxiliary Police Corps, the Ground Observer Corps, the Fire Department Auxiliary Fire Corps, and the Auxiliary Communications Corps. Also, air wardens, hospital aides, radiation monitors, litter bearers, clerical workers, and messengers are required. In the near future, application centers will be functioning in every precinct police station and district firehouse, but at the moment the best idea is to apply, between 9 and 5, at one of the five borough recruiting offices: 500 Park Ave., at 59th St. (MU 8-6940), in Manhattan; 2 Court St. (MAin 4-7681), in Brooklyn; Borough Hall, 120-55 Queens Blvd. (BOulevard 3-0916), in Queens; Bronx County Court House, 161st St. and Grand Concourse (LUdlow 8-4288), in the Bronx; and Borough Hall, St. George, S.I. (GIbraltar 7-1000, Ext. 32), in Richmond. . . . ¶ Blood donations are, of course, also urgently sought for the armed forces. To make an appointment, call the Red Cross Chapter, 70 W. 40th St., MU 9-1000.

You are always lovely...
in a Portrait by Bachrach

Bachrach
BRADFORD BACHRACH
PHOTOGRAPHER OF WOMEN
54 EAST 52ND ST., NEW YORK
PL. 5-6233
The Third Generation of a Famous Family of Portrait Photographers

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

All About Eve—A witty comedy, written and directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, dealing with some of the foibles of the theatre. Bette Davis appears to advantage playing an actress as unpredictable as, let us say, Miss Bankhead, and Anne Baxter is quite persuasive as another actress, determined to reach the top of her profession, no matter how many people she has to claw on the way up. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

The Asphalt Jungle—A skillfully acted drama about jewel thieves in the Middle West, directed by John Huston with his customary dexterity. The cast includes Louis Calhern, Sam Jaffe, Barry Kelley, and Sterling Hayden. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; through Jan. 23, tentative.)

Bitter Rice—Life among the rice harvesters of the Po Valley, depicted in an Italian film that is long on both violence and documentary photography. Silvana Mangano is something to see as a lady too reckless to settle down to a placid bucolic career. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

Born Yesterday—Judy Holliday in the role of a junkman's paramour who learns so much about democracy in Washington that she refuses to let her coarse boy friend push her around any more. Miss Holliday is just as entertaining in this adaptation of Garson Kanin's play as she was in the original. Broderick Crawford and William Holden are fine, too. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

Cyrano de Bergerac—José Ferrer as Rostand's Gascon in a film so full of rodomontade that it's frequently as tiresome as a Legion rally. Mala Powers' Roxane is pretty but inept, and the rest of the cast is more or less obscured by Mr. Ferrer, who takes over the proceedings with the confidence of a cruise director. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

Halls of Montezuma—Richard Widmark leading a group of Marines to victory on an island in the Pacific. A film that moves at a fast clip until it pauses, toward the conclusion, to reflect on the meaning of it all, at which point it gets pretty confused. (Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th, CI 7-6000.)

Harvey—The invisible rabbit who pals around with a charming drunk. James Stewart does a nice job in this version of the Mary Chase comedy, and Josephine Hull lends him tremendous assistance. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240.)

The Jackpot—Some of the reasons why winning radio give-away shows is ill-advised, no matter how staggering the prizes may be. Neatly satiric, and pleasantly enacted by James Stewart, Alan Mowbray, Barbara Hale, and James Gleason. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Jan. 20. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Jan. 20-22. . . . ¶ York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-9350; and Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; Jan. 21-22. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Jan. 21-23. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; starting Jan. 24.)

King Solomon's Mines—Adventure in Africa. A stimulating film, based on the H. Rider Haggard novel, that features hundreds of natives, thousands of beasts, Deborah Kerr, and Stewart Granger. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Jan. 19. . . . ¶ Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; through Jan. 20. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Jan. 20-21. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Jan. 23. . . . ¶ Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; Jan. 19-23. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; starting Jan. 24.)

Macbeth—Orson Welles in a knockdown, drag-out bout with the Bard. Incoherent a good bit of the time, because of Mr. Welles' fondness for reading his lines with what purports to be a Scottish accent, but full of frenzied action. (Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th, PL 5-2746; through Jan. 21.)

The Mudlark—A mildly diverting fable about an urchin from the Thames Embankment who sneaks into Windsor Castle and succeeds in making Victoria stop brooding about the death of Albert. Irene Dunne, as the Queen, is something less than convincing, but Andrew Ray, as the urchin, is excellent. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633.)

Orpheus—Jean Cocteau's lively interpretation of the Greek legend. A French film that has many droll aspects, as well as some sound performances by a cast led by Jean Marais. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, CO 5-9438.)

Seven Days to Noon—London under the siege of a fission expert who threatens to blow the place up if His Majesty's Government doesn't agree to stop making atomic bombs. A British film, in which a supposed evacuation of London is done with terrifying realism. The excellent cast includes Barry Jones and Olive Sloane. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

Trio—Another movie made up of Somerset Maugham stories, not as good as its predecessor, "Quartet." The picture, an English one, has in its favor some top-notch acting by Jean Simmons, James Hayter, and Nigel Patrick, but one begins to wonder whether this device is sturdy enough to last until a possible "Solo" appears. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Ways of Love—Renoir, Pagnol, and Rossellini demonstrating their various cinematic skills in three fairly short films, two of them French and one Italian. Renoir takes up love between man and woman, Pagnol between man and Nature, and Rossellini between woman and God. Of the lot, Pagnol's is the most successful, but all are worth your scrutiny. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

REVIVALS

The Bicycle Thief (1949)—An Italian film, made by Vittorio De Sica, about the search for a stolen bicycle by a workman and his son. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Jan. 22-24. . . . ¶ York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-9350; and Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; Jan. 23-24.)

David Copperfield (1935)—The Dickens story, with W. C. Fields as Micawber, Roland Young as Uriah Heep, and Edna May Oliver as Aunt Betsey Trotwood. (State, B'way at 45th, LU 2-5070; through Jan. 24, tentative.)

Devil in the Flesh (1949)—A French picture concerned with the trials and cruelties of adolescent love. With Gérard Philipe and Micheline Prelle. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; starting Jan. 24, tentative.)

Fantasia (1940)—The Disney mixture of Bach, Beethoven, and Mickey Mouse. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Jan. 24.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers cutting a caper in the musical world. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; through Jan. 23, tentative. . . . ¶ Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; Jan. 20.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Jan. 21: "The Invisible Man" (1933), with Claude Rains. . . . ¶ Starting Jan. 22: A group of animated cartoons made in the thirties, including five Disney films. (Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
HARVEY.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
CYRANO DE BERGERAC.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through Jan. 24: "Grounds for Marriage," Van Johnson, Kathryn Grayson.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
Through Jan. 24 (tentative): "Operation Disaster," John Mills.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
Through Jan. 24 (tentative): "Vendetta," Faith Domergue.

Little CinéMet, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
"Manon" (in French), Cecile Aubry.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"The Sun Sets at Dawn," Sally Parr, Philip Shawn.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"The Magnificent Yankee," Louis Calhern, Ann Harding.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through Jan. 23: "Branded," Alan Ladd, Mona Freeman.
From Jan. 24: "At War with the Army," Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
THE MUDLARK.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
HALLS OF MONTEZUMA.

State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
Through Jan. 24 (tentative): **DAVID COPPERFIELD**, revival.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"Dallas," Gary Cooper, Ruth Roman.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
BORN YESTERDAY.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
BITTER RICE (in Italian).

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				18	19	20
21	22	23	24			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Jan. 22: "Paris 1900," a pictorial anthology culled from various sources and dealing with Paris between 1900 and 1914; and "A Girl in a Million," Joan Greenwood, Basil Radford.
From Jan. 23: "Heart and Soul" (in Italian), Vittorio De Sica; and "Jacqueline Misbehaves," Hugh Williams, Carla Lehmann.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Jan. 23: **KING SOLOMON'S MINES.**
From Jan. 24: **FANTASIA**, revival.

Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th. (EL 5-8790)
Through Jan. 20: "Kind Hearts and Coronets," Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson.
Jan. 21-22: "Sunset Boulevard," Gloria Swanson, William Holden.
From Jan. 23: To be announced.

Lexington, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through Jan. 23: "Breakthrough," David Brian, Frank Lovejoy; and "Emergency Wedding," Larry Parks, Barbara Hale.
From Jan. 24: "Harriet Craig," Joan Crawford, Wendell Corey; and "The Great Manhunt," Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Glynis Johns.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
SEVEN DAYS TO NOON.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
TRIO.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Jan. 20: "Walk Softly, Stranger," Joseph Cotten, Valli; and "Gun Crazy," revival, Peggy Cummins, John Dahl.
Jan. 21-23: "Edge of Doom," Farley Granger; and "Mystery in Mexico," revival, William Lundigan.
From Jan. 24: "Rio Grande," John Wayne, Maureen O'Hara; and "Hit Parade of 1951," John Carroll, Marie McDonald.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Jan. 18: "For Heaven's Sake," Clifton Webb, Edmund Gwenn, Joan Bennett.
Jan. 19-23: **KING SOLOMON'S MINES.**
From Jan. 24: "Destination Moon," John Archer, Warner Anderson.

Park Avenue, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
"The Blue Lamp," Jack Warner, Jimmy Hanley.

Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th. (PL 5-2746)
Through Jan. 21: **MACBETH.**
From Jan. 22: "So Long at the Fair," Jean Simmons, Dirk Bogarde.

York, 1st Ave. at 64th. (RH 4-9350)
Through Jan. 19: "Two Weeks with Love," Jane Powell, Ricardo Montalban; and "Devil's Doorway," Robert Taylor.
Jan. 20: "The Locket," revival, Laraine Day, Robert Mitchum; and "Trail Street," revival, Randolph Scott.
Jan. 21-22: **THE JACKPOT**; and "Two Flags West," Joseph Cotten, Linda Darnell.
Jan. 23-24: **THE BICYCLE THIEF** (in Italian), revival.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
ALL ABOUT EVE.

Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through Jan. 23: "Breakthrough," David Brian, Frank Lovejoy; and "Emergency Wedding," Larry Parks, Barbara Hale.
From Jan. 24: "Harriet Craig," Joan Crawford, Wendell Corey; and "The Great Manhunt," Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Glynis Johns.

Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Jan. 24 (tentative): "The Titan: Story of Michelangelo," revival, a documentary film.

Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through Jan. 20: "Two Weeks with Love," Jane Powell, Ricardo Montalban; and "Devil's Doorway," Robert Taylor.
Jan. 21-23: **THE JACKPOT**; and "Two Flags West," Joseph Cotten, Linda Darnell.
From Jan. 24: **KING SOLOMON'S MINES**; and "He's a Cockeyed Wonder," Mickey Rooney.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Jan. 20: **THE JACKPOT.**
From Jan. 21: "Kind Hearts and Coronets," Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Jan. 20: "Walk Softly, Stranger," Joseph Cotten, Valli; and "Gun Crazy," revival, Peggy Cummins, John Dahl.
Jan. 21-23: "Edge of Doom," Farley Granger; and "Mystery in Mexico," revival, William Lundigan.
From Jan. 24: "Rio Grande," John Wayne, Maureen O'Hara; and "Hit Parade of 1951," John Carroll, Marie McDonald.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Jan. 21: "Breakthrough," David Brian, Frank Lovejoy; and "Emergency Wedding," Larry Parks, Barbara Hale.
Jan. 22-23: "Good Time Girl," Jean Kent, Dennis Price; and "I Killed Geronimo," Forrest Taylor.
From Jan. 24: "Harriet Craig," Joan Crawford, Wendell Corey; and "The Great Manhunt," Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Glynis Johns.

Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th. (SA 2-2478)
Through Jan. 19: "Two Weeks with Love," Jane Powell, Ricardo Montalban; and "Devil's Doorway," Robert Taylor.
Jan. 20: **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA**, revival; and "Riders in the Sky," revival, Gene Autry.
Jan. 21-22: **THE JACKPOT**; and "Two Flags West," Joseph Cotten, Linda Darnell.
Jan. 23-24: **THE BICYCLE THIEF** (in Italian), revival; and "Belle of Old Mexico," revival, Estelita Rodriguez.

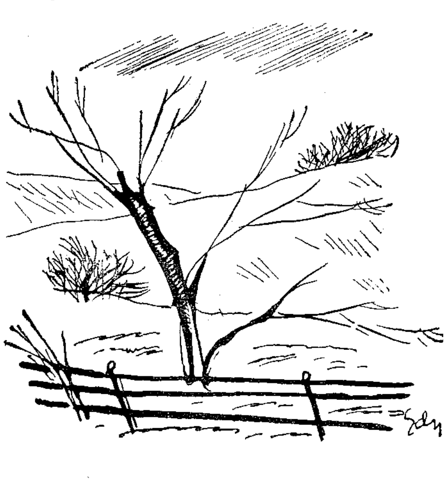
WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through Jan. 19: "Two Weeks with Love," Jane Powell, Ricardo Montalban; and "Devil's Doorway," Robert Taylor.
Jan. 20-21: **KING SOLOMON'S MINES**; and "Spy Hunt," Howard Duff, Marta Toren.
Jan. 22-24: **THE BICYCLE THIEF** (in Italian), revival; and "Congolaise," a documentary film.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Jan. 19: **KING SOLOMON'S MINES.**
Jan. 20-22: **THE JACKPOT.**
From Jan. 23: "For Heaven's Sake," Clifton Webb, Edmund Gwenn, Joan Bennett.

5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th. (OR 5-9630)
Through Jan. 23 (tentative): **THE ASPHALT JUNGLE**; and **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA**, revival.
From Jan. 24 (tentative): **DEVIL IN THE FLESH** (in French), revival; and "Gigi" (in French), revival.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Jan. 22: "Breakthrough," David Brian, Frank Lovejoy; and "Emergency Wedding," Larry Parks, Barbara Hale.
Jan. 23: "Good Time Girl," Jean Kent, Dennis Price; and "I Killed Geronimo," Forrest Taylor.
From Jan. 24: "Harriet Craig," Joan Crawford, Wendell Corey; and "The Great Manhunt," Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Glynis Johns.



Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Jan. 23: "The Titan: Story of Michelangelo," a documentary film.
From Jan. 24: **THE JACKPOT**; and "Two Flags West," Joseph Cotten, Linda Darnell.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through Jan. 20: "Walk Softly, Stranger," Joseph Cotten, Valli; and "Gun Crazy," revival, Peggy Cummins, John Dahl.
Jan. 21-23: "Edge of Doom," Farley Granger; and "Mystery in Mexico," revival, William Lundigan.
From Jan. 24: "Rio Grande," John Wayne, Maureen O'Hara; and "Hit Parade of 1951," John Carroll, Marie McDonald.

Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Through Jan. 20: **KING SOLOMON'S MINES**; and "He's a Cockeyed Wonder," Mickey Rooney.
Jan. 21-22: "You're My Everything," revival, Dan Dailey, Anne Baxter; and "We Were Strangers," revival, Jennifer Jones, John Garfield.
From Jan. 23: "Let's Dance," Betty Hutton, Fred Astaire; and "Dark City," Charlton Heston, Lizabeth Scott.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
ORPHEUS (in French).

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
"Face to the Wind" (in French), Pierre Larquey.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
WAYS OF LOVE (in French and Italian).

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Jan. 23: "Breakthrough," David Brian, Frank Lovejoy; and "Emergency Wedding," Larry Parks, Barbara Hale.
From Jan. 24: "Harriet Craig," Joan Crawford, Wendell Corey; and "The Great Manhunt," Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Glynis Johns.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Jan. 18: "Marriage of Figaro" (in German), Erna Berger; and "Ballet Concert," a Russian film of ballet excerpts.
From Jan. 19: "Film Without a Name" (in German); and "Hoboes in Paradise" (in French), Raimu, Fernandel.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (RI 9-9861)
Through Jan. 20: "Walk Softly, Stranger," Joseph Cotten, Valli; and "Gun Crazy," revival, Peggy Cummins, John Dahl.
Jan. 21-23: "Edge of Doom," Farley Granger; and "Mystery in Mexico," revival, William Lundigan.
From Jan. 24: "Rio Grande," John Wayne, Maureen O'Hara; and "Hit Parade of 1951," John Carroll, Marie McDonald.

Carlton, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-3862)
Jan. 18: "The Miniver Story," Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon; and "Right Cross," June Allyson, Dick Powell.
Jan. 19-20: "To Please a Lady," Clark Gable, Barbara Stanwyck; and "The Happy Years," Dean Stockwell, Leo G. Carroll.
Jan. 21-23: "American Guerrilla in the Philippines," Tyrone Power, Micheline Prelle; and "Saddle Tramp," Joel McCrea, Wanda Hendrix.
From Jan. 24: **THE JACKPOT**; and "Two Flags West," Joseph Cotten, Linda Darnell.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (AC 2-1019)
Through Jan. 23: "Breakthrough," David Brian, Frank Lovejoy; and "Emergency Wedding," Larry Parks, Barbara Hale.
From Jan. 24: "Harriet Craig," Joan Crawford, Wendell Corey; and "The Great Manhunt," Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Glynis Johns.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (AC 2-9406)
Through Jan. 20: "Walk Softly, Stranger," Joseph Cotten, Valli; and "Gun Crazy," revival, Peggy Cummins, John Dahl.
Jan. 21-23: "Edge of Doom," Farley Granger; and "Mystery in Mexico," revival, William Lundigan.
From Jan. 24: "Rio Grande," John Wayne, Maureen O'Hara; and "Hit Parade of 1951," John Carroll, Marie McDonald.

Coliseum, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)
Through Jan. 20: "Walk Softly, Stranger," Joseph Cotten, Valli; and "Gun Crazy," revival, Peggy Cummins, John Dahl.
Jan. 21-23: "Edge of Doom," Farley Granger; and "Mystery in Mexico," revival, William Lundigan.
From Jan. 24: "Rio Grande," John Wayne, Maureen O'Hara; and "Hit Parade of 1951," John Carroll, Marie McDonald.

Germaine M
BEAUTY B
monteil
RPW

*when choosing your face powder
and your face powder foundation...
try the best!*

GERMAINE MONTEIL'S FACE POWDER... AND BEAUTY BALM

Germaine Monteil

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

SENATOR MAGNUSON, of Washington, kindly introduced into the *Congressional Record* the other day an editorial from this page, but in doing so the Senator underestimated our capacity to ham up such an occasion. The printer, carried away presumably by the sheer magic of our words, failed to stop at the end of the editorial and blundered right ahead into an item called Incidental Intelligence. So the *Congressional Record* carries the following as the windup to our essay on the state of the Republic: "The window display of the Model Railroad Equipment Corp., on West Forty-fifth Street, includes, in addition to signal towers, coal bunkers, and other standard props of a miniature railroad, a church, a graveyard, a clergyman, five mourners, an open grave, and a casket."

The Senator will think twice before he again tries to enshrine our ideas in type. As for the Model Railroad Equipment Corporation, the least it can do is come over here and equip our office with a little choo-choo. Never mind the open grave.

THE Inquiring Fotographer of the *Daily News* stopped Harry Fox, Lucio Porrello, Mrs. Helen E. Kopp, Pvt. Lawrence M. Zamparelli, Joseph Zovich, and Pvt. Andrew L. Trano last week and asked them what they would like to buy if they could afford it. Zovich wanted a television set, so he would stay home nights, Fox wanted real estate (because "it is real"), Mrs. Kopp wanted a mortgage-free home, Porrello wanted a college education for his children, and Zamparelli craved a red convertible for his girl. That left only Private Trano, of the Bronx. When the question was put to Trano, he replied, "A home in the country for my father and mother. There they would be free from any fear of atom bombs I'd provide a cellar built of lead, too, in case of an accidental bombing or a near-miss. Please print this, because my folks are in bad shape and it might cheer them up."

We have been thinking about this couple in the Bronx who are in bad shape from fear of atom bombs, and about their dream home in the country with its cellar built of lead. The subject of New York as a target for bombs is not much discussed, it seems to us, except indirectly, through casual news items about air-raid shelters and schoolroom instruction in how to dodge when a light is seen in the sky.

Roughly, the city divides into three groups: first, those who, because of lack of money, have no choice whether they will move out of range; second, those who enjoy the luxury of free choice and have decided to leave; and, third, those who are free to go but prefer to remain. The first and third groups are very large, the second is very small.

Private Trano's answer to the *News* illustrates not only the demoralization of fear but the futility of flight. For he no sooner gets his parents into the country than he builds them a lead cellar, so their fears can be perpetuated in an atmosphere of peril and apprehension.

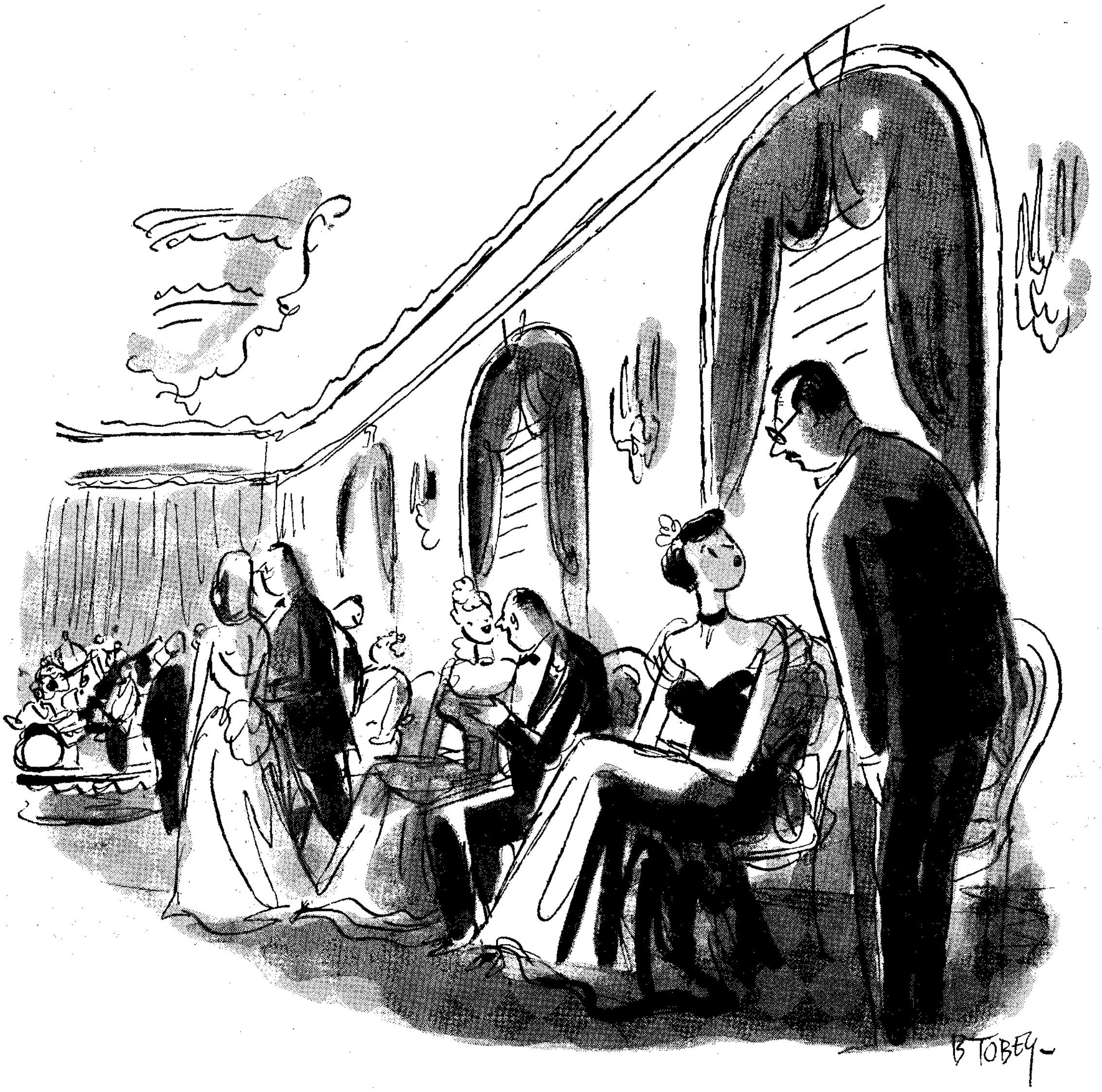
We've been trying to analyze our own sensations and convictions in the matter of New York as a place to live in in the mid-twentieth century. We belong to the privileged group that could, if it chose, flee the town to the less plausible areas of the open country. Perhaps, if we knew for a certainty that on such and such a day, at such and such an hour, the city would in fact be exploded, we would get out, following the compelling urge for self-preservation that is in all animals. But since we lack such knowledge, our tendency, as it is the tendency of so many, is to stick around and maintain a business-as-usual demeanor. "Why?" we sometimes ask ourself. Partly pride. Partly lethargy. Partly a sense of fatality. Partly a sense of duty and a feeling that even the smallest endeavor, if it absorbs a man, is a contribution to the strength of all men.

There is, of course, hardly a person of any age or either sex in New York who hasn't pondered these matters, and probably almost everyone has come up with some sort of personal credo or philosophy about urban life in bomb shadow. We find no great desire in people to compare notes, though. Each prefers to keep his ideas locked up inside him.

We would not try to argue that it is sensible of human beings to continue living in a big city during the atomic age, but we are fairly sure of one thing: the lead cellar of Private Trano indicates that if fear is part of a person's baggage, it doesn't make much difference where he dwells; he will carry his bomb with him. The only way to dwell in cities these days, whether it be wise or foolish, is in the conviction that the city itself is a monument of one's own making, to which each shall be faithful in his fashion.

Presidential Letters

EVER since the contents of the letter President Truman wrote Paul Hume, the Washington music critic, became known, there has been talk about offers that collectors have made for it. We've looked into this matter, and into the Presidential-letter-and-autograph market in general, and gathered some facts and figures. The Hume letter is especially attractive to collectors not only because of its lively contents but because it is a holograph. Since McKinley's time, when the typewriter came into widespread use, Presidential holographs have become so rare that examples are worth five times as



"May I have the next dance—that is, if it isn't a samba, rumba, or momba?"

• •

much as signed typed letters of approximately the same importance. The Hume holograph has evoked a dozen serious bids, and Mr. Hume has declined all of them. One was accompanied by a certified check for three hundred and fifty dollars, which Hume returned. A well-known local dealer told us he would gladly pay a thousand dollars for the letter. Mr. Hume's present position is that he won't dispose of his windfall until after the next Presidential election, when he may exHume it. An ordinary Truman Presidential holograph fetches three or four hundred dollars; a Truman senatorial holograph, one hundred. The President's Marine Corps epistle (a holograph) to Representative McDonough, of California, was given by McDonough to the Marine Corps League, which sold it, for twenty-five hundred dollars, to a Chicago insurance man and used the money for its welfare program.

His largess to the Messrs. Hume and McDonough to the contrary, Mr. Truman is not a fast man with an autograph. He gets thousands of requests for his signature every month and ignores them. Franklin Roosevelt was similarly closefisted. A thoughtful stamp dealer, however, got three Roosevelt holographs by chicanery before he was found out. He would offer Roosevelt a small bargain in stamps, and F.D.R., who knew a small bargain in stamps when he saw one, would write out a check for twenty-five or thirty dollars and send it off. The dealer sold the checks, uncashed, for a couple of hundred dollars each. F.D.R. got wise when the checks remained outstanding. An ordinary Roosevelt holograph letter sells for two hundred dollars, a Hoover for from seventy-five to a hundred, Coolidges and Hardings for two hundred and fifty. White House holographs of about half the Presidents bring from fifteen to twenty-five dollars each. George Washington wrote nearly twenty thousand letters, of which ten per cent, worth from three hundred to ten thousand dollars apiece, are in private hands. The highest price ever paid for a Presidential letter was twenty-three thousand dollars, for a Jefferson, in which he referred to the Declaration of Independence. Oscar Cintas, former Cuban Ambassador to the United States, paid the record price for a Presidential document—fifty-four thousand dollars, for the fifth copy of the Gettysburg address. (How there came to be five copies is a long story and we won't attempt to go into it at the moment.) One of the most sought-after Presidents in holographic circles is William Henry Harrison, who held office only a month. Only two Harrison Presidential holographs are in existence, and they are worth ten thousand dollars each. As a general, Harrison rates ten dollars, holographically speaking. Wives of Presidents are good holograph bets (five hundred to a thousand for a Martha Washington, a thousand for a Dolly Madison), with the exception of Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt. Chivalry forbids a quotation here. Mr. Truman, incidentally, isn't the first Chief Executive who hauled off and let 'em have it in correspondence. John Adams, fed up with the reverence in which Washington's name was held, once wrote to a historian:

> The Rushing and Dashing and Roaring of the Word Washington! Washington! Washington! like the Waters at Passaick or the more tremendous Cataract of Niagara deafens, stuns, astonishes and bedizzards, all who are within hearing. Both Parties are equally bewildered in this Folly. They make of the name of Washington, of his Opinions, Principles, System and Example, exactly what they they [sic] have heretofore made of the Word Republicanism; that is to say any Thing, every Thing, and Nothing.

The letter containing this passage may

be had from the Rosenbach Company for six hundred and seventy-five dollars.

Presidential forgeries are rare, but a nineteenth-century penman, one Robert Spring, managed to dispose of countless identically worded copies of a Washington counterfeit. It read, "Permission is granted to Mr. Ryerson, with his negro man, Dick, to pass and repass the picket at Ramapo. Go. Washington." Rosenbach's recently received a phone call from the Police Department, advising them that a man claiming to have the original of Lincoln's letter to Mrs. Bixby had asked for a police escort to the Rosenbach offices. The original of the Bixby letter, which has never come to light, would be worth at least twenty-five thousand dollars. The Rosenbach people expressed skepticism and told the Police Department to use its own judgment. The man appeared with an escort of two detectives and portentously unwrapped the ultimate holographic insult, a facsimile of a forgery.

◆

OVERHEARD at a recent showing of the film "Treasure Island," as Jim Hawkins, pursued by pirates armed to the teeth, rushed through field and thicket—small boy to his mother: "Oh! He'll get poison ivy!"

Calendar Hangers

THE Bank for Savings, a venerable institution at Twenty-second Street and Fourth Avenue, not only distributes thousands of calendars every year but hires three men to go about hanging a number of them up. This being one of the most highly specialized jobs we've ever heard of, and also about the most limited in season—it is confined to three weeks or so around Christmas—we've been down to the Bank for Savings to talk with George Gleitsman, the manager in charge of new business and of engaging and directing calendar hangers. We apologized for putting in so tardy an appearance, and Gleitsman suggested that it might be due to our having the wrong kind of calendar in our office. "Maybe it's too small to be efficient," he said. "It's hard to keep up with things unless you have a nice, big calendar staring you in the face." He then handsomely promised to see what he could do about having a hanger stop in at our office next December and hang up one of the bank's jumbo-size calendars. "Tack, tack, and there it is," he said. "Once you have it, you'll never want to be without."

Mr. Gleitsman went on to say that the bank is one of the very few concerns that have a calendar-hanging service. The practice dates back to 1927, when a calendar salesman, eager to show his pleasure at having got the bank's calendar account that year, went out and asked the proprietors of various restaurants, laundries, shoe-repair shops, and barbershops in the neighborhood if he might hang the bank's calendar on their walls. He met with practically no refusals, and the bank at once perceived the value of the personal touch. "How can banks that mail out calendars be sure they'll ever be used?" Gleitsman asked. "People put off hanging up calendars, and the calendars get lost. Or else they put up those Petty-type calendars and—well, I think I can say that Bank for Savings calendars act as a safeguard against all *that* kind of thing."

Mr. Gleitsman hires his three hangers through the New York State Employment Service office every year. He prefers men between twenty-five and thirty-five, and they must be neat, courteous, and persevering, and have a way with a hammer and a knack for tacks. Usually, they are unemployed salesmen. "We send them out each morning with a cylindrical case full of calendars, a hammer, and a supply of tacks," Gleitsman explained. "They have a list of the places they are to visit—all the old customers and any new outfits that may have opened up during the year. Besides this bank, which is our main office, we have three branches, and we distribute calendars in the areas adjacent to them. The men cover as much territory as they can in a day and hand in a report on what they've done. Permanent bank employees make spot checks the following day. Occasionally, a man wanders off the track a little. He gets to tacking and hanging, and loses himself in his work. A year ago, one of our hangers asked a rival bank if it would like a Bank for Savings calendar. We heard about *that*, of course, and had the poor chap take the rest of the day off."

Most of the Bank for Savings calendars are what is known as the kitchen, or hostess, size, measuring seven by ten inches, and these are handed to depositors when they call at the bank. The hangers go out with both the intermediate size, which measures twenty-nine by nineteen and a half inches, and is suitable for delicatessens, shoeshine parlors, and the like, and the jumbo, which measures thirty-one by forty-two and a half inches, and is suitable for business offices. This year, as is customary, the Bank for Savings calendars all bear colored reproductions of the same painting. It features a whining English-setter pup that has been crowded away from a feeding pan by seven brothers and sisters. "We're the oldest savings bank in the state, and we used to like scenes of historical interest," Gleitsman told us. "Three years ago, we decided to switch to human interest. We chose a picture showing a group of dogs staring at a turtle. The response was heart-warming. Last year, we had a man on Cape Cod carrying a fish over one shoulder. This year, we decided to go back to dogs. Some of our regular customers have been taking our calendars for twenty years now and haven't painted their walls once in all that time. That means that the spot under the calendar is at least fifteen shades lighter than the rest of the wall, and if our hangers didn't show up with a new calendar

Garrett Price

every year, there'd be the devil to pay."

Setback

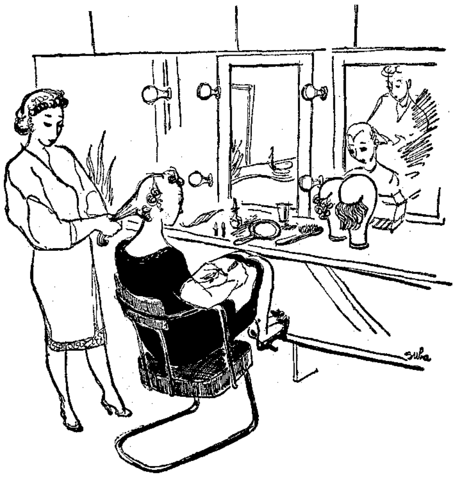
A BOSTON church-furnishings firm has received the following wire from a minister in South Carolina: "Please cancel our order of November 27 for a lectern as our town is to be demolished for hydrogen plant."

Awe-Struck

A CARTOON having to do with the cleaning of the vast expanses of glass in the new United Nations Secretariat Building that appeared in these pages last week suggested to us that actually this problem may be no joke, and we were not long getting our teeth into it. To begin with, some statistics: The broad west face of the United Nations Building is a glittering seventy-seven per cent glass, in the form of windows and opaque blue spandrels, a total glass area of a little more than ninety-six thousand square feet, or just over two acres; the east face, which has a basement aboveground, with windows overlooking the river, has slightly more glass. The total for both faces is a fraction under five acres—less than the Empire State Building, which claims five and a half acres, but a spectacular showing for a building with a cubage less than a third that of the Empire State's. (Moreover, the narrow north and south faces of the Secretariat Building are completely windowless, while the fuddy-duddy old Empire State Building has windows all the way around.) These figures were cited to us by a couple of members of the United Nations Headquarters Planning Office and Harvey H. Fell, of the Victory Maintenance Company, which has the contract for polishing up the Secretariat Building's glasswork. After getting them, we went into session with Mr. Fell and Mr. George Woo, of Peiping, China, the Secretariat administrative officer responsible for getting this considerable chore done.

"We're not washing windows here," Mr. Woo said. "We're washing two big walls." Mr. Fell quickly interposed that there are windows in the walls, nevertheless. "On thirty-four floors, we have a row of seventy windows to clean on the west face and another on the east face," he said. "Each of these windows is eight feet high and three feet nine inches wide. Between floors there is a row of glass spandrels three feet seven inches wide by two feet nine inches high. We got to clean them, too. The windows and spandrels are divided by narrow aluminum mullions. We *don't* have to clean them. On the sixth, sixteenth, twenty-eighth, and thirty-ninth floors, there are metal louvers connected with the air-conditioning system, and on those floors seventy small windows are set in the louvers, on each face." He took a deep breath. "All told," he continued, "we got to clean fifty-one hundred windowpanes and twenty-three hundred and eighty spandrel panes on the west face, and—" "And a bit more on the east face," said Woo.

The first, and most arduous, cleaning of the Secretariat Building windows began in August and was completed in October. That job was complicated by the presence on the glass of plaster, paint, and manufacturers' labels, and, to make matters worse, the labels happened to have been pasted in the upper corners of the panes, which are the hardest places for a window cleaner to get at. Once things get running smoothly, Fell expects that each of his men will be able to clean a section consisting of seven bays of ten windows, seven floors deep, every day. At that rate, every window in the building will get cleaned once a month. From a window-cleaning point of view, the building's appointments are satisfactory. At the sides of each window are the usual anchor heads for window cleaners' belts, and although the glassed walls look perfectly flat from a distance, there is, under each window, an aluminum sill four and a half inches wide, thoughtfully covered with crosshatching and carborundum, to give the window cleaner a good foothold. The spandrels can be cleaned from inside the building; the cleaner opens a window, hitches his belt to one of the anchor heads, and leans out and down. The United Nations window cleaners' only professional vexations are the coal dust that constantly drifts over from the Con Ed plant on the south side of Fortieth Street, and the tricky winds from the river. To the great surprise of the window cleaners, however, the river side of the building, though gusty, is warmer in cold weather than the city side.



Fell informed us that when the Victory Company men first looked at the Secretariat Building close up, they were awe-struck (as in our cartoon). "They just stood there and gawked," he said. "Now they like it." The cleaners find the members of the Secretariat staff politer than most office-building tenants and have no difficulty going about their work, Fell said, and added, "But, of course, a squeegee and a bucket will get you in anywhere." The window cleaners make around nineteen dollars a day, and are all at least five feet ten inches tall. Shorter men couldn't reach to the tops of the windows with their squeegees.

•

WEEKLY count of illegal parking of automobiles on a couple of no-parking blocks:

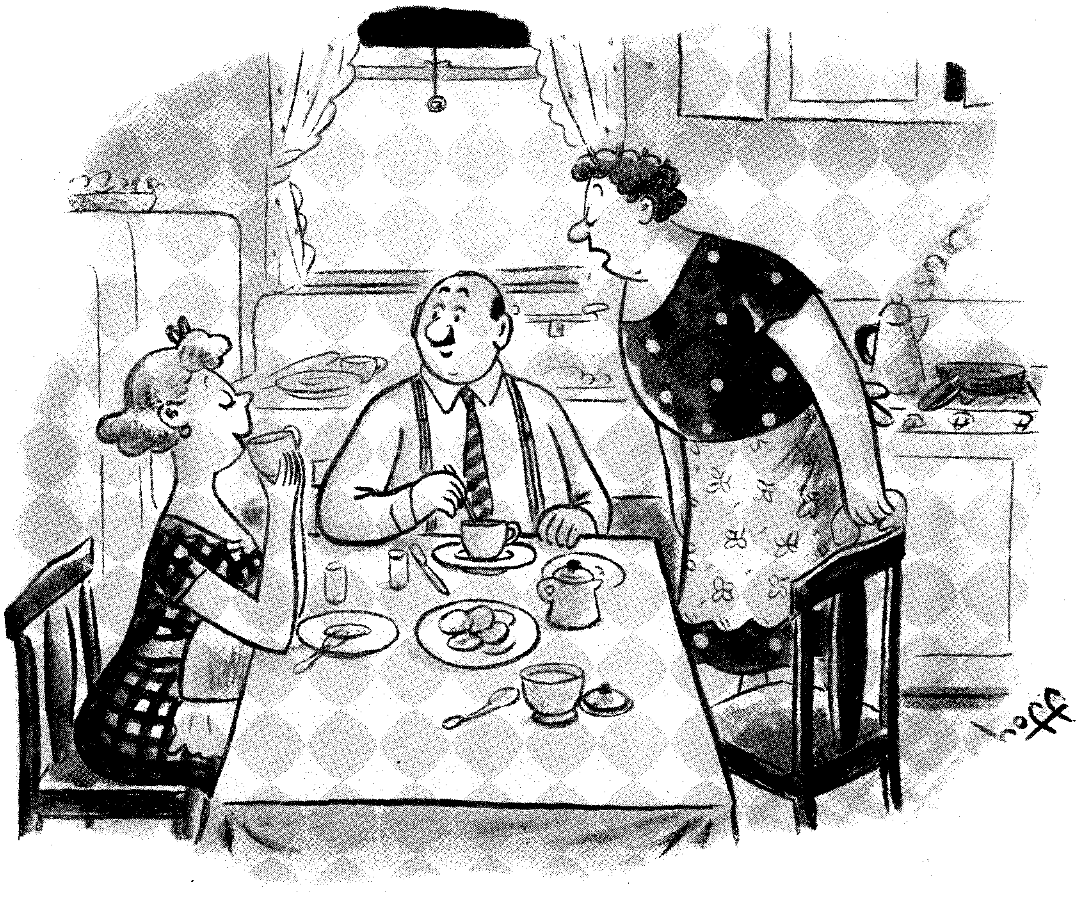
Blocks inspected: Forty-sixth Street from Fifth to Seventh Avenues.

Time of inspection: 3:15 to 3:30 P.M., last Friday.

Number of cars illegally parked: 30.

Bright Side

WE made a quick tour of three local recruiting centers last Thursday and found rather intense activity at all of them. The Army and the Air Force have the same recruiting offices, in the Army Building, at 39 Whitehall Street, and we stopped there first. We learned that during December the staff coasted along on forty or fifty volunteers a day, but this month, with the holidays over and heavier draft calls in prospect, the number has averaged over five hundred a day. Nine out of ten of the lads want to get into the Air Force, however, and the Air Force isn't absorbing newcomers at that rate, so, disdaining the ground forces, which aren't even offering the inducement of a choice of service, most of them go off to take their chances with the future or to make for 346 Broadway, where the Navy and the Marine Corps have their recruiting offices and are taking every man they can lay their hands on. We made for there ourself, and upon arrival ascended a flight of marble steps flecked with cigarette butts to a desk, where a handsome Marine Corps sergeant in dress blues advised us that his outfit had anticipated a January rush and made ready by assigning forty additional men to recruiting duty. “We swore in a hundred and sixty men in December,” he said. “We’re aiming to swear in around eight hundred in January. There’s your picture.” He added, with unexpected modesty, that the Marines’ score was nothing compared to what was happening downstairs, at Navy headquarters, and we repaired thither, finding ourself in a huge room filled with marble columns, Navy enlisted men typing up forms, and young men in civvies sitting on benches or standing about in lines. There were several hundred of the last. We spoke to Lieutenant Commander John Csizmar, assistant recruiting officer for the New York area, who told us that volunteers start queuing up outside the building at six in the morning. The offices open at eight-thirty. “It’s as much as your life is worth to run that gantlet unless you’re in uniform,” he said. “A civilian who works here had most of his clothes torn off the other day when he came to work. The kids in line thought he was trying to get in ahead of them.”



“What does she see in him? He’s asked her to marry him, that’s what she sees in him.”

• •

The Lieutenant Commander said that trends in recruiting are apt to follow the daily headlines. “When the Marines pull off some big job, they grab most of the enlistees,” he explained. “Lately, the Navy has been getting the headlines, with all this evacuation work it’s been doing. The Big Mo shelling the North Koreans didn’t hurt us a bit.” He turned us over to a chief petty officer, who showed us around the premises. We watched men filling out forms busily, taking intelligence tests, being fingerprinted, and having their birth certificates checked. In a small room whose walls bore signs reading, “No Whistling” and “Don’t Throw Cig. Butts on the Deck,” a Navy hospitalman was testing a group of potential enlistees for muscular coördination. “Make a fist,” he called out, in a bored singsong. “Rotate your wrists. Make like you was rowing a boat. Extend your arms and go into a deep knee bend.” One of the young men lost his balance and fell forward onto his knees. “What’s the matter, Buster? Weak in the knees?” the hospitalman asked, and the other young men all laughed nervously.

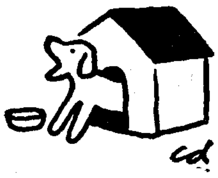
We eavesdropped as a batch of brand-new enlistees who were to leave that afternoon for boot training at Newport were given a brisk indoctrination talk and sworn in. A large, suitably weather-beaten chief petty officer named Donnelly was the speaker of the occasion. “I want you to get one thing straight,” he began. “You’ll be going up to Grand Central by subway to catch the train for Newport. There’s always some wise guys, they see a blonde and holler ‘Hello, Blondie,’ or they see a soldier, they yell ‘Hello, Dogface.’ Well, I don’t want any of that. You got to respect all women and any men in the other services. Besides, if you don’t, you might get a lump hung on the eye.” Donnelly touched rapidly and forcefully on a number of other topics of interest to prospective sea dogs and warned that if anyone in the group had suppressed any facts concerning his police record or physical handicaps, he would be dismissed from the Navy the moment the truth was discovered. “And if you get thrown out of the Navy, draft boards have a funny way of putting your name at the top of their lists,” he said. “After that, the first thing you know, you might be in the Army.” He paused to let this shocker sink in, then lined the men up to be sworn. The oath was administered by a lieutenant, who wished the men the best of luck. “Remember,” the lieutenant said, “even when things seem darkest, always look on the bright side.” “All right now, you men,” Donnelly roared. “You be back here at three-thirty sharp, not a minute later. I don’t want to hear no excuses, you got a flat tire or something.” The new Navy men laughed.

On the Nose

AT a recent joint session of the American Dialect Society and the Speech Association of America, held in a mezzanine room at the Roosevelt, a speaker had just read the title of his paper, “Trends in the Changing American Vocabulary,” when there was an interruption. A middle-aged lady opened the door, peered in, and asked in a ringing tone, “Is this the mezzaline?”

ART AND THE ROLLER SKATER

LAST summer, walking down the Calle Larga Ventidue Marzo—that broad stretch of pavement in Venice with, at one end, the façade of the Church of San Moisè, which always looks as though it is going to fall down on one—I passed, several times a day, the stand of the boy who works miracles. He works three miracles. The first is that he does not come out unless it is going to be fine all day. The weather is not foretold by the Italian radio, or by the fishermen or *gondolieri* (who do not care if it thunders, provided you are in their boats), and it is not fine every day in Venice, by any manner of means; the Canalettos of storms over the lagoon testify to that. However, this boy does not come out to work unless it is going to be fine. He often did me a service in this way, for as I set out from my hotel, I could judge whether I was going to be able to get to the gallery or church I wanted to see, and back, without getting soaked through. When it was raining, it was somehow sad to see his handiwork from the day before getting washed away. He is a pavement artist, but a pavement artist in the grand manner. That is the second miracle. He has a wooden box of charcoal and white chalk, and a book of reproductions of Venetian masterpieces. From this he chooses his scenes—"Tancred and Erminia," for example, or "The Battle of Lepanto." He then stakes out his piece of the marble pavement, three or five metres square, and sets to work. When I went by at ten one morning in August, the outlines only were done. When I returned in the afternoon from a visit to the Carpaccio "History of Saint George," in S. Giorgio degli Schiavoni, the masterpiece was almost finished. The boy's bare knees were black as he knelt in a far corner of his vast canvas, working away to beat the dusk. Already the pavement was littered with scraps of money, some of them as much as fifty-lira notes. More notes lay on the white arm of a Sabine woman, weighted down with a piece of charcoal. When I passed through the *calle* again in the evening, on the way to the Piazza San Marco, he had finished his large picture and started on a portrait head of Donizetti.


cd

The third miracle consists in extracting money from the passersby. In a sense, he is a beggar, but what he does is also work, and art, and dignified. With what dignity he shows the post-card, from a collection shuffled through his hand, to some skeptical Venetian dandy hardly older than himself—he is only about sixteen. Shy, standing there, in heavy boots, short canvas pants, and a blue linen shirt, before his work; shy, scratching his head, he gets them to pay up. One after another. He shows the fine young man the picture of Donizetti from his picture-postcard gallery, and the skeptical dandy cannot gracefully escape without paying up; nothing less than fifteen lire will do, while, without a question, I, an Englishman, with my travelling expenses limited by law to fifty pounds, get by for five.

These are the three miracles. The boy waits, shyly leaning back against the wall and smoking a cigarette, until his pictures are illuminated by lamplight, and night has fallen, and the grime on his hands and knees has disappeared into the dark.

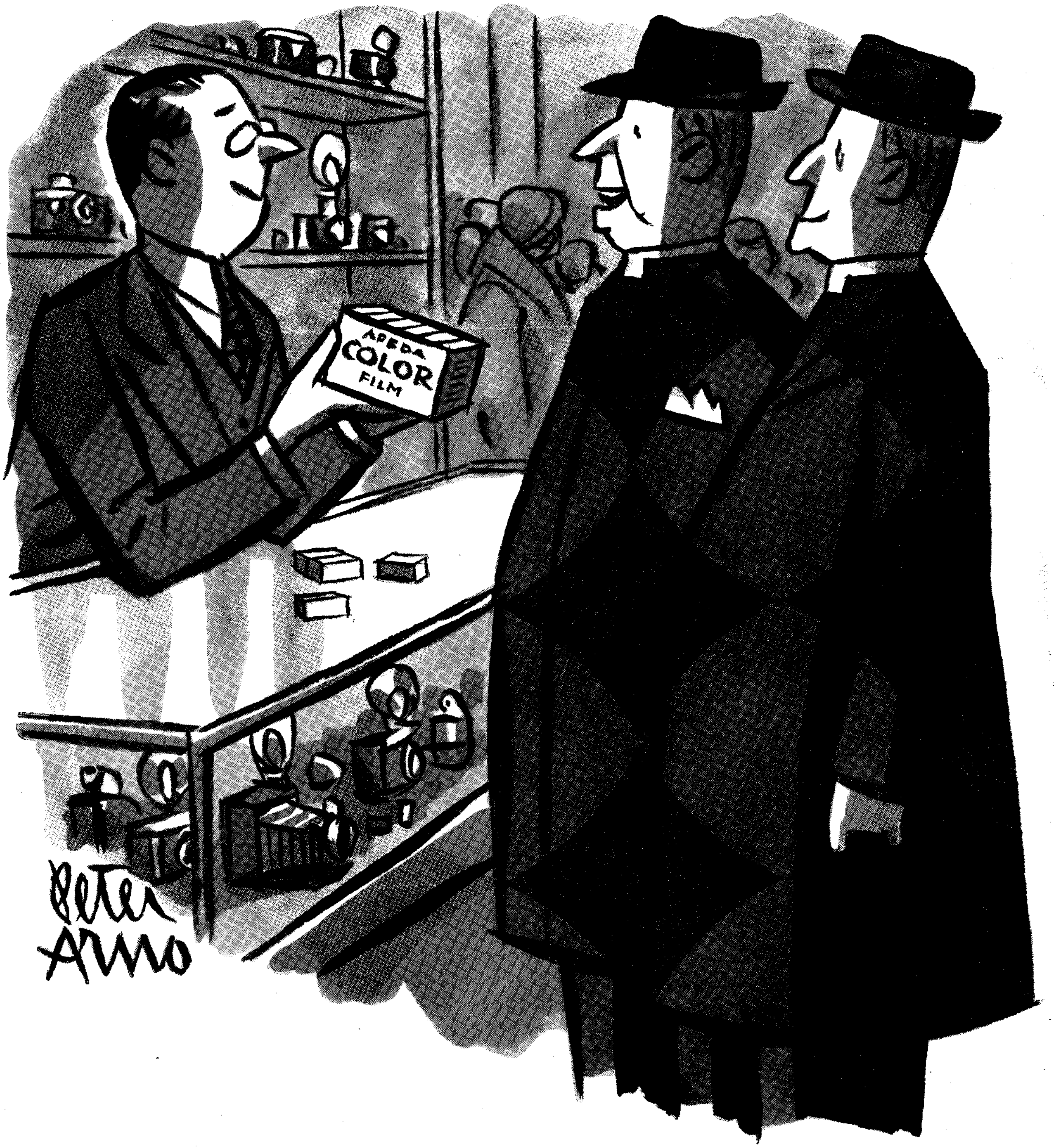
I have often wondered what he does when it is raining, and whether he is paying his way through art school or whether, at home, he produces genuine Tintorettos that will be discovered and praised one day in the gazettes of Paris and New York, and how he began in the first place—perhaps with a modest little drawing of the Mantegna "Saint George," and then, later, a "Mystic Wedding of Saint Catherine." I admire his work. I admire that sort of thing with the sort of admiration that is tinged with guilt at one's own laziness and glibness (and this child on his knees working out his artistic salvation). But in the evening he is no longer a beggar but a successful artist, and one whose work sells.

I ENVIED him, that August evening, as I walked over the bridge and through the narrower continuation of the *calle*, the Salizzada San Moisè, past the new cinema, and the sellers of American cigarettes, and the black-market money-changers talking to the police, who ought to have known better. The shops on either side had a display of jewelry, leatherwork, and glass, brilliant and vulgar and calculated to appeal to those with money. Such crocodile-leather handbags, such handkerchiefs—all lace and no inch of linen—and switches or wands of spun glass, and blobs of crystal depending from feathers of glass in urns of cut glass.

Most of those shops only astonish, but there is one establishment that I like. In Colussi's, there are so many varieties of cake that though you may choose a dozen different ones to take home and eat lying back on your bed, or take on to the Lido, there are still three more that have to be tried on the spot. There are chocolates so large that they are sold by the piece, and curious mushrooms whose stems are filled with chocolate cream and whose caps are filled with Chantilly. In Colussi's, there seems to be every kind of pastry, not only those that are recognizable by their culinary names but also more, and baskets filled with crystallized fruit and preserves glazed with raspberry icing, and pastries that are filled with zabaglione of whipped egg and Marsala; you eat one and cry out for more.

A little way past Colussi's are the arches of the Atrio of the Nuova Fabbrica, through which one enters the Piazza San Marco. I had promised to meet an American couple that night at one of the cafés. It was already dark, and the façade of San Marco, at the other end of the square, appeared small and fretted, the contours of the towers and the bannered points fitting into the outlines of the black serge sky behind. The church was so small and compact that it was actually framed by, and seen through, the lattice of a family of acrobats out on the Piazza, arm in arm, and upon each other's shoulders, in pink jerseys and white trousers, their hair hidden under pink skullcaps. The uppermost of the gymnasts were striding apparently at the same height as the bronze horses, and it looked as though the Leopardi masts were part of the act. The lights above the opposing faces of the two Procuratie buildings had not yet been turned on, and everything was dim and clear, as though it was about to rain.

The band was not playing, most likely because the musicians were on strike with the rest of the municipal employees, with the exception of those of the water-bus company. There was no program nailed up on the base of the Campanile, beside the barometer and the tidal reports. I found my American friends at Florian's. They had waited for me to arrive before they ordered, and by their thoughtfulness I was obliged—or felt that I was—to pay for the entire order, which was expensive because they drank tea, of all the drinks in Italy the most expensive. I, wanting to effect a slight economy, ordered white wine and Seltz. Because it was Florian's, the old waiter brought a complete half litre of Orvieto, when he must have known that all I required was a glass of wine and some



"No, thanks. The black-and-white will do quite nicely."

• •

ice. We sat there, as the stars began to prick through the black sky, and discussed the richness of Venice. My American friends did not mean the treasures of Venice measured by one or even two stars in Baedeker, or even those of sufficient importance to be commemorated in colored-postcard reproductions. No, they talked about the strings of beads the sellers proffered, sliding them up and down their arms as they tried to mesmerize the tourists. After the bead sellers, we discussed the cakes in Colussi's, which my friends, too, had been eating. They had especially liked the cornets of cream, which squirt out indecently as one eats them.

Round and round the square, the endless promenade passed and reappeared as we talked. The faces and figures that we had seen three minutes before were back again, moving in the opposite direction on the other side of the square, a great counterclockwise procession slowly revolving, bowing and posturing as if in some sombre dance figure. The sailors arm in arm, walking in step, bowing to each other, dressed in white, like tight-trousered *pagliacci*, and winking. The girls walking in pairs, more reserved, perhaps, but laughing and showing their teeth, in a hurry to get married before their beauty was carried off by the hot Adriatic winds.

One knows, I thought, so little about the real Venetians. I knew, and only by sight, one or two of them: the pavement artist; the postcard seller moving among the crowded tables, shuffling his wares, like white doves, through the air; and the bead seller, running the red and blue beads across his fingers. It was a pity that the white-coated band was not in the center of the Piazza, to give the crowd some focal point. At any rate, the people would have liked something to amuse them, and the conversation at our table was at a stop—the repertoire of cakes finished, none of us had any inclination to discuss any other of the riches of that luxurious city.

All of a sudden, there was a whir of wings, and the pigeons rose up from the marble floor and circled away to the cornices, as though they had been frightened by the midday gun. The little dogs—there are more dogs in Venice than can possibly be hygienic or even decorative—barked high and low through their muzzles; there was a noise like scything, and figures flashed across the Piazza, so fast that it was impossible to follow them in the crowd. They glided and swirled and circled. The Piazza was filled with roller skaters. With a speed more dazzling than a corps de ballet's—more brilliant, in any case, because unexpected—the figurants interlaced their way through the strollers, who parted for a moment and cheered as each skater flashed by. Now forward in an arabesque, now backward nonchalantly and with incredible speed. In a city where no vehicle, not even a bicycle, is ever seen, and the fastest movement is that of the motorboats in the lagoon, I couldn't focus on these shooting stars, with the dogs trying to snap at their steel shoes.

One of these virtuosi, in a canary sweater, had a circle of admiring Venetians about him at the other end of the square, where he spun round like a dancer, holding one ankle with his outstretched arm. All conversation in the Piazza came to an end in the barking, and the whirring of wheels, and the cries of admiration. At length, quiet returned; the police arrived on the scene and put an end to the roller skating, and the pigeons settled for the night, and the crowds gyrated once more before beginning to disperse down the alleys and canals to their homes.

"Well, I call that something!" my friend exclaimed, and his wife smiled in agreement. "God! That's something!"

"What is something?" I asked.

"These people—they're just marvellous!" he said. "Like the phoenix, they die and rise up again. In fact, they never quite die out; they just get up and get on with it. You have to hand it to them for the way they've got this place going again."

DURING the commotion, we had been joined by an English acquaintance of mine, a serious historian of art, who now put down his glass and said, "Of course, the best thing in Venice is the way they have been able to get the Museo Correr and the Accademia open again so soon."

My American friend's wife agreed. They did at least one museum or tour each morning, she said, and went shopping or to the Lido in the afternoon.

The art historian looked at the American across the top of his glasses. "It would indeed be a pity," he said, "if the only thing you were to recall of your visit here were to be roller skaters. I think they add a touch of false overpainting to the genuineness of the background."

"But in Venice everything is wedded to Art," my friend's wife interrupted gaily.

"Oh, I agree; a true marriage of love. Nor must one neglect the sea, at once the barrier to extraneous influences and the transmitter of Byzantine and Arabic symbols."

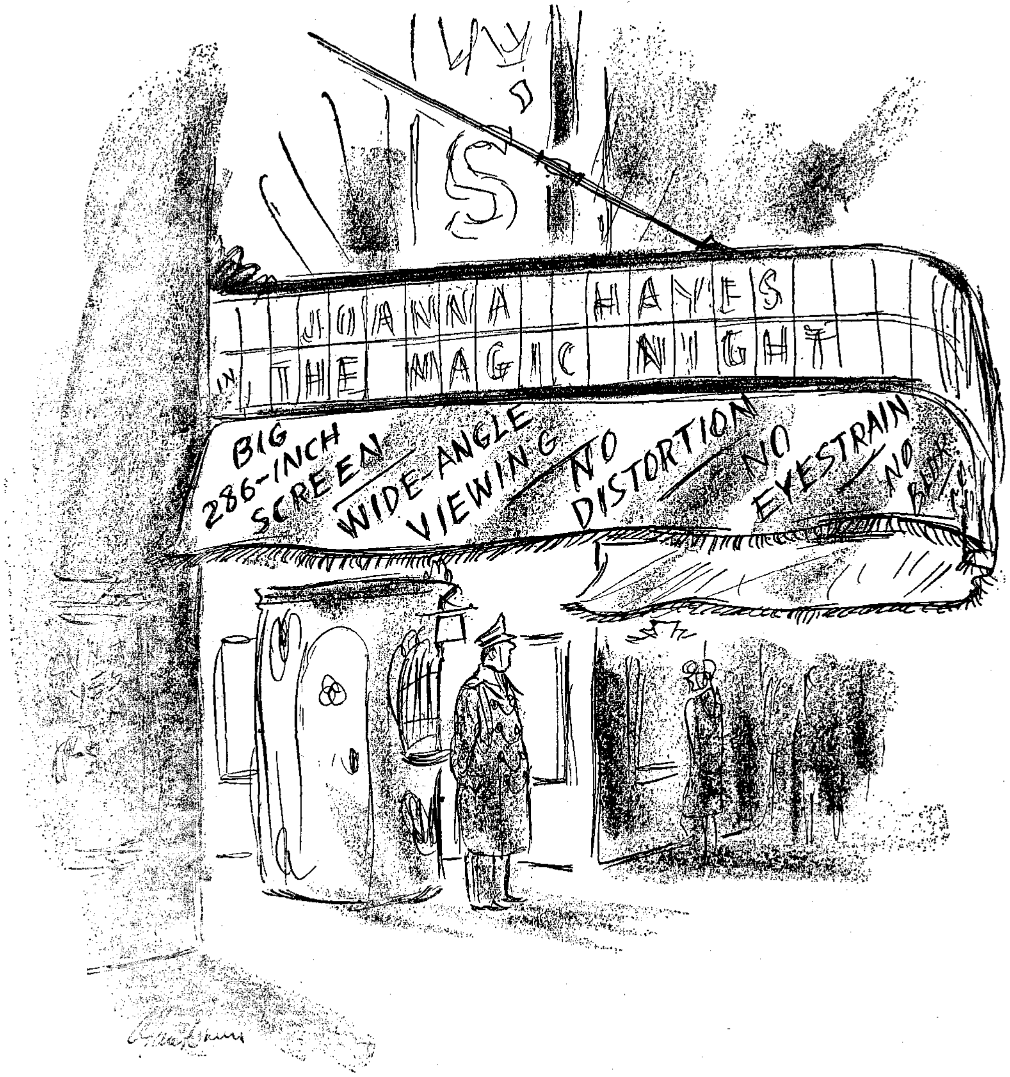
"Yes," she said. "Yes, of course. You mean San Marco and all that." Then, to her husband, "I think it's time we were going back to the *pension*."

I had been looking around, trying to see whether the skaters had returned to the Piazza, and at this point brought my full attention back to the guttering conversation. "Well, it has been nice," I said as the Americans stood up. "See you at the *mola* tomorrow after luncheon, perhaps." I waved, and they moved away through the tables and into the crowd.

"In my day, it was always called the *molo*," the art historian said. "No matter. We are going the same way. Let me come with you as far as the *traghetto*." He spoke with a reserve that was as natural to him as his adoption of the floating city and its decaying treasures.

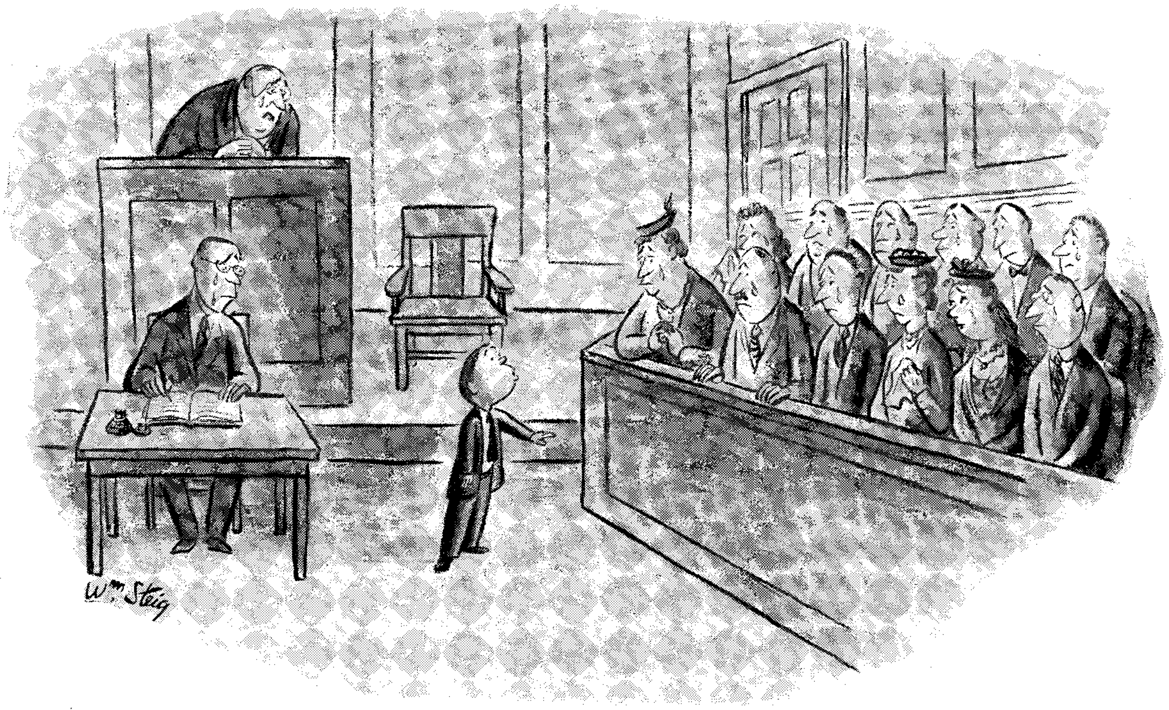
As we walked back along the way I had come, I stopped for a moment in front of the work of the pavement artist.

My companion glanced down and then said, "You know, I don't believe that your good American friends would hesitate to accept this as a Giotto if it



was stuck up on a wall, protected by glass. What standards have they to judge things by? Rubbish like this"—he scuffed his foot on the charcoal—"is just as valid to them as the mosaics in San Marco."

This disrespect annoyed me. I was certain that for the art historian Venetian art ended in the sixteenth century. There was nothing much to choose between his disdain and the transatlantic enthusiasm, but at least the Americans seemed to enjoy what they saw and did, and it was not always inside a gallery. I was unable to say anything, and we walked on in silence toward the ferry. We were just passing Santa Maria Zobenigo when, away to our left, there appeared to be a considerable flurry by the edge of the water. People were cluttered around something on the edge of the Grand Canal, in front of a little hut covered with vines, used by the ferryman. They were crying out in dialect, and we could not understand them. My companion remarked that a lot of people seemed to want to cross the canal.



DREAMS OF GLORY

Pleading his own case

• •

By the lantern that marked the ferry, and in the angle made by a building just where it met the black-and-white water of the Grand Canal, was a shape. In spite of my refusal to recognize it at once, I saw that a body lay across the steps leading down to a gondola, in the light from the shrine of the Virgin on the other side of the wide canal. When we reached the landing stage, I saw that the dark head was in the shadow of a step, and the rest was jagged, in canary-colored lines. The arms were straight down beside the hips, and the lower limbs covered with wet, clinging trousers. One leg was caught on the edge of a boat, and the dark foot of the other was in the water. I saw that the one foot above the tide was still strapped onto a roller skate.

The art historian, who had already taken a ten-lira note from an envelope in his pocketbook and was pulling at the blouse of a gondolier in order to be taken over at once, said, "Silly fellow. I suppose he went over the edge. It will be a lesson to him not to go fooling about when he is drunk."

I said good night quickly, and turned away as a motorboat from the hospital drew up to the landing stage, and walked back up the street. After all, I could be of no use in the little circle, with a bottle of wine spilling from the cold lips, a pillow supporting the cold head from the stone. This death was such a little thing that in the *campiella* by the church there was laughter, echoing round a party of young people walking home.

I rang the night bell at my hotel and went up to my room. In bed, I could not sleep for thinking about the body down at the landing stage, and about my friends and their conceptions of Venice. Of one thing I was certain: This was no longer the Venice seen by Proust, who went there only to poke fun at the aging Mme. de Villeparisis and M. de Norpois, and to find out, once and for all, that Albertine meant nothing more to him. And the Lido of Thomas Mann was only the scene of a terrifying but private story of love and old age. Painters had tried to approach its whiteness. Renoir, Corot had nearly caught it. Turner had evaded the problem and draped the glittering towers in mist. Van Dongen and Dufy had captured for a moment the glide of a gondola, and Guardi the pitch of a market tent on a *campo*. Who was there to tell me that Venice was not all stones, that even in the most claustrophobic of *calles* and *rios* there were live people among the green of oleanders and hydrangeas? To get the real savor, one had to walk out in the street and look at people, and not at the marble walls.

I fell asleep with the lights of the water reflecting on the ceiling above my bed, and the creak of a gondola in the canal below.

I WOKE late in the morning, and dressed and went to sit in the sun in front of the hotel, with a copy of the local paper, borrowed from the desk. I had forgotten about the night before until I read the account of the death of the roller skater. The report established that he had died of a heart attack while in the act of pursuing his sport, and had fallen headlong into the water. The hospital authorities emphasized that an attack of this nature was quite unusual in a young man, and accounted for by the fact that the young man was suffering from malnutrition.

At once, I wanted to show the article to my friends of the evening before. I looked at my watch. The art historian would be shut up in the print room of one of the museums at this hour, and my American friends would already be on their way to catch the boat for the Lido. If I reminded them of the incident, I would be accused of morbidity in the midst of a holiday. I looked through the cinema programs for the evening, folded the paper, and returned it to the hotel desk.

—NICOLAS POWELL

CRYING IN THE DARK

I'M the sort of moviegoer who never gets around to a film until it has reached the point of being a revival of a revival. So I stupidly waited until "City Lights" turned up in our neighborhood playhouse, this fall, before treating myself to that orgy of maniacal laughter and shameless tears into which I am always plunged by the sidesplitting, heartbreaking art of Mr. Chaplin. As always, the orgy was a gloriously releasing one, and of the two emotional responses I believe the lachrymose was the more enjoyable. The cliché about pleasure and pain being almost indistinguishable, causing one to find delight in temporary periods of utter woe, occurred to me when, with swollen eyes, polished nose, and dankly shredded Kleenex, I made a happy emergence from the theatre. As I went down the street, still dripping like a faulty faucet, a passing acquaintance stopped me to inquire with gentle tact if anything serious was the matter. "Oh, no," I said with a gay little sob, "I've just had the most wonderful time at a heartbreaking movie."

I first became acutely aware of this anomalous form of enjoyment when, as a gangly monstrosity of fifteen, I was taken with a group of schoolmates by our teacher of the subject now called Speech, which in those days went by the ambiguous name of Articulation, to attend a matinée of "Peter Ibbetson." At the time, I was going through a period of adolescent awfulness in which I was trying to appear pale, interesting, and world-weary (the popular term then was "blasé"), and incapable of any reaction to sentiment, unless possibly to the sort expressed in the novels of Elinor Glyn, which, since they were strictly forbidden, I read omnivorously. I also tried to look like a dead ringer for Theda Bara. This last ambition called for gobs of mascara, and as that, too, was strictly forbidden, I had to wait until I was well away from home before applying it. The "Peter Ibbetson" I saw was the lovely, poetical Barrymore production, with John as Peter, Lionel as Colonel Ibbetson, and Constance Collier as the Duchess of Towers. At Peter's touching encounter with the broken and aging Major Duquesnois, I started to shed my sophistication; at the first dream sequence, when, transported to the Passy garden, Peter beheld himself as the child Gogo and the Duchess as little Mimsey Seraskier, my mascara, like my world-weariness, started flowing away, and by the time the elderly lovers were voicing their farewells on the park bench in Auteuil, I buried my face on the shoulder of my Articulation teacher, beside whom I was sitting, and blubbered, "You tell me what's happening! I can't look!"

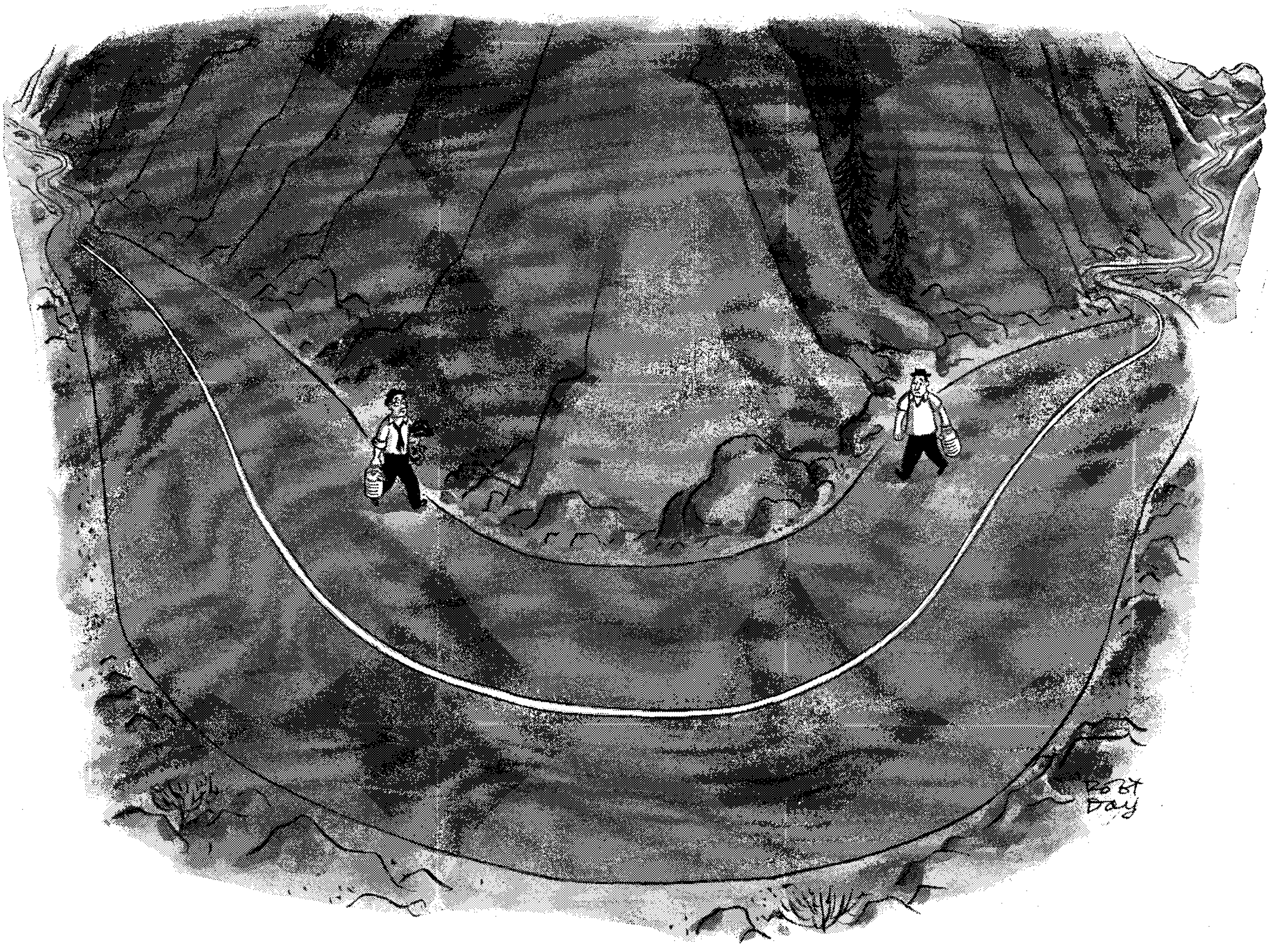
The next play I recall that brought on a similar crying in the dark was that tender classic "L'Arlésienne," as produced at the Paris Odéon. This time, my seat was next to that of an unknown elderly Frenchman, whose emotional display outdid even mine. At one point, he was so overcome that he suddenly grabbed my hand, shook it vigorously, and said that *évidemment* this was a ridiculous play, but did it not do one of good sometimes to enjoy a little sentiment, and, *ma foi*, what could one find to weep over in a tragedy of Corneille, except perhaps the length of the acts?

The old boy summed up the average playgoer's sentiments to a nicety, because, obviously, what makes us weep is that happy combination of good theatre and good pathos known in the colorful language of Broadway as schmalz. Tragedy can break the heart but not the dam of the tear ducts, while schmalz can dissolve the most hardened sophisticate. Tristan and Isolde can expire at the Met season after season without the audience's extracting a handkerchief (except maybe to stifle a sneeze caused by the dust from Tristan's venerable bear rug), but the moment Mimi and Rodolfo begin their candle scene in "La Bohème," a trumpet voluntary of blown noses starts competition with the music. Gian-Carlo Menotti's "Consul" moved me so much that I, like the heroine, wanted to place my head in the first available oven and turn on the gas, yet I shed no tear, whereas when the gentle *umfundisi* of "Lost in the Stars" told his grandson about the little house that wasn't much to sing about but was home, I choked up so audibly that the people in front of me said "Sh!"

LOOKING back over my years as a happy theatre sobber, I think what has moved me has been less the play itself than some specific moment in the play—for instance, that affecting moment in Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln" when Frank McGlynn, as the gaunt man of sorrow, turned upstage to face a large map of the country and, in the agonized gesture of the Crucified, stretched out his arms across the Union he was trying so desperately to save. There was the moment at the finale of "Porgy"—both in the play and in the subsequent Gershwin operatic version—when the crippled Porgy hunched himself into his little goat cart and started off with childlike faith from Catfish Row in search of his Bess. And there was another moment, in another Negro classic, when De Lawd left his Green Pastures to visit Noah, who entertained him unaware until a clap of thunder revealed the Presence, and Noah, shaken but beatified, stood with bowed head and said, "I should have known you, Lawd, I should have seen de glory!" There was the moment, hardly to be borne, in "Journey's End" when Leon Quartermaine, as the sensitive, scholarly lieutenant who loves "Alice in Wonderland" and rock gardening, was picked out to be one of the raiding party ordered to go over the top to almost certain death, and quietly remarked, "D'you mind, I just want to get some letters off?;" the moment when Elizabeth Barrett said her silent farewell to the house in Wimpole Street; the many moments of beauty during Frank Craven's tenderly homespun account of the happenings in "Our Town;" the moment in "Ethan Frome" just before the ghastly sled ride, when Ruth Gordon turned to Raymond Massey with the quick, poignant movement of a captive bird. And there was the moment when the curtain fell slowly to the wailing tune played by Arab on a harmonica in the zanily glorious bar of Saroyan's "The Time of Your Life." Their very recollection can still start a lump rising in my throat.

In addition to dramatic situations, there are certain players to whom I am tearfully susceptible, the way some people are to certain composers—players whose most casual speeches might, as far as my reactions go, be the Death of Little Nell. Helen Hayes could come out with "How's your foot?" and I'd weep softly. When, as the aging Queen Victoria, after Disraeli had drunk the toast, broken the glass, and taken his last leave, she came out with "Such devotion! Most extraordinary!" and then uttered that cry of the heart, "Oh! Albert! Albert!," my weeping turned into a muffled bawl. And while we are in the Victorian Age, I wonder how many of us remained dry-eyed at "Cavalcade" when the Queen's coffin passed beneath the window and the small boy remarked, "Mum, she must have been a very little lady!"

It is not always the schmalzy moment that dissolves me. Sometimes it's an actor's merest mannerism—some gesture or inflection or attribute that is as much a part of a specific actor as



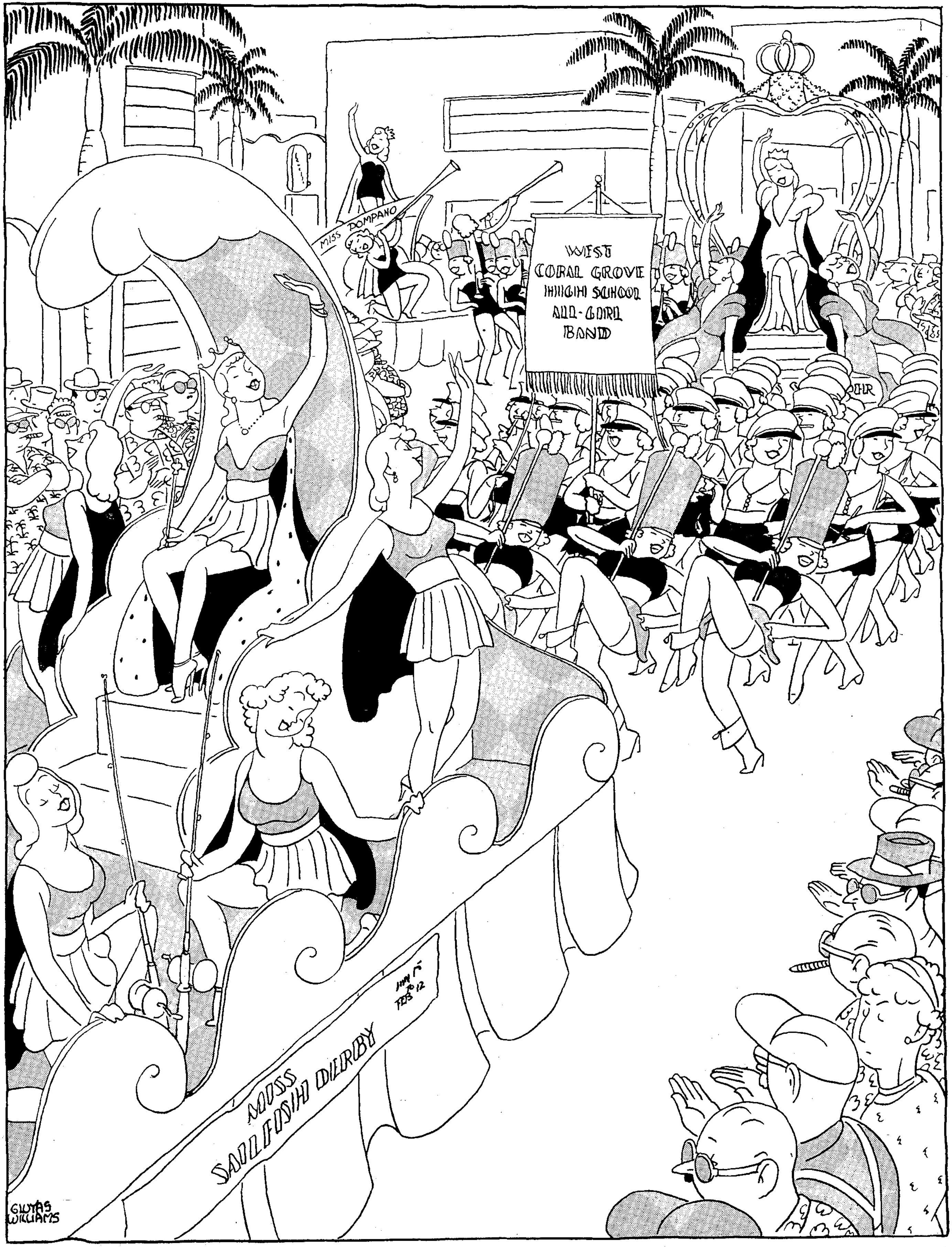
the brush stroke is part of a specific painter. I am thinking of the poetry of Duse's hands, the melodious catch in Ethel Barrymore's voice, the burning nobility of Olivier's eyes, the eloquence of Katharine Cornell's upstretched throat, the damp handkerchief of Jane Cowl, even when it may have been dampened by the treacle of a tear-jerker like "Smilin' Through."

We like our players to be characteristic of themselves. The anticipated appearance of a well-loved star, looking just as we'd hoped he or she would look, only more so, rouses in us the same sort of breath-catching emotion that is experienced by the devotionally wide-eyed tourist when he first comes upon the Cathedral of Notre Dame, looking exactly like Notre Dame, only more so. When, in 1947, after an absence of far too many years, Maurice Chevalier, complete with straw hat and world-embracing grin, sauntered out before a New York audience to the musical flurry of "Valentine," I wanted to cheer, shout the "Marseillaise," and kiss the stranger on my right, but instead I was reduced to such a flood of nostalgic tears that my son, who was seated on my left, was profoundly mortified and instantly pretended not to know me. The grand old performer strutting his grand old stuff is, for my susceptibilities, a sure-fire emotional rainmaker. I am not of the generation fortunate enough to have seen George M. Cohan at his vaudeville zenith, but once, at an Actors' Fund benefit, when I heard him twang out "Give My Regards to Broadway" and saw him momentarily break into his old soft-shoe routine, I wept as copiously as an Irishman listening to "Mother Machree" through a fair amount of Scotch mist.

I recall another occasion, some twenty-five or more years ago, when I gave vent to lachrymose longings for those golden theatrical days that are no more—days, I hasten to add, that I never even remotely shared. This was when, in one of those tragically futile attempts to revive old-time vaudeville (and a sad commentary on the American public it is that the beloved patient failed to be resuscitated), some enterprising management persuaded the team of Weber and Fields to come forth from retirement and, with the vocal assistance of Fay Templeton, play two weeks at the Palace. The immortal comedians went through their still hilarious German-American act in fine form, and Fay Templeton, weighing well over two hundred but still looking dainty, dimpled, and darling, sang "Lu-Lu, How I Love My Lu," and I, beholding them all in the flesh for the first time in my life but determinedly sensitive to tradition, melted into such a snuffling nostalgia that one might have taken me for a moony relic of the original "Florodora" Sextette. My companion during this binge of bathos was John Mason Brown, and, as an item of intelligence that may prove a bit of disappointing enlightenment to those who believe critics have hearts of flint, it is gratifying to report that the snuffles of our contemporary Hazlitt were as shameless as my own.

I GUESS I enjoy crying. This is no reluctant confession, for I don't apologize for a single nose wipe. If the art of the theatre—or even the schmalz of the theatre (and who is to say that good schmalz is *not* art?)—can give us such honest and humanizing means of release, may we not welcome them amid the exigencies of a world grown too terrible for tears?

—CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER


MISS POMPANO
WEST CORAL GROVE HIGH SCHOOL ALL-GIRL BAND
MISS SAILFISH DERBY
JAN 15 TO FEB 12
GLUYAS WILLIAMS

AMERICA'S PLAYGROUNDS

Florida—The Inevitable Parade

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE LONELY TIME

THE other morning, I paid a visit to the Youth Consultation Service, a private organization to which unmarried girls can turn for guidance when they are faced with the ordeal of becoming mothers. A social agency sponsored by the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Diocese of New York, the Service has its main offices in a five-story brownstone structure of ecclesiastical architecture at 27 West Twenty-fifth Street, which was once the rectory of Trinity Church. In a preliminary telephone conversation with Mrs. Margaret Stewart Hoag, the executive director of the Service, I had gathered that, as the agency's activities are spread out all over the metropolitan area, I might expect to cover a lot of ground before the day was over, so I arranged with my husband to take the car. Upon entering the building, I found myself in a large reception room, which, though equipped with modern office desks, lamps, and filing cabinets, still managed, with its high ceiling and windows and heavy mahogany woodwork carved in Victorian swirls, to suggest something of the atmosphere of unchallenged peace that once pervaded the place. A receptionist led me across the room and into an office furnished with a walnut desk, upholstered chairs, and a cretonne-covered day bed, and soft with winter sunshine that came in from a courtyard out back. Mrs. Hoag, a trim, gentle-looking woman, rose from behind the desk to shake hands with me.

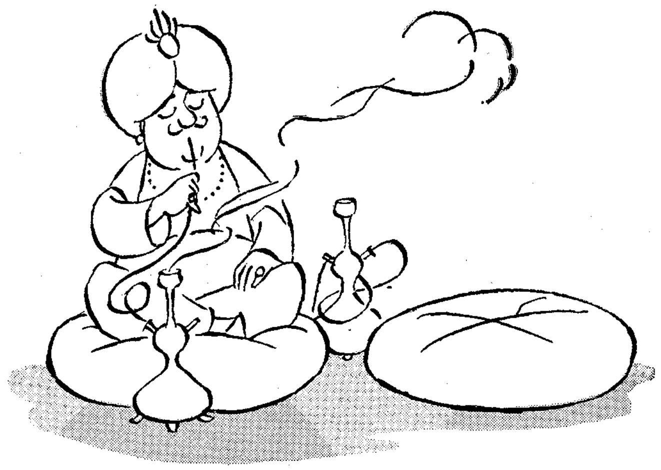
The Youth Consultation Service, though it stands ready to help young women with all sorts of problems, is one of the few private agencies in the country that are primarily concerned with the problem of the unmarried mother, both before and after she becomes one. I had told Mrs. Hoag that I was interested in finding out how prevalent illegitimacy is in this city and in these times, and what, in a general way, is being done to make things easier for girls who become pregnant out of wedlock. After settling me in a comfortable chair, Mrs. Hoag began by saying that any statistics relating to the matter are almost certainly inexact, owing to the secrecy that nearly always surrounds such births. As for the manner in which known cases of illegitimacy are taken care of, she thought that I could get as clear a picture as any by watching the Youth Consultation Service in action, and she had arranged for me to drive around later and see for myself, as far as discretion would permit. "Much of an unmarried mother's efforts have to be spent on protecting herself and her child from the stigma that she finds herself living under, no matter where she goes," Mrs. Hoag said. "Of course, we've made a lot of progress since the days when an unmarried pregnant girl without funds had only two courses—having her baby in the public workhouse or, if she was lucky enough to be admitted, and promised to stay two or three years, taking refuge in a religious institution with some such name as the Home for Homeless and Hopeless Women. Even today, though, one often hears the expression 'social pariah' used when people get to talking about unmarried mothers. We are always running up against this attitude in our fund-raising. Once, at a theatre benefit we held, a worker of ours overheard one scandalized old gentleman say to another, 'Did you know that this benefit is for the fallen women of the Episcopal Church?' Fifty per cent of the young women who come to us for help are unmarried mothers, but none of them are 'fallen women.' They might be your daughter or mine." Mrs. Hoag smiled and continued, "Of course, there's little our particular agency can do to change society's attitude. Our job is simply to help the girls through what is certainly one of the most terrifying and lonely experiences a human being can endure. And in that I believe we've had a fair percentage of success among the ten thousand cases we've dealt with in the forty years or so we've been in existence."

Although the Youth Consultation Service receives about a quarter of its annual budget, which amounts to around sixty thousand dollars, from the diocese, Mrs. Hoag told me, and although all the members of its board of directors, and five members, including herself, of its interracial staff of nineteen, are Episcopalians, the organization operates as a nonsectarian, professionally run social agency, helping young women of all creeds. It was started in 1909 by Father James O. S. Huntington, the first superior and founder of the celibate Order of the Holy Cross of the Episcopal Church, who set up a committee that included such prominent persons as John M. Glenn, Jacob Riis, Theodore Sedgwick, Thomas Rhinelander, Bishop Gilbert, and Bishop Manning, who was then rector of Trinity parish, to do what they could to improve the welfare of women, many of them unmarried mothers, in municipal penal institutions. After the New York State probation and parole divisions were established, the society gradually turned from prisons to its present, more generalized field, and began sending its workers to the New York School of Philanthropy, now the New York School of Social Work, for training. In 1923, it added a psychiatrist to its staff. "Nowadays, though we are a small agency, as agencies go," Mrs. Hoag said, "we have, in addition to eleven graduate social workers, a panel of seven psychiatrists and four psychologists available for consultation. We also have a part-time chaplain, to help unmarried mothers who are involved, as so many are, in a painful tangle with spiritual values or a feeling of religious guilt."

The Youth Consultation Service, Mrs. Hoag went on to say, tells the girls who come to it about—and helps them get in touch with—whatever services in the metropolitan area may be able to assist them. There is no one organization that can in itself provide all the material assistance unmarried mothers may need—temporary employment, financial aid, prenatal care, a place to stay during the last months of pregnancy, hospitalization, and, finally, adoption facilities, or, if a girl decides to keep her baby, infant-boarding care while she works to support it. Just as important as the help offered in these practical matters is the very real moral support given each girl by the social worker the Youth Consultation Service assigns to guide her through the time of her distress. By talking with her social worker, a girl comes to accept the fact that she is an unmarried mother and arrives at a better understanding of herself, so that she can make something constructive of the experience instead of passively resigning herself to the role of an outcast.

I asked Mrs. Hoag if conditions created by the Second World War had brought about an increase in the number

1



2

of unmarried mothers coming to the Service for help, and she replied that they seem to have done so. She rustled around in her desk and dug up some figures compiled by the United States Public Health Service. These indicated that during the ten-year period ending with 1947—a period when, Mrs. Hoag told me, the number of unmarried women in the country steadily declined—illegitimacy throughout the nation increased fifty per cent, to an all-time high in 1947 of 131,900 live births. The obvious conclusion would be that war conditions were responsible for the rise, but Mrs. Hoag cautioned me that there is no way of proving that, or even of proving the accuracy of the figures themselves. In recent years, she said, it has been more difficult than ever to ascertain the facts in such matters, because, in an effort to make things easier for both mother and child, thirty-three states, New York among them, have discontinued mentioning illegitimacy on birth certificates. Even the records of the states that report cases of illegitimacy are, of course, incomplete, since many such births never come to the attention of the authorities. Mrs. Hoag said that she had heard qualified officials express the opinion that illegitimacy in the United States as a whole may easily run as high as one in every twelve live births. One might think more precise figures would be available for a statistics-conscious city like New York, but here, Mrs. Hoag told me, it is impossible even to make an estimate. For example, she said, the municipal Department of Welfare's records for 1949 show that about a hundred unmarried mothers applied monthly for public assistance, but on the other hand, only about half of the unmarried pregnant girls who come to the Youth Consultation Service are in need of money.

I asked Mrs. Hoag what, if anything, is known about the sort of environments present-day unmarried mothers are likely to come from, and she told me that there the picture is equally obscure. In 1930, she said, according to a study made by the Welfare Council of New York City, fifty-two per cent of the unmarried mothers known to social agencies and other community services in the city were in domestic service. "We know those figures are way off today," Mrs. Hoag went on. "Traditionally, servants, particularly in European countries, have been looked upon as likely to find themselves in this dilemma. You know—lonely and underprivileged and lacking affection. But today household service has reached the dignity of a profession. Only a small percentage of the two hundred or more unmarried pregnant girls our agency sees each year are in domestic service. There is, however, one generalization all social workers feel they can make about unmarried mothers: In nine cases out of ten, their backgrounds show a lot of unhappiness, with a noticeable lack of love and affection from their parents."

The Youth Consultation Service has assisted unmarried mothers as old as forty, but most of those applying for help, Mrs. Hoag said, are between sixteen and twenty-six. Girls of nineteen and under account for forty-two per cent of the nation's illegitimate births that are known to the Public Health Service, and girls from twenty to twenty-four for thirty-two per cent. Nearly all the pregnant girls who come to the agency are pregnant for the first time. "There is a certain percentage of women who have a compulsion toward illegitimate pregnancy, but we come across very few of them," Mrs. Hoag said. "And occasionally a court will send us a girl with a lot of amateur prostitution in her record. For the most part, though, our unmarried mothers are, I suspect, a pretty fair cross-section of the country's young women. They are daughters of New England bankers and of Italian bootblacks. They come from expensive Eastern colleges and public high schools. They are Ph.D.s, farm girls, teachers, stenographers, factory workers, and musicians. We seem to be seeing more girls from the higher professional and educational levels than we used to in the thirties, but that doesn't necessarily mean that illegitimacy has increased among those groups. It could be just a change in the type of girls who feel they can come to us these days. In recent years, seeking help from a social agency has become a perfectly respectable thing to do, and the popularity of adoption has undoubtedly encouraged unmarried mothers to use agencies still more. But there are still, of course, thousands of girls throughout the country who somehow get through the experience alone."

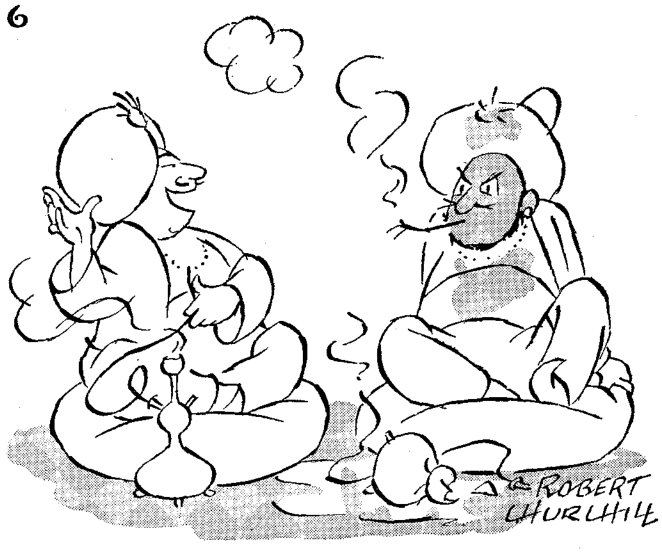
I asked Mrs. Hoag how unmarried mothers find out about the Youth Consultation Service. "They hear about it from schools, doctors, hospital clinics, ministers, police courts, or friends," she said. "Our main office here gets girls from all parts of the country who, when they find themselves pregnant, come to New York looking for the anonymity a large city offers. We have branch offices in the Bronx and White Plains, and they deal mainly with girls whose homes are nearby. Some girls write us, others phone asking for information for a friend—the friend who almost always turns out to be the girl herself. We make appointments to see girls in the office, if they feel comfortable about coming here, or, if they don't, in a drugstore, restaurant, railroad station, or wherever they're staying in town. Some of them come in to see us

3

4

5

6



* * *

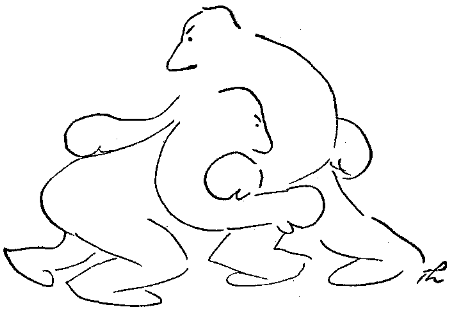
with their parents. Others just appear alone and unannounced on our doorstep. The other morning, a girl six months pregnant stumbled up the steps. She had just got off a bus from Iowa. It had taken her two months of working days and evenings in a restaurant to save the money for her fare. Another girl drove here from Missouri in a yellow Cadillac roadster. Probably our most surprising visitors were a brother and sister, eighteen and sixteen years old, who brought in their mother. Their father had died two years before, and in her loneliness their mother had turned for affection to an old friend of her husband's. And now she was pregnant, almost out of her mind with grief and shame, and completely unable to deal with the situation. Those two children went to work to earn enough to see their mother through, and later the baby was adopted."

The majority of the girls who come to the agency first appear there during their sixth month of pregnancy, Mrs. Hoag continued. "Most of them have had no prenatal care," she said. "Those who come alone usually insist that their parents must never know about their condition, and we assure them that we will tell no one without their consent. Then we find out what they want us to do for them, or, if they are too bewildered to know, we tell them what we *can* do. We may have to find them a furnished room, a temporary job, maternity clothes from a thrift shop our parishioners help run or from department stores, and medical care at a public clinic or, if emergency treatment is required, from some private doctor, at our expense. We have a small fund for such emergencies. One of our social workers explains to the girl that for her own peace of mind she should return once a week to talk her problems over with us. Most of the girls do return. It's a great relief to them to talk with somebody who doesn't inflict moral or social judgments on them and who is interested only in their welfare; so many of them have never before had a sense of anyone's really caring for them. During the interviews, the girl gets to know herself—her strengths and her limitations—better than she ever has before in all her life. Of course, there are always some girls, with limited mental resources or deep disturbances, who are unable to respond, and we refer them to the agencies that deal with such cases. The adolescent girls who come to us are in a state of general turmoil, with a lot of emotional problems, some of which perhaps helped get them into their difficulty and some a part of the deep traumatic experience that unmarried motherhood carries with it. Those problems need to be straightened out. About seventy-five per cent of the girls are tested by our psychologists, principally by the Rorschach test, to help us get to know them quicker. Then, in many instances, either they are interviewed directly by one of our psychiatrists or their cases are presented to a psychiatrist by the social worker involved. If a girl is in need of considerable psychotherapy and can't afford it, we try to see that she gets it at a mental-hygiene clinic. We also arrange for the girls to be given vocational tests. Right now I am trying to interest a friend of the agency in giving a commercial-art scholarship to a young Negro woman, a former waitress, who wants badly to keep her baby and whose tests show that she has unusual artistic ability."

As a result of the weekly interviews with their social workers, most of the girls gradually unravel their mental tangles, Mrs. Hoag said, and about half of those who at first had protested that they would rather die than have their parents know come to realize how much less lonely they would feel if they took their fathers and mothers into their confidence, and end up by doing so. "And they are often astonished to find how their parents rally to them," she said. "That usually means financial help, too, which eases one difficult problem for us. We've even seen girls from small towns decide to go back where they've come from and have their babies there, either at home or nearby, with the help of a local agency. But most of the out-of-town girls feel that it's impossible to return, and decide to go into maternity shelters here. These are institutions, maintained either wholly by private funds or with city assistance, that provide accommodations for unmarried mothers during the last months of pregnancy, arrange for their care in a hospital, and welcome them back, with their babies, to stay for from two weeks to four months. There are a dozen or more such shelters in Greater New York. Most of them have facilities for looking after from fifteen to twenty-five mothers at a time, and charge around two dollars a day for the mother and a dollar for the baby, plus a hospital fee of from eighty-five to a hundred and thirty dollars and the contribution of whatever light housework the girl is capable of."

Before a girl goes into a shelter, Mrs. Hoag said, she usually thinks she has made up her mind whether to keep her baby or place it for adoption, but this decision, obviously the most difficult of all, is by no means always adhered to. There is often a great deal of wavering and changing of plans during the time the girl is waiting in the shelter and even for a considerable period after the birth of the baby. About half the unmarried mothers the Youth Consultation Service deals with finally resolve to give up their babies, at which point their social workers arrange interviews for them with adoption agencies. In the case of those who have determined not to let their babies go, the social worker tells them how others have managed under similar circumstances, and helps them choose a course of action and carry it out. Some take their babies back home or place them temporarily with relatives. In other instances, the mother decides to put her baby in a licensed boarding home until she can get on her feet and earn enough to make a home of her own. Some mothers who have had good jobs return to them and hire a woman to care for the child during their working hours.

I asked Mrs. Hoag what happens to unmarried mothers who are not in a position to pay for shelter care. She told me that, as a general thing, the Youth Consultation Service cannot undertake to shoulder this expense—although in certain instances it does make loans—and refers these girls to the Department of Welfare for public assistance. The Department sends them to private agencies, where, through its Bureau of Child Welfare, it pays for the mother's and baby's care. However, the law stipulates that before giving assistance the Welfare Department must be assured through its own investigation that the girl's parents cannot pay the bills and that the baby's father—assuming, of course, that the girl knows who he is, and she almost always does, or thinks she does—can contribute little or nothing in the way of support. The Welfare Department, Mrs. Hoag told me, investigates its cases as tactfully as possible and protects the girl as much as is legally permissible. If, for instance, the Department can find a thoroughly informed, reliable, and discreet second-hand source to question about the girl's parents' financial status and is informed by the source that the family is in no position to pay, it accepts the information as fact and goes no farther. The Department's social workers point out to the girl how much to the advantage of her baby it will be if she can persuade the presumed father to sign a paper acknowledging paternity, for such a document not only facilitates adoption but protects the baby if she decides to keep it, by making the father responsible for



THE WIND IS ROUND

Season into season, as the weathers go,
The wind weighs roses as it swings the snow.
As spring contains its fall, the rose its thorn,
The eye has its nothingness. Death is born.

The sleeping window, where the frost star holds,
Holds window boxes; folded leaves unfold,
Green from ice artifice. See the seed
Flung to the consequences of the weed!

The eye, though shut, can dream of any weather:
Opiate sky, or forsythia feather.
All drowsy combinations sift behind
Its opalescence, though the opal, blind,

Sees all views black. So light that's white
Is really rainbow-colored, and all night
The far stars shine. If we could see by day,
They'd hang there, dazzling, in the same array.

The rose we worship has its folded rows;
They open as the wind writes pink on paper,
Then scatter, so that roses more and more
May cling to the trellises of everywhere,

Passionately twined. Thorn and petal show
The wind weighed roses as it swung the snow.
Now the wind howls; but should it sigh,
The rose would open for the open eye.

—Howard Moss

• •

"Concentrate on Mr. Adams. I'm on your side."

its support. If the presumed father refuses to sign an acknowledgment, then the girl, to receive public assistance, must permit the Department to institute paternity proceedings in the Court of Special Sessions, which, if the defendant insists, will order blood tests. If he loses the case, he is legally bound to support the child. Something like nine hundred such cases come before the Court of Special Sessions in New York City each year. "Taken as a group, the girls who go through all this are the most pathetic of all," Mrs. Hoag said.

At that moment, the door of Mrs. Hoag's office opened and a young woman—later introduced to me as Mrs. June Wimpie, a social worker—came hurriedly into the room. "Excuse me, Mrs. Hoag," she said, "but this is a real emergency. Our White Plains receptionist is on the phone, terribly upset. She's alone in the office right now, and just a minute ago a girl walked in and lay down on the couch. She says she's been having labor pains every five minutes."

"Good heavens!" said Mrs. Hoag. "Where's she from?"

"She won't tell her name or anything about herself," Mrs. Wimpie replied, "except that she has no money and no place to go, and that she was driven down from upstate by her brother. She says he's sitting in the car somewhere out on the street, but she won't tell where. If we take on her case ourselves, we'll probably have to pay the bills."

"Can you call in the Department of Welfare?" asked Mrs. Hoag.

"The girl won't give authorization," said Mrs. Wimpie. "It may be that it *is* impossible for her to have her parents know. Of course, too, these may be just imaginary labor pains. She says she's not supposed to deliver for three weeks."

"I think we'd better tell the receptionist to phone the district nurse to hurry around and examine the girl," Mrs. Hoag said. "If the nurse says she's got to be rushed to a hospital, we'll have to use the emergency fund."

Mrs. Wimpie all but ran out of the room. Turning to me, Mrs. Hoag said, "We've come close before to having a baby born in one of our offices, but never as close as this seems to be." She was silent for a moment, and then looked at her wristwatch. "I'd better get you started on the travels we've planned for you," she said. "We've turned you into one of our volunteer drivers for the day." Any minute now, she told me, Miss Emily Anne Black, the director of the Bronx office, would arrive, and I was to drive her over to the railroad station in Hoboken to meet a girl I will call Frances, who was coming in from Pennsylvania. We were then to drive out to St. Faith's House, in Tarrytown, one of the shelters favored by the agency, where Frances was going to stay. The director of St. Faith's would show me around the establishment, and then Mrs. Richard Gould, the Service's White Plains director, would meet me there and ride with me to her office, where she had arranged for me to talk with an unmarried mother who was doing a fine job of raising her baby.

"But first I want you to see our chaplain, Father Thomas J. Bigham," Mrs. Hoag said. "Father Bigham's a social worker himself, with a Master's degree from the New York School of Social Work and a good deal of psychiatric background. On the days he's not with us, he teaches Christian Ethics at the General Theological Seminary." She added that Father Bigham lives with his wife and small daughter, and that on Sundays he helps out in churches around the diocese.

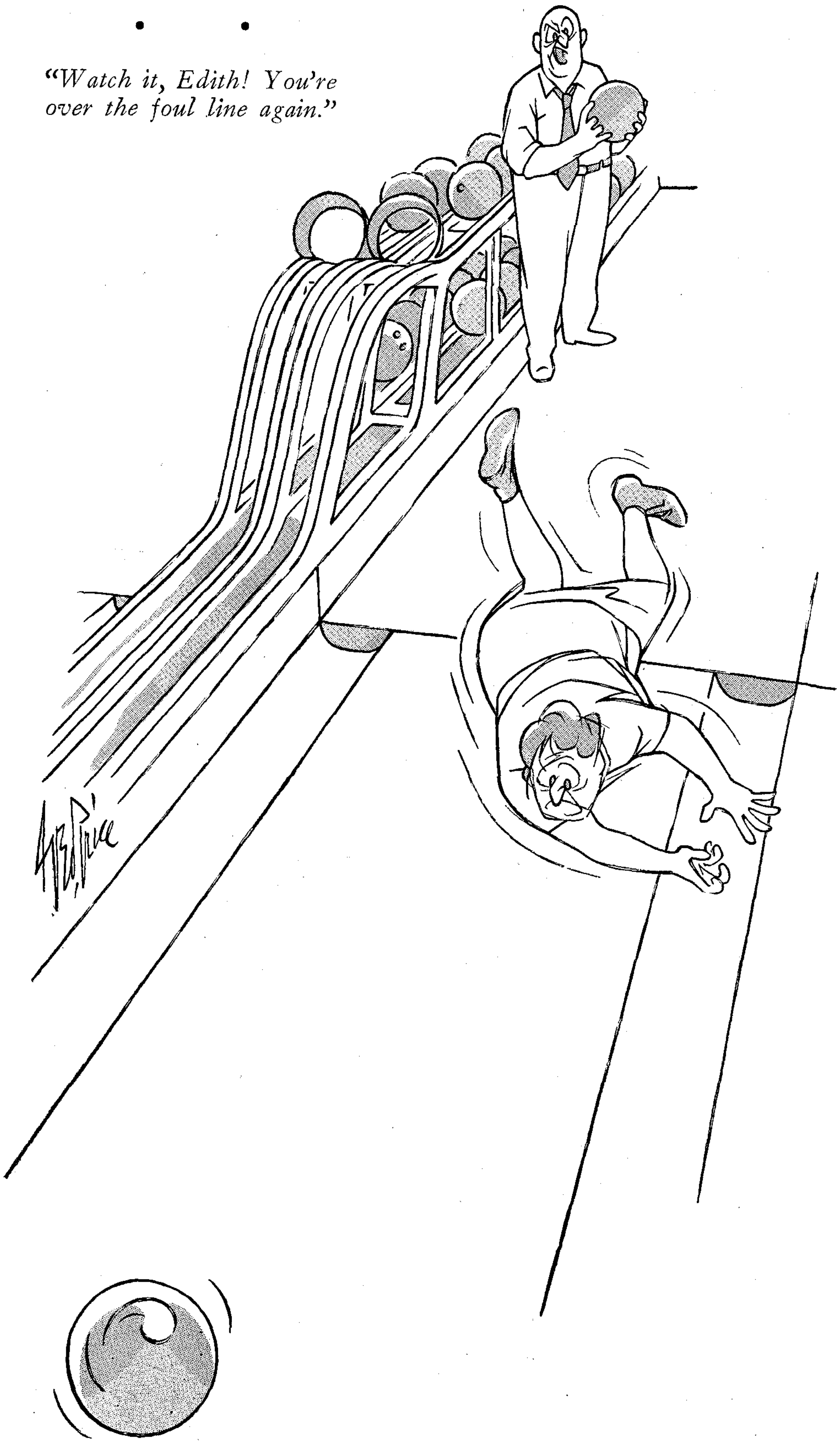
Mrs. Hoag led me out through the reception room, where we passed Mrs. Wimpie, talking tensely on the telephone, and into a large library, where she left me. The room, with an immense fireplace and long, red-curtained windows, would have made a perfect setting for an Edwardian vicar. I sat down on a window seat, and in a few minutes Father Bigham, a man in his late thirties, walked in. He was wearing a black suit and a clerical collar, and there was a look of both intellectual discipline and humorous tolerance in his keen, quiet eyes. He suggested that we go to his office, on the second floor. On the way, we stopped to look in at a tiny chapel. Some of the agency's unmarried mothers later come back to be married there, but not often to the fathers of their babies. Only recently, in the chapel, he said, he had married a girl with a two-year-old child to a soldier who was not the youngster's father. The parents of both the bride and the groom were present. When Father Bigham asked the soldier if he would "have this woman to thy wedded wife," he replied firmly, "Yes, I do, and the baby, too!" As we continued toward his office, Father Bigham said that baptisms are also held in the chapel. "Many unmarried mothers are anxious for their babies to be baptized, whether they intend to keep them or not. These baptisms are always very happy occasions, though they are fraught with a great deal of emotion. Like a wedding, you know. Tears in the girls' eyes as they smile. The ceremony is the one thing they can be proud of just as it is."

Ushering me into a cheerful room that was more like an agreeable study than an office, Father Bigham sat down at his desk, offered me a cigarette, and took one himself. "Right now, we're in the midst of a tussle with an adoption agency that thinks we should dissuade girls who intend to give up their babies from having them baptized," he said. "The agency reports that a good Methodist couple, for instance, will often refuse a child who has been baptized in another church. Actually, baptism marks the child's spiritual birth into the Christian church in general, and not into a particular church. However, the agency's protest sets up quite a theological problem, since, technically, there can be no second baptism. But I am *quite* sure that an unmarried mother is entitled to have her baby baptized if she wishes it."

Nearly all the unmarried mothers Father Bigham sees are at the same time under the supervision of a psychiatrist, and he told me that he and the psychiatrist are almost always in agreement. When I remarked that I understood that such harmony between religion and psychiatry was rare, he smiled. "Actually, you know, there's no real reason there should be a conflict between them," he said. "Psychiatrists, even if they don't recognize the validity of religion, do recognize its usefulness. In Freudian terms, I am a super-ego symbol, and, frankly, I am not afraid to use myself as such. To an unmarried mother, whose plight has often arisen from her own weakness of ego, identification with an authoritative person, capable of giving her religious absolution, is obviously important psychologically. I would say that the psychiatrist who can accept the principle that religion is not itself neurotic or a neurosis—though religion is often used neurotically—is a religious man. *Our* problem is to keep religion from being used neurotically."

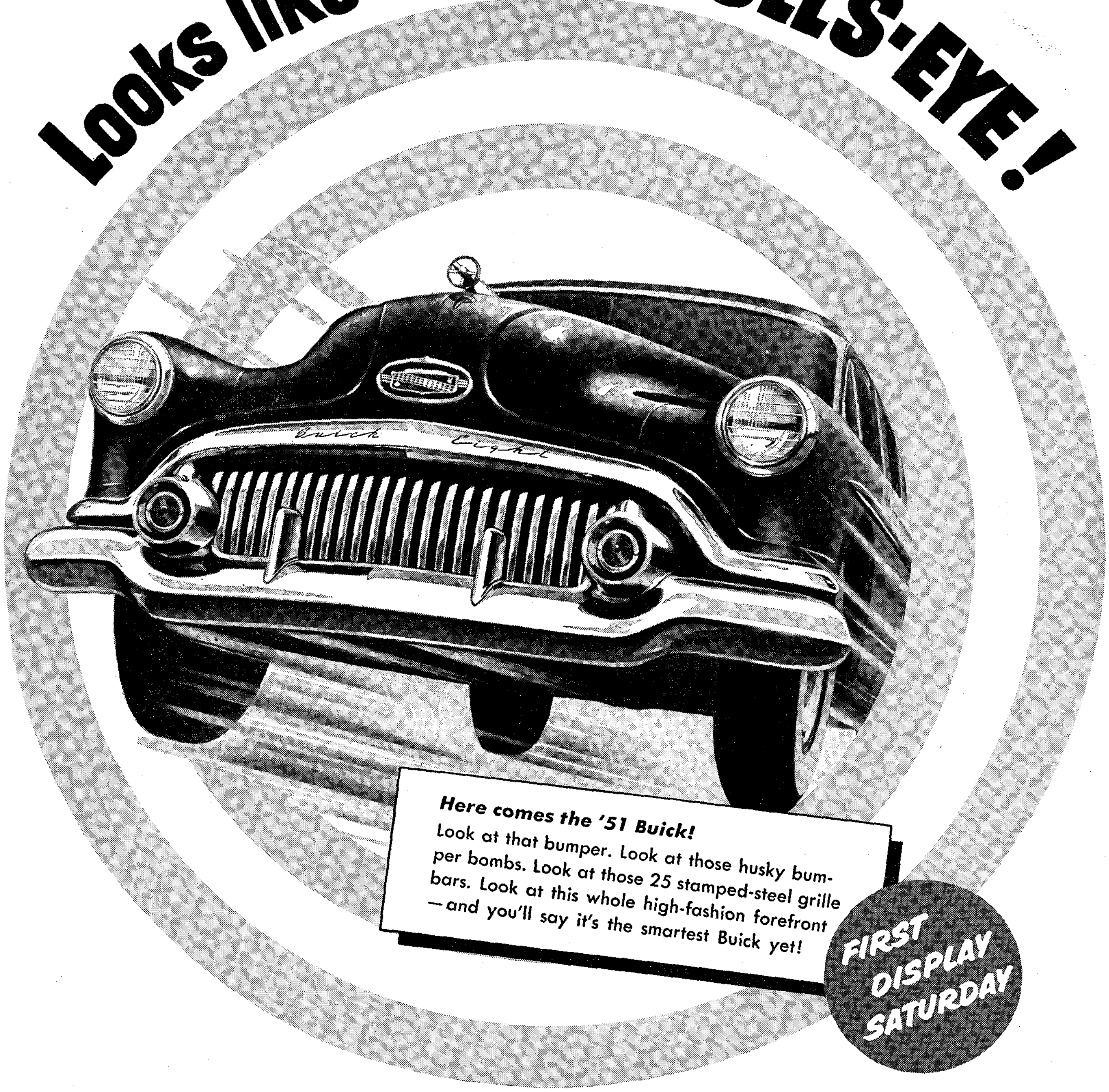
A TELEPHONE on Father Bigham's desk rang to announce that Miss Black had arrived. I shook hands with him and returned to Mrs. Hoag's office. I found her talking with Miss Black, a young woman with dimples and a Southern accent, about the girl who had caused so much alarm in White Plains. "She's in the delivery room at Grasslands this very minute," Mrs. Hoag said, turning to me. "The receptionist got hold of the district nurse, and she called an ambulance." I asked if the girl's brother had turned up. Mrs. Hoag said that he hadn't, and that she suspected

• •



"Watch it, Edith! You're over the foul line again."

Looks like another BULL'S-EYE!



Here comes the '51 Buick!
Look at that bumper. Look at those husky bumper bombs. Look at those 25 stamped-steel grille bars. Look at this whole high-fashion forefront—and you'll say it's the smartest Buick yet!

YOU'D think, after coming up with the bell-ringing Buick of all time, that Buick engineers might take it easy.

But not these ants-in-the-ambition gentlemen.

They're never content unless they can beat their best.

Just wait till you see how they've smartened up everything from the bold and glistening forefront to the taillight design—with plenty in between—and you'll agree with us, Buick's scored another bull's-eye.

You have an invitation to see how smart a car can be. The day is Saturday. The place is your Buick dealer's. Come early and avoid the rush.

Standard equipment, accessories and trim are subject to change without notice.

SEE YOUR NEAREST BUICK DEALER

When better automobiles are built BUICK will build them

IMPORTED WORSTED

The line is easy,
the fit is feminine,
the look is beautiful . . .
and stays that way four seasons
of the year! In a treasured
fabric . . . wafer-weight worsted,
thin, polished, utterly distinctive.
Best's famous British Sportswear
Shop makes a specialty of these
pencil-slim suits in many interesting
weaves, all detailed with elegant
simplicity. Gray, blue or tan.
10 to 20, and 40. **98.95**
4th floor

Mail orders filled. Address Section 6
Please order by Style Number N-47
Postage prepaid everywhere in the U.S.

BEST & CO.
Fifth Ave. at 51 St., N. Y. 22, N. Y.
AND 15 CONVENIENT BRANCHES

he had just driven away. "It's brutal," she said, "but sometimes a small-town girl's family takes the course of simply dumping her on the nearest big town. In a few days, one of our workers will visit her in the hospital and try to find out more about her home situation."

After saying goodbye to Mrs. Hoag, Miss Black and I went out and got into my car for the drive to Hoboken. On the way over, Miss Black told me about the background of the girl we were going to meet. "In many ways," she said, "Frances is fairly typical of the unmarried mothers who come to us. She's a high-school senior and quite a moral girl. Her father is a doctor in a medium-sized Pennsylvania town. About a month ago, her parents drove her up to see us. All three of them were awfully upset, and even the father broke down once. Frances is an only child, and although her parents dote on her, they have always been very strict with her. She told them about her pregnancy three months ago, and ever since then they've kept her in the house, except for that one trip to see us. While they were in my office, Frances just kept her face buried in her hands and cried, while her parents went right ahead making all the decisions for her. They wanted a shelter out of the city, one where Frances could be with girls near her own age, and, of course, they had decided that the baby should be adopted. I asked about the baby's father, and Frances's father said shortly, 'Utterly impossible! I had him investigated. He's beneath my daughter's intellectual and social level.'

"It was plain that I wasn't going to find out much about Frances with her parents sitting there, so I suggested that I talk to her alone for a few minutes. I found her a sweet and passive child, with more than the usual adolescent feeling of loneliness. She had never been allowed to do any dating except when she was chaperoned. It was obvious that for some time she'd felt the normal desire to escape from the domination of her parents, but she evidently felt guilty about it and didn't give way to it—except for one disastrous occasion. That was one evening when her parents were attending a town meeting, and she sneaked off to a movie by herself. She got to talking to a young fellow sitting next to her in the theatre. He told her who he was and where he lived, and afterward they went walking in the park. There she had her first and only sex experience. Since it meant little to her sexually, she can't understand at all why, as she put it, 'this should ever have happened to me.' Well, Frances has never seen the boy since. 'He was kind and good-looking,' she told me, 'and I'm sure it will be a beautiful baby.'"

When we reached Hoboken, I parked the car near the station and waited while Miss Black went in to meet Frances. In a few minutes, I saw them coming across the street toward the car. Frances was a pretty girl, noticeably pregnant but very spruce. She was wearing a smart maternity dress and—to keep her spirits up, I suspected—a pert little hat with a veil. She gave me a shy smile when Miss Black introduced us, and then both of them got into the back seat. Glancing occasionally into the rearview mirror as we drove up along the top of the Palisades toward the George Washington Bridge, I could see Frances looking eagerly about her. "My, what a view!" she exclaimed at one point. "It sure is different from my little old town!" Presently, she lost interest in the scenery. "You know that song 'Shoo-Fly Pie and Apple Pan Dowdy'?" she said, and hummed a bit of it. "Why, I used to eat those long before that song was written. I'm certainly going to miss Mother's cooking," she added wistfully. Miss Black asked her if she had had a pleasant trip. "It was really fun," Frances said. "My first trip on a train." She laughed nervously and added, "I just wish you could have heard all the things Daddy told me not to do."

As we crossed the bridge and turned north again toward Tarrytown, Miss Black pointed out various landmarks. "It's really winter, isn't it?" Frances said. "The kids back at school will be having their yearbook pictures taken pretty soon now. I'm chairman of the picture committee, you know." After that, she was silent for quite a while. Finally, she said hesitantly, "I'm wondering, Miss Black, whether maybe it would just be better for me not to see my baby at all. What do you think?"

"How do you feel about it, Frances?" Miss Black said.

"I'm afraid to see him," the girl said. "I do just love babies. I'm afraid if I saw him, I could never give him to someone else. But I know I can't keep him."

"If you don't see the baby, Frances, how do you think you might feel about it afterward?" Miss Black asked.

"That's just it," Frances replied.

For those who desire the Best

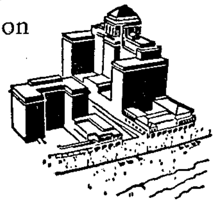
Better sight...better sound...better buy

the magnificent Magnavox

television - radio - phonograph

SHHH!

If it's *rest* you want, without the rest of the winter-vacation hoopla, welcome!



CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL

on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N.J.

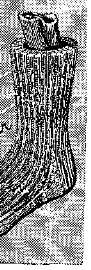
Operated by Leeds & Lippincott Co. for 61 years

Write for illustrated folder No. 3

BRITAIN'S BEST SINCE 1744

Allen Solly hose

worn by gentlemen the world over



In America's Finest Stores.

For name of nearest dealer, write

New York: 2 WEST 46TH ST.

London: 32 SAVILE ROW

"I'd always be wondering what he was like. Both ways, it's awful. Maybe it's better to know than always wonder."

"We still have lots of time to talk it over," Miss Black told her. "We'll be seeing each other right along, you know, till you go to the hospital, and afterward, too."

"What's the hospital like?" Frances asked, anxiously. "Will people there know about me?"

"Not unless you tell them," Miss Black said. "It's a very nice hospital, near St. Faith's, and you'll have a room on the maternity floor, with only one or two other women."

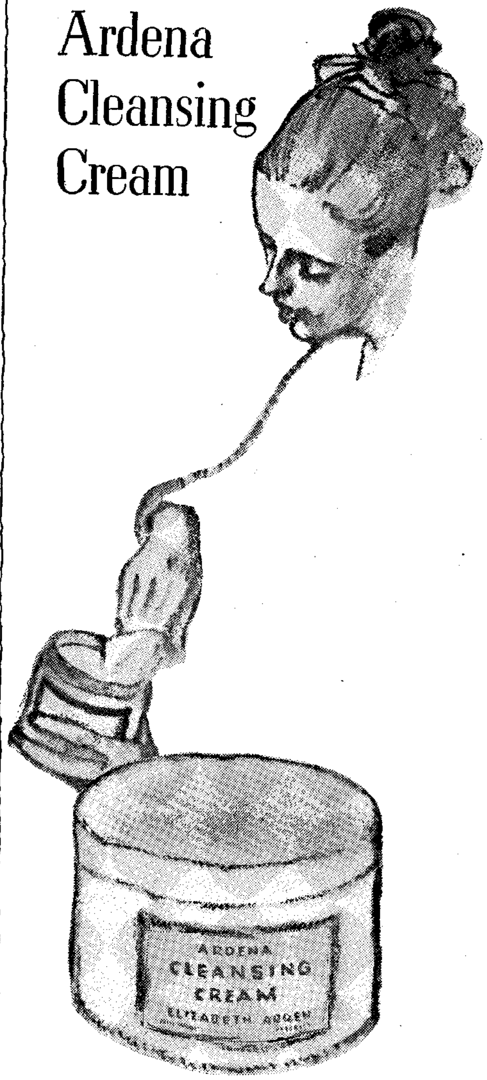
As we drew near Tarrytown, Frances grew increasingly nervous. She asked Miss Black for a cigarette and, when it was lit, blurted out, "I want babies of my own someday, but not this way! I want to have babies of my own with a *real* father! Oh, Miss Black, it's all so terrible!"

"You're going to be all right, Frances," Miss Black said soothingly. "What you need right now is a good bath and lunch, and we'll see that you get them. Come, dear, powder your nose. We're almost there."

We were driving along a tree-lined street in Tarrytown, high above the Hudson. A minute or two later, Miss Black pointed ahead to a four-story brick building, painted gray and framed by large trees, with a garden at the back overlooking the river. "Here we are," she said cheerily. I stopped the car in front of it, and Miss Black and Frances got out. Miss Black and I had agreed that I should drive down to the village and have lunch while she was helping Frances get adjusted to her new surroundings.

WHEN I entered St. Faith's, about an hour later, I realized that at one time it had been a spacious private home. A central hall, papered in a bright rose pattern, led to an office, where I found Miss Mary Frances Smith, the director of the shelter, a white-haired, trimly dressed woman in her fifties. The girls were still at lunch, she said, and she proposed that we make a brief tour of the building. I followed her to the second floor, where, walking down a hallway, we passed several large bedrooms, some double, others single. They were cheerfully furnished and in the state of neat confusion one sees in college dormitories on non-visiting days. "We can accommodate eighteen girls easily," Miss Smith told me, "and twenty in a pinch. They get along astonishingly well together, considering that they are often

Cleanse double-deep with quick-liquefying Ardena Cleansing Cream



This completely different cream liquefies *instantly* on the skin. Because the rare oils penetrate deep, deep . . . they dislodge and remove dust, powder, make-up with a kind of swift magic!

Superb for dry and normal skin, it is part of the world-famous Elizabeth Arden Basic Ritual. To keep your skin beautiful.

Basic Beauty Ritual

CLEANSE with Ardena Cleansing Cream, 1.00 to 6.00

REFRESH with Ardena Skin Lotion, 1.00 to 9.50

SMOOTH with Ardena Velva Cream, 1.25 to 6.50 (prices plus taxes

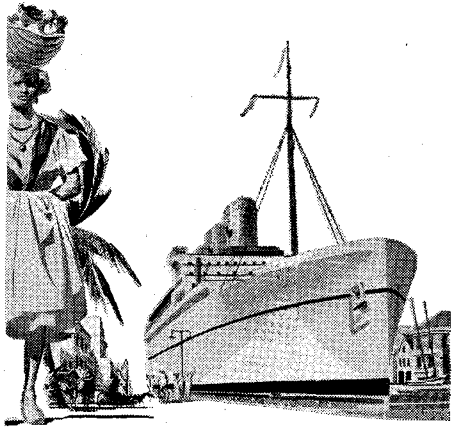
Elizabeth Arden

691 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. 22, PLAZA 9-2940

Cruise South

Exciting...exotic...exhilarating!
14-Day Winter Cruises

West Indies
South America



Aboard the luxurious
CANADIAN PACIFIC cruise liner
EMPRESS OF SCOTLAND

Just imagine! The whole sweep of the sunny, sparkling Caribbean with all its tropical romance and enchantment —yours to enjoy in perfect comfort! Canadian Pacific style means superb food—graciously served in the fully air-conditioned dining room; comfortable, airy staterooms, impeccably clean; your choice of two swimming pools...dancing and night club entertainment.

No passports or visas required.

14-Day Cruises:
February 4,
February 20, March 8, March 24
Departing New York

VISIT: Kingston, Jamaica; La Guaira, Venezuela; Curacao, Dutch West Indies; Cristobal, Panama Canal Zone; Havana, Cuba. Fares from New York—Minimum $350.00*.

*Not subject to U. S. Transportation Tax

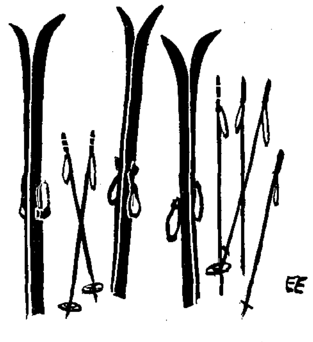
Canadian Pacific

Reservations early: See your local agent or Canadian Pacific in principal cities in U. S. and Canada.

from many different social and economic levels. Right now, eleven out of our eighteen either are or have been college girls. That's a bit higher than usual, however."

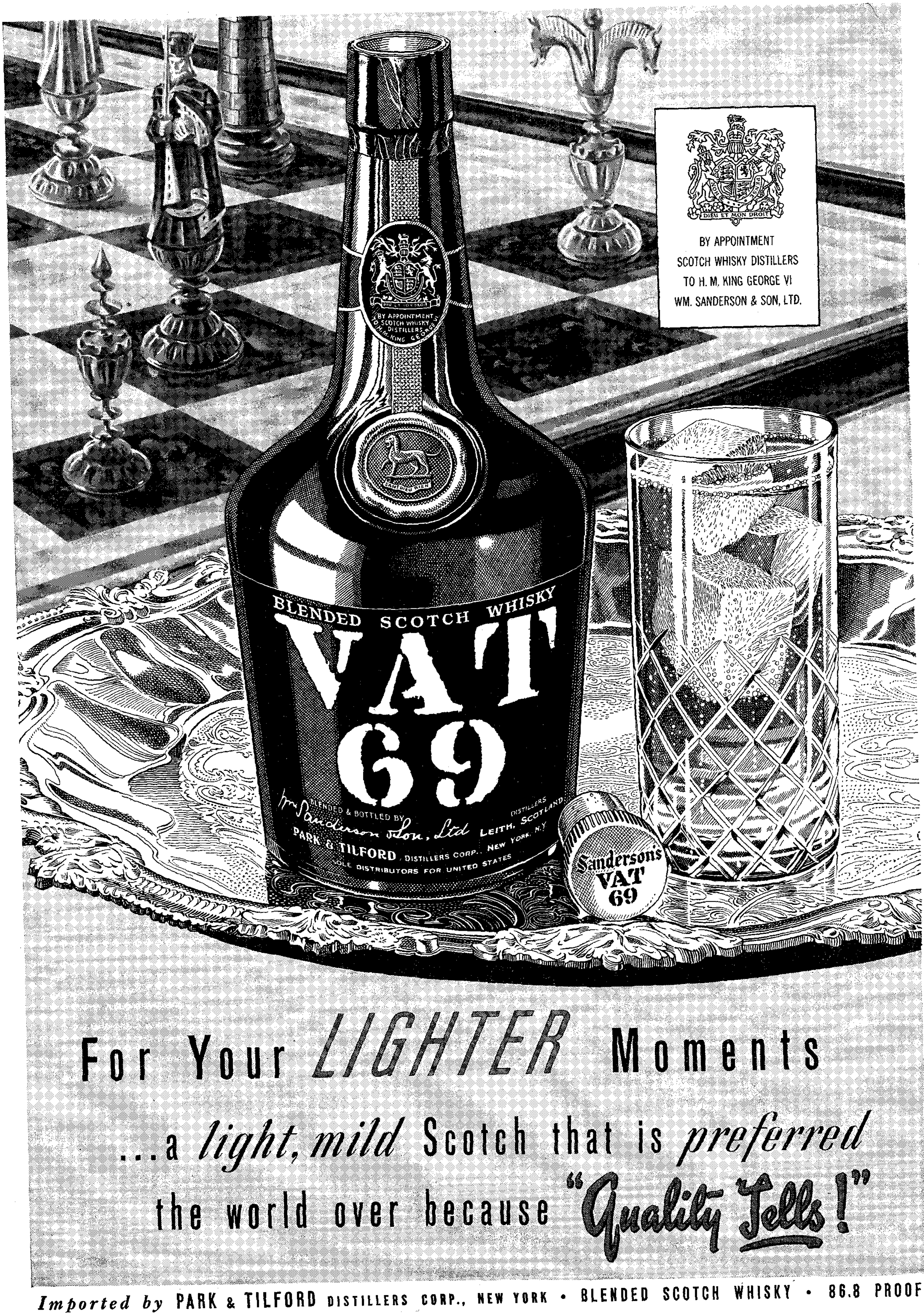
Miss Smith took me into a rather formal living room. "This is for the use of the staff," she said. "There are eight of us, including two nurses. Here, let's sit down and have a cigarette." After we had made ourselves comfortable, she proceeded to tell me that St. Faith's was started fifty years ago by an Episcopal woman, an admirer of Father Huntington's, and that though its executive directors have always been Episcopalians, that is as far as sectarianism goes. St. Faith's has a fully equipped clinic, and a local obstetrician comes there weekly to examine the girls. He delivers their babies at a nearby hospital, and six weeks later gives the mothers a *post-partum* examination, for which many girls return from long distances. "A mother leaves the hospital when her baby is five days old and returns to us for two weeks or a little more, during which she helps the nurses care for her baby," Miss Smith said. "After that, except for the examination and perhaps an occasional visit to show off their babies to us, the girls go out of our lives entirely, and that, I think, is as it should be. In the old days, they stayed here for as long as four years, and were trained to be cooks or parlormaids. Some shelters still require a three- or four-month stay after the hospital, and sometimes even require that the mothers nurse their babies. We feel that to make a mother do that if she has decided upon adoption is just unnecessarily turning the knife in the wound."

Miss Smith went on to say that life at St. Faith's is as little institutionalized as possible. "During the daytime, the girls can do pretty much as they like—take walks, visit the town library, and on weekends go to the local movies," she told me. "Last year, some of the girls who were here made toy animals to sell at a church bazaar and bought us a television set with the proceeds, and now that provides a lot of recreation. We have a sewing teacher come in once a week, and a pianist to play for group singing. We also have a beauty expert come every week to give advice on good grooming. She's brought about some amazing transformations. If a girl needs help to catch up on her schoolwork, we call in local teachers. The girls launder their own clothes and help around the house, just as they would in their own homes. Sometimes they get bored, and sometimes, too, they have bad days, but generally, being all together like this, they manage pretty well."



St. Faith's has few rules, but it insists upon two conditions for admission that occasionally cause an unmarried mother, or her parents, to decide that she will go elsewhere. The first is that the girl must accept the fact that St. Faith's is not just a place to hide and get the thing over with quickly but a place to go through the experience of motherhood, however abbreviated it may have to be. Miss Smith told me that this condition is often accepted only with great difficulty by parents whose daughters have decided on adoption. "The parents are so anxious to protect their daughter that they think it will be easier for her if they spirit the baby away from the hospital without letting her see it," she said. "It takes a lot of explaining to make them see that, for their daughter's own emotional health, it is best that she see her baby and go through the whole process of having a baby—and, unfortunately, of giving it up." The second condition for admission to St. Faith's is that mothers who decide to have their babies adopted must do so through a licensed adoption agency. "We describe to them the thorough way those agencies investigate babies and foster parents in an effort to match them properly," Miss Smith said. "As most of the mothers are enormously proud of their babies and nearly all of them are much concerned about the kind of life their children will lead, they readily agree. However, tremendous pressure is likely to be brought on a girl by well-meaning parents, relatives, friends, and even doctors to give her baby to somebody they know. I remember one girl whose family doctor dazzled her with an offer to turn her baby over to a wealthy family. They wanted her baby so badly, he said, that they would even see to it that the child was brought up by a governess. The poor girl thought that a governess was the last word in splendor, so she agreed. In return, they bought her a lavish wardrobe and paid her expenses for a long stay down in Florida, with a nurse of her own, and I suspect she got quite a sum in cash. Of course, whether or not the foster parents would provide the right kind of home for the baby was never even considered."

As we got up to continue our walk


BY APPOINTMENT
SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS
TO H. M. KING GEORGE VI
WM. SANDERSON & SON, LTD.
DIEU ET MON DROIT
BY APPOINTMENT SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
VAT 69
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY
Wm Sanderson & Son, Ltd
DISTILLERS
LEITH, SCOTLAND
PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS CORP., NEW YORK, N.Y.
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR UNITED STATES
Sanderson's
VAT
69

For Your *LIGHTER* Moments

...a *light, mild* Scotch that is *preferred* the world over because *"Quality Tells!"*

Imported by PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS CORP., NEW YORK • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF around the house, I asked Miss Smith if the girls are allowed to have visitors during their stay at St. Faith's. She replied that indeed they are and that many parents come to see their daughters regularly. "By and large, even though a mother rejects her daughter, she never entirely drops her," she said, "but sometimes the antagonism between them is so fierce you almost wish she would. Fathers visit less often than mothers. Some of them are driven wild by the sight of their daughters pregnant and just remove themselves from the whole business."

At the far end of the hall, Miss Smith showed me a room where the girls who are near their delivery time stay. "We can take them quietly to the hospital from here without their disturbing the other girls," she said. "They usually enter the hospital under their own names with a 'Mrs.' added, but sometimes it would cause just too much suffering for a girl to use her own name, and in that case she uses a fictitious one—even here at St. Faith's, though I must know her real name and that of her next of kin, in case of emergency. From start to finish, these girls face a lonely time, and their stay in the hospital is no exception. They make up all sorts of stories to explain to the other patients why their supposed husbands aren't around—that they have just been drafted, or are off on a business trip, or whatever. But the care they get in the hospital partly makes up for their loneliness. The nurses, who generally size up the situation pretty quickly, seem to feel there's something romantic about such girls, and give them a little more attention than the usual maternity patient gets."

Crossing the hall, Miss Smith showed me into a room containing three beds. "Here's the little room we use for the girls to convalesce in," she said. "And there's our nursery." She indicated a door leading to an adjoining room. Through a glass pane we could see a girl in a hospital gown and mask leaning over a crib. "That's Vera," Miss Smith said. "I'm taking her and her baby in to an adoption agency in the city this afternoon." Miss Smith rapped on the glass. "May we see little Peter?" she called. The girl straightened up and came toward us. In her arms she held a tiny baby. She held him proudly up to the glass, her dark eyes glowing above her mask. I called to her, "He's a beautiful baby!" Her eyes smiled at me and she nodded vigorously.

Miss Smith next showed me, in rapid succession, the shelter's chapel, its large, pleasant dining room, and its kitchen,

"The most stunning show in town!" — BROOKS ATKINSON, Times
JULES MUNSHIN
MARY McCARTY
PEARL BAILEY
in
BLESS YOU ALL
The Lavish Musical Hit
with
VALERIE BETTIS
plus
A SWARM OF SULTRY SYLPHS
MARK HELLINGER THEA.
B'way & 51 St. - Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"A vastly enjoyable song-and-dance antic put on with humorous perfection." — BROOKS ATKINSON, Times
CAROL CHANNING
In The Musical Comedy Smash
GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES
ZIEGFELD THEA., 54 St. & 6 Ave.
Mats. Wednesday and Saturday

"A FASCINATING SHOW!" —George Jean Nathan, Jrl. Amer.
JOHN GIELGUD PAMELA BROWN
in CHRISTOPHER FRY'S
Romantic Comedy
"The Lady's Not For Burning"
Directed by JOHN GIELGUD
Decor by OLIVER MESSEL
ROYALE THEA., 45th St., W. of B'way. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

"A COMEDY SMASH!" —Garland, Jour.-Amer.
RICHARD W. KRAKEUR & FRED F. FINKLEHOFFE
present
CELESTE HOLM
in
"Affairs of State"
by LOUIS VERNEUIL
with
REGINALD OWEN BARBARA O'NEIL and SHEPPERD STRUDWICK
Evgs. $4.80, 4.20, 3.60, 3., 2.40, 1.80. Mats. Wed. & Sat. $3.60, 3., 2.40, 1.80, 1.20. (Tax Included).
MUSIC BOX, 45 W. of Bway, CI 6-4636

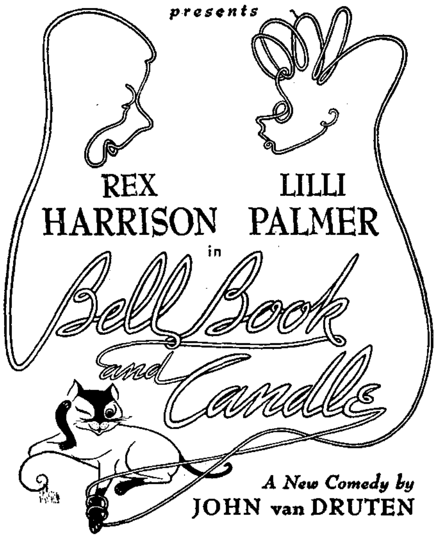
"PERFECT! SEE IT!"—Garland, Jour.-Amer.
RICHARD RODGERS & OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
present
The Happy Time
A New Comedy by SAMUEL TAYLOR
Based on the Book by Robert Fontaine
Directed by ROBERT LEWIS
PLYMOUTH THEA., W. 45 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

PULITZER PRIZE and CRITICS' AWARD
RICHARD RODGERS & OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
present in association with
LELAND HAYWARD & JOSHUA LOGAN
MARY MARTIN
RAY MIDDLETON
IN
South Pacific
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Book by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd & JOSHUA LOGAN
Adapted from JAMES A. MICHENER'S Pulitzer Prize Winning "TALES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC"
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
Scenery & Lighting by Jo Mielziner
with MYRON McCORMICK
MAJESTIC THEA., 44 St. W. of B'way
Evenings 8:30. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:30.

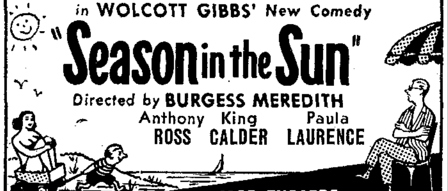
"A VIVID AND STINGING PLAY" -ATKINSON, TIMES
DWIGHT DEERE WIMAN presents
THE STRASBERG & ODETS production
PAUL KELLY in UTA HAGEN
"The Country Girl"
A New play by CLIFFORD ODETS
with STEVEN HILL
Staged by Mr. Odets
LYCEUM THEATRE
West 45th St. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

YEAR'S BEST AMERICAN PLAY!
N. Y. DRAMA CRITICS' AWARD and DONALDSON AWARD
ETHEL WATERS
in
the Member of the Wedding
by CARSON McCULLERS
with JULIE HARRIS
Directed by HAROLD CLURMAN
EMPIRE THEA., B'way & 40 St., Mats. Wed. & Sat.

ANNE JEFFREYS in
"KISS ME, KATE"
Music & Lyrics by COLE PORTER
Book by SAM & BELLA SPEWACK
SAM S. SHUBERT THEA., W. 44 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.


IRENE MAYER SELZNICK
presents
REX HARRISON in LILLI PALMER
Bell Book and Candle
A New Comedy by
JOHN van DRUTEN
BARRYMORE THEA., W. 47 St., Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"UPROARIOUS!" — ATKINSON, Times
JOSÉ FERRER GLORIA SWANSON
IN THE HILARIOUS HIT
Twentieth Century
by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur
Based on a play by Bruce Millholland
FULTON, West 46 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.


"WONDERFULLY FUNNY"—Barnes, Herald Tribune
COURTNEY BURR and MALCOLM PEARSON present
RICHARD WHORF · NANCY KELLY
in WOLCOTT GIBBS' New Comedy
"Season in the Sun"
Directed by BURGESS MEREDITH
Anthony King Paula
ROSS CALDER LAURENCE
CORT THEATRE
137 W. 48th St., Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

Leland Hayward presents
Ethel Merman
in
"Call Me Madam"
with PAUL LUKAS
ALAN HEWITT · RUSSELL NYPE
Music & Lyrics by IRVING BERLIN
Book by HOWARD LINDSAY & RUSSEL CROUSE
Directed by GEORGE ABBOTT
Dances & Musical Numbers by JEROME ROBBINS
IMPERIAL Thea. 255 W. 45th St., N. Y. 19
Evgs. at 8:30. Mats. WED. & SAT. at 2:30

COLE PORTER'S New Musical
"OUT OF THIS WORLD"
Starring CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD
Book by DWIGHT TAYLOR & REGINALD LAWRENCE
Entire Prod. Staged by AGNES deMILLE
CENTURY THEA. 7th Ave. & 59 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

complete with snack icebox, and then took me into an attractive room, one of three opening into one another to form a lounge, where most of the girls appeared to have gathered for the afternoon. We joined a cluster of them in front of the television set. But for their obvious pregnancy, they would have seemed like any group of young women one might come upon in a school recreation room. One of the girls watching the program was Frances, and I said hello to her and asked her if she felt better. "Oh, yes," she replied. "It's just lovely here, and, you know, they are all—every one of them—*nice* girls."

In the next room, a bridge game was in session, and off in a corner a girl was using a sewing machine. Miss Smith introduced me to a group chatting around a sofa and, excusing herself, left the room. There was a moment's uncertain silence, and then I said that I had just toured the house and that the snack icebox had looked mighty inviting. "It's swell having it," one of the girls said. "We make sandwiches almost every night, unless, of course, Patsy, here, gets there ahead of us." Everyone turned to look at a small, chubby-faced girl of around eighteen, who giggled. "The first thing I'm going to do when I leave here," she said, "is bake myself a great big three-layer chocolate cake with marshmallow frosting and raisins and nuts, and I'm going to make for a corner and eat it all myself."

At that moment, a slight, pleasant-faced woman entered the room and, after a moment's hesitation, came toward me. She was lugging an enormous white box trimmed with a pink paper ruffle and tied with wide blue satin ribbon. She introduced herself to me as Mrs. Gould, the White Plains director. "Where's Carol?" she asked the girls, and they told her Carol had gone to her room. Mrs. Gould said she had brought her a layette, and invited me to come along while she took it to her. On the second floor, Mrs. Gould knocked on a door and we went in. A freckled-faced girl with glasses got up from a desk at which she had been writing and greeted Mrs. Gould happily. "Here's a surprise for you, Carol," Mrs. Gould said as she laid the box on the bed. Carol opened the box and gasped. "Oh, Mrs. Gould," she cried, "it's just the kind of present you give married people!" Inside the box was a large assortment of exquisite hand-sewn baby clothes, made, Mrs. Gould later told me, by industrious ladies of Westchester parishes. We were all admiring the things

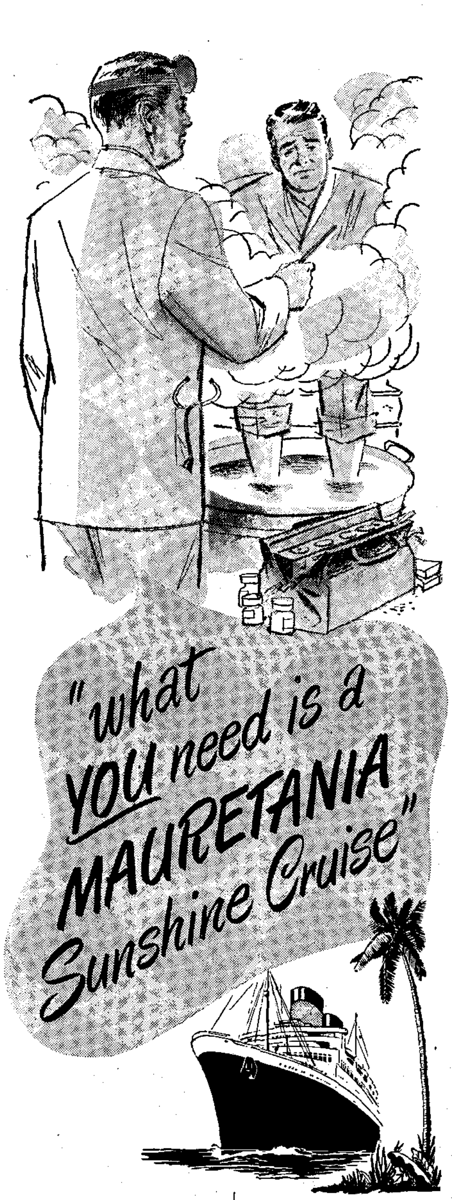
"An illuminating reflection of our time—compounded of passion and *high hope*. A memorable drama of great eloquence, depth, emotional urgency. Clive Brook's performance is masterly."
—BARNES,
N. Y. Herald-Tribune
ALFRED de LIAGRE, JR.
presents
Clive Brook
in SECOND THRESHOLD
with
Margaret Phillips
and HUGH REILLY
By PHILIP BARRY
Revisions by ROBERT E. SHERWOOD
"With light and dexterous dialogue, it sounds like the sort of crackling comedy of manners that only Barry and a few other moderns could write. It's spun out of the intangibles — shadows of a hidden past that haunt the present."
—ATKINSON, *N. Y. Times*
MAIL ORDERS BEING PROMPTLY FILLED
Prices: Evgs. 8:40—Orch. $4.80; Balc. $4.20, 3.60, 3.00, 2.40, 1.80. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40 — Orch. $3.60; Balc. $3.00, 2.40, 1.80, 1.20. Tax Included.
MOROSCO Theatre, 217 W. 45th ST. N. Y. 19

N. Y. Engagement Ends Sat. Eve. Jan. 27
"PRICELESS" —ATKINSON "WONDROUS" —BARNES "ENCHANTING" —CHAPMAN
JEAN ARTHUR BORIS KARLOFF
in J. M. BARRIE'S
PETER PAN
Music and Lyrics by LEONARD BERNSTEIN
Production Staged by JOHN BURRELL
Associate Director WENDY TOYE
ST. JAMES Theatre, 44th St., West of Broadway
Evgs. Tues. thru Sat. 8:40. Mats. Wed., Sat. & Sun.
Opens BOSTON Opera House, Jan. 30—2 weeks only
Opens PHILADELPHIA Shubert Theatre, Feb. 13

MOTION PICTURE
RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Rockefeller Center
"THE MAGNIFICENT YANKEE"
starring LOUIS CALHERN · ANN HARDING
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
plus SPECTACULAR STAGE PRESENTATION

I Capture Cherished Moments
The look of a child at play, or just dreaming—that indescribable expression over a toy—I capture such cherished moments so that you may have them forever.
I'll come into your home, play with your child and take pictures that are more than a portrait. You can learn how little they cost by writing or 'phoning
SIRI HENDERSON
147 East 72nd Street, New York 21, N. Y.
REgent 7-5487

THE Newport
Superlative French Cuisine
18 EAST 60th STREET • EL.5-8427


"what you need is a MAURETANIA Sunshine Cruise"

No question about it ...the surest remedy for winter ills is a gay, relaxing voyage to the sunny Caribbean!

It's a different kind of winter holiday offering a greater variety of pleasure at less cost than the usual shore vacation.

A merry social whirl or quiet relaxation—just as you please—aboard the great transatlantic liner Mauretania ... and days of unforgettable sightseeing at glamorous, fascinating ports.

In addition, internationally famous Cunard food and service!

to
WEST INDIES and SOUTH AMERICA

FEB. 3
18 days
9 Ports—$495 up

FEB. 24
18 days
9 Ports—$495 up

MAR. 17
14 days
5 Ports—$385 up

Consult your Travel Agent or
CUNARD LINE

when a burst of animated voices came from downstairs.

"That must be Vera leaving," Carol said. "Will you excuse me while I say goodbye to her?" She hurried out of the room. Mrs. Gould and I went and stood at the top of the stairs, looking down on the scene below. At the door, with Miss Smith beside her, stood Vera, in her hat and coat, and carrying her baby in her arms. Her face was flushed. Gathered about her were the other St. Faith's girls. One by one, they kissed her goodbye, with fervent wishes of "Good luck!" Finally, amid a chorus of farewells, Vera hurried out the door, followed by Miss Smith, whose car was waiting at the curb. The girls ran to the windows and waved until the car drove away. Then they slowly subsided again into little groups here and there about the lounge. It was very quiet in the old house as Mrs. Gould and I left for White Plains.

As we got under way, I found myself thinking about Vera and her baby, and I asked Mrs. Gould if this was the last chance the girl would have to see her son. "Oh, no," she said. "Vera doesn't have to sign final surrender papers today. She can even change her mind and decide to keep the child any time in the next two or three months, while the adoption agency is looking around for just the right foster parents. During that period, the baby will be boarded out with some woman the agency approves of and will be brought into its offices for regular physical examinations. Vera can see him then if she wishes. Most mothers do, and seem to get a lot of comfort from the visits. As a matter of fact, although adoption may seem at first like the easiest way out, it always leaves a bad scar."

In a big city, Mrs. Gould said, where even next-door neighbors are likely to be strangers, a girl who keeps her illegitimate child can generally account for it somehow, and if she's found out, she runs into less ostracism than in smaller communities, but wherever she is she is almost certain to suffer from a terrible sense of isolation. "Here in Westchester, our unmarried mothers have a tendency to feel that their lives would be forever ruined if their secret were found out," Mrs. Gould continued. "But I'm happy to say that some who have had the courage to go through with it have come out all right in the end. Janet, the one you are going to talk to, is a notable example of the type that manages to buck social censure."

Janet, Mrs. Gould said (and she made a point of the fact that she was dis-

The Waldorf
PRESENTS
JACK CATHCART'S CONTINENTALS
NELLE FISHER & JERRY ROSS
in "Dance Ballads"
WITH EARL REDDING
EMIL COLEMAN
and his orchestra
MISCHA BORR
AND HIS ORCHESTRA

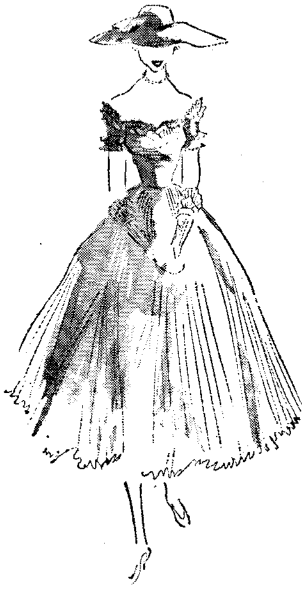
WEDGWOOD ROOM
TWO SHOWS: 9:15 and 12:15 weekdays. Cover after 9:15. THEATRE DINNER —no entertainment tax —served 6 to 8 daily including Sunday.
WALDORF ASTORIA
PARK AVENUE & 50TH STREET

Sun
Salt air
Sea

14-DAY CRUISES
10 days at sea – 4 days ashore
in PANAMA and CANAL ZONE
3 luxurious sister ships. Every cabin outside with private bath. Outdoor tiled swimming pool. Air-conditioned dining salon. Spacious promenade decks plus 8000 sq. ft. of topside sun and sport decks. Send for booklet "A".
PANAMA LINE
24 STATE STREET, NEW YORK 4, N. Y.

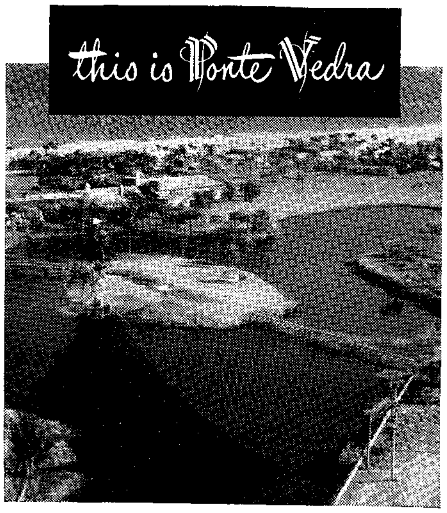
Brass Lamps
WARD and ROME
63 E. 57th St., N. Y. 22, N. Y.

ENROLL
• New classes start next week! Flexible schedule permits days, hours to suit you. Learn French, Russian, Portuguese, etc. Studios open 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.
630 Fifth Ave. (at 50th St.) CI 6-0110
BERLITZ



"A dream, a story"
...short and to the point. Bridesmaid's Dress of pleated nylon tulle...a fine film over crisp rayon taffeta. In delicate shades, as per individual choice, $35.
From our collection for
BRIDES AND
BRIDESMAIDS,
FIFTH FLOOR

Henri Bendel
10 WEST 57
NEW YORK 19 NY



The famous Island Ninth Green, The Inn, the silvery beach and the blue Atlantic beyond . . . one of Florida's finest club resorts. Winter holidays of eternal sunshine brighten your stay in our private world of light-hearted charm and leisurely living.

James A. Crawford, *Vice President*
For reservations write
Ernest Friez, Jr.

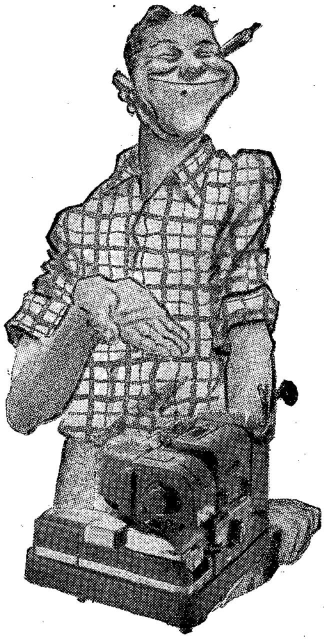
the Inn
PONTE VEDRA BEACH, FLORIDA
or
See your travel agent or call
New York Office—Robert F. Warner, Inc.
588 Fifth Avenue, JUdson 6-5500

guising—as I will disguise—the facts of the case in such a way that even the girl's friends and fellow-workers would be unable to identify her), was born in an upstate town, where an older brother and her mother, a divorcée, supported her and a younger sister. After graduating from college, Janet came to White Plains and got a secretarial job, and in the next three years worked up to a sixty-dollar-a-week position in the firm's personnel department. Then she fell in love with an older man who was considered quite a catch. They'd decided on their wedding date and had even picked out names for the four children they were planning on having when Janet became pregnant. She told her fiancé, who was charming and sympathetic but said that he already had a wife and three children out West and that the best thing for him to do was leave town, which he did. "At the suggestion of the psychiatrist we later sent Janet to, we did a little investigating and found out that the man was a pathological liar and, what's more, a bigamist," Mrs. Gould said. "Janet will tell you the rest of her story herself. As her baby is now two and a half, she has experienced many of the situations that an unmarried mother bringing up a child alone has to face."

In White Plains, Janet was waiting for us in a private room in the Youth Consultation Service's quarters in the County Office Building. We went in by way of an anteroom, passing the day bed that had been occupied by the girl who was now in Grasslands, and were greeted by the receptionist, who seemed to have recovered from her morning's experience. Mrs. Gould introduced me to Janet and then left us. A tall woman in her late twenties, with brown eyes and black hair, cut with bangs, Janet was wearing hardly any makeup, and her face showed the tired lines and resolute expression of a woman who has been through a lot. She smiled briefly as we met, and then sat staring at me intently, quiet except for her long fingers, which she kept twisting nervously. I noticed that she was wearing a wedding ring. When I told her I had just come from St. Faith's, she brightened. "Isn't it a lovely place?" she said. "I was there while the magnolias were out." She hesitated, and stared at me again. I had a sudden feeling that she might get up and walk out of the room. But instead she said, "I've just finished paying back the Youth Consultation Service the money they lent me for my shelter and hospital bill and the first three months of my baby's boarding care. The other help

BONWIT TELLER

MEMO: TAKE A SUIT...
Take it white on grey, plaid with plain, for the neat new way to look. Etta Gaynes exclusive, also in white on slate blue 49.95
Eighth Floor New York Chicago Boston White Plains Palm Beach



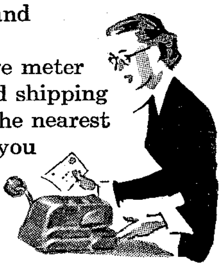
Great . . . for a guy with ten thumbs!

● Of all the mean little piddling jobs . . . do you know any worse than separating little postage stamps, licking and sticking them on?

● The postage meter *prints* postage, any amount needed in one stamp, for any kind of mail—even parcel post. Prints a dated postmark, with a small advertisement (optional), seals the envelope flap at the same time.

● The meter is set by the postoffice for as much postage as you want to buy . . . protects your postage from loss or misuse. Visible registers show postage on hand, and postage used.

● There's a postage meter for every office and shipping department. Ask the nearest PB office to show you the model you need . . . or send coupon for free booklet.



New Desk model.

PITNEY-BOWES
Postage Meter

World's leading makers of mailing machines . . . offices in 93 cities . . .

PITNEY-BOWES, Inc.
1663 Pacific Street,
Stamford, Conn.
Please send free booklet on the DM.

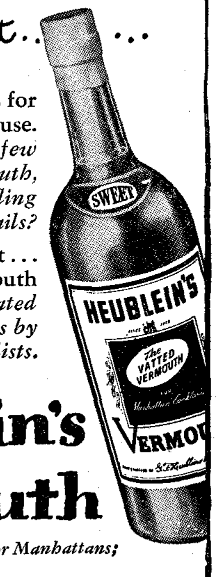
*Name*__________
*Firm*__________
*Address*__________

they gave me I can never repay. For one thing, they showed me that it *is* possible for a girl to keep her baby. That seems so important to me. Except for two girls who cared so little about their babies that they were already thinking about dates, all twenty of us at St. Faith's wanted to keep our babies, and we used to talk about how we could manage it. Only eight of us finally did."

Janet looked at me questioningly. "I don't know if Mrs. Gould told you about my baby's father . . . " she began. I said that she had. Janet opened her purse and took out a cigarette. Her hands were trembling as she lit it. Then she settled back in her chair and went ahead with her story. "When you first realize you're pregnant, you're so scared and desperate you really can't face things," she said. "I kept trying to pretend in the daytime that everything was all right, and went on wearing tight girdles and telling people brightly that Jack and I had parted the best of friends. When I got home to my apartment at night, I would sit and try to think what to do, but there seemed to be no way out. I had only forty dollars in the bank. I'd spent everything else on a small trousseau. I felt that Mother must never find out. She's had a tough life, and her respectability and her pride in her children are all she has left. Sometimes I would long for company and go to a party at one of my friends' homes with Paul, an old beau of mine who's the salt-of-the-earth type, just the opposite of Jack. Or I'd sit right through a movie three times, till the theatre closed."

Janet said that when she was six months pregnant, a friend of hers in the office remarked one morning, "Why, Jan, you're getting right plump!" She knew then that she couldn't put off doing something about her predicament any longer. She went to her employer, a man who evidently thought a lot of her, told him her story, and asked for a leave of absence. He agreed to hold the job for her and advised her to look up the Youth Consultation Service, which he had heard would arrange for a child's adoption. That was all he knew about it. "I didn't go into the matter with him, but the only thing I *was* sure of was that I would never give my baby up," Janet said to me. "The next day, I came here to see Mrs. Gould and told her everything, not once but three times. That week, she sent me to a psychiatrist, who helped me a lot. For one thing, he made me realize how sick a person Jack was, and I lost the bitterness I had felt about him. And then I began to get a decent perspective on

Better Manhattans
the Barman's Secret . . .



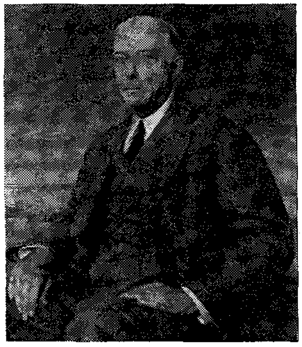
■ You pay tops for the whiskey you use. *Why try to save a few cents on vermouth, and risk spoiling your cocktails?*

■ Get the best . . . Heublein's Vermouth *. . . especially created for cocktails by cocktail specialists.*

Heublein's
Vatted
Vermouth

Two Kinds: *Sweet for Manhattans; Dry for Martinis.*

G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford, Conn.



Your choice of today's foremost portrait painters.

PORTRAITS, INC.
PORTRAIT CENTER OF AMERICA
460 PARK AVENUE NEW YORK
Lois Shaw Helen Appleton Read

SEDGEFIELD INN
GREENSBORO, N. C.
EDEN — FOR GOLFING

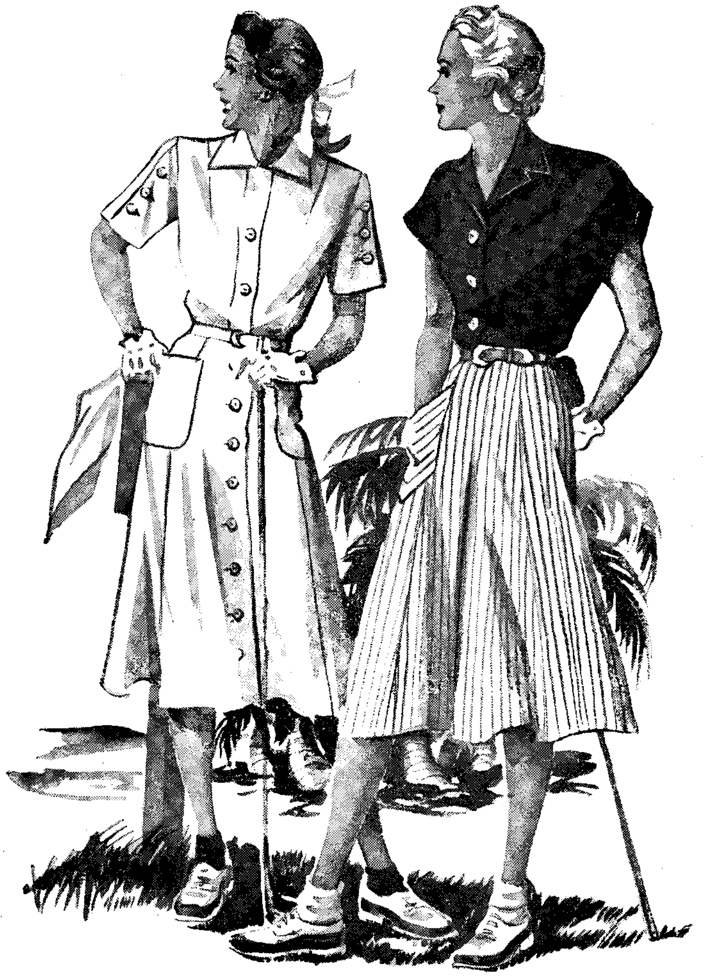
The famous Sedgefield championship course lies at the portal of this resort hotel. Don't play golf? How about tennis, horseback, brisk piney air, a superb cuisine, wonderful beds for baby-sleep? They are all yours at Sedgefield. You'll love the place!

Reservations: Travel agents, or write INN. Send for booklet. N. Y. Booking Off., 151 E. 50 St. PL 5-5390 A Roger Smith Hotel

the mess I was in. I suppose it's like a man who has lost a leg—slowly you begin to see a new, tough world before you, and you try to fit yourself into it, bit by bit."

As she waited for her baby to be born, it became obvious to Janet that it would cost too much to keep the child with her and pay someone to care for him while she worked, so she decided she would board him until he was old enough to go to day school. She planned to move away from White Plains after that and find work in another city. Mrs. Gould accompanied her to the home of a Mrs. Johnson, in a nearby town, who said she would board the baby for fifteen dollars a week. "The minute I saw her, I knew I was lucky," Janet told me. "She's a relaxed and cheery person, an officer in the local P.-T. A., with two school-age children of her own. She didn't seem to feel sorry for me or to disapprove of me, and I felt that she really loved babies." Next, again guided by the Youth Consultation Service, Janet reserved a twelve-dollar-a-week furnished room with kitchen privileges in the home of a widow in White Plains, where she could live when she came back from St. Faith's. After taxes, that would leave her $24.10 out of her sixty for food, carfare, and other necessities. She then entered St. Faith's in a fairly calm state of mind. She had told her friends and the people at the office that she was going away, under doctor's orders, for an operation and a subsequent rest with a couple she knew in Tarrytown.

The thing Janet remembered most vividly about her stay in the hospital was that when her baby was brought to her for the first time, she undressed him and examined him minutely. Despite her doctor's assurance that he was a fine, healthy boy, she was afraid that his illegitimacy would mark him in some way—a fear that she said most of the St. Faith's girls shared. She named him Jerome and an assumed surname was entered on the birth certificate—the surname that she had already given as her own and that she planned to use when she moved away from White Plains. The space for the father's name was left blank. After two happy weeks of caring for the baby at St. Faith's, she left there one day in early summer, with Jerry in her arms and the good wishes of the girls following her, and was driven to Mrs. Johnson's by Miss Smith. "As we drove along, I kept looking out of the window and marvelling that everything seemed to have gone on unchanged during those three months when so much had



Golf in the South

Even in Southern climes, there are some cool days especially if you are an early morning golfer. We suggest the washable flannel dress, (55% wool, 45% cotton), for comfort then, and, when the sun grows warmer, the one-piece cotton dress with cotton knit top. Both are functionally made for freedom of the swing and have the undeniable appeal that comes from correct design for the purpose.

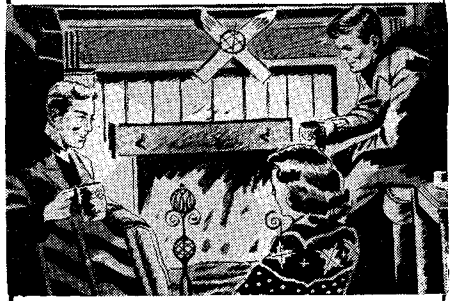
Washable Flannel Golf Dress $29.75
Button down front, convertible collar. Colors: White, sky blue or yellow. Sizes: 12-20.

One-piece Cotton Dress Cotton Knit Top . . . $22.75
Contrasting belt with handy pouch. Colors: Green top, green and white striped skirt; navy top with navy and white skirt; brown top with brown and white skirt. Sizes: 10-20.

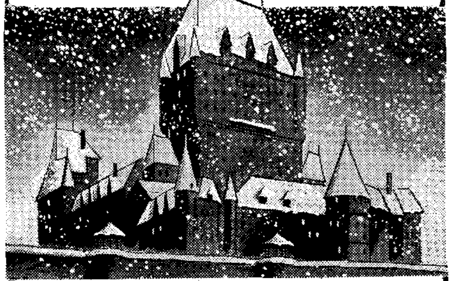
ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.
MADISON AVENUE at 45th STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
CHICAGO STORE: **VON LENGERKE & ANTOINE** 9 NORTH WABASH

Ski fun at all-expense rates IN OLD QUÉBEC!

A BUDGET HOLIDAY at the Château Frontenac! Includes gracious rooms, luxurious meals—famous ski-playgrounds at Valcartier and Lac Beauport Ski Bowl... Alpine lift. All at budget rates!



SNOW-HOLIDAY RATES include lessons in Fritz Loosli's French-Parallel Technique... skating, tobogganing at Château Frontenac ... warm-up sessions in the friendly Ski Hawk Club!



DOLLAR-PLANNED holidays and week ends—just overnight away: 3 days, $49...7 days, $110...10 days, $151 (2 to a room). Reservations: Canadian Pacific, 581 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N. Y. PLaza 9-4433.

Château Frontenac

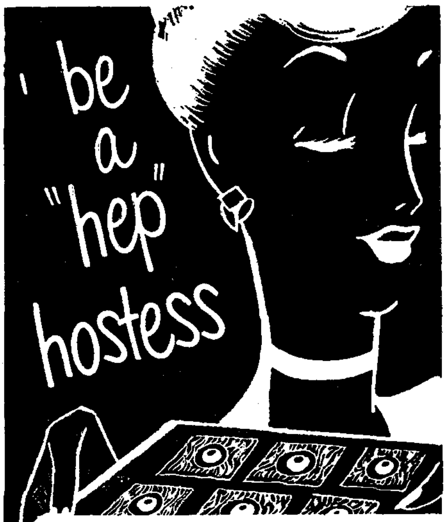
A Canadian Pacific Hotel in Friendly Old Québec

happened to me," Janet told me. "Then a car passed us, and I thought I recognized a friend of mine in it. I ducked my head quickly. I looked down at little Jerry sleeping so peacefully in my arms. I was acting like a hunted criminal about the most natural and innocent thing in the world—my own baby—and the realization of it made me sick all over."

No sooner had Janet got to Mrs. Johnson's than unforeseen complications developed. "When I put Jerry in the crib in his room, I suddenly realized that never again would I really take care of him as a little baby," she said. "I just *didn't* see how I could leave him. I sat down and howled, while Mrs. Johnson tried to comfort me. Finally, she said that in addition to my spending every Saturday with Jerry, as we'd planned, and visiting him for two hours daily after work, she would let me come and stay the whole weekend with him once a month. I left for my room in White Plains feeling better. But when I got there, I felt lost all over again. It looked so bare and uncluttered—not at all like a mother's room but more like a place to hide in. After I had unpacked, I sat down and tried to think out carefully all the details of the story I would tell at the office the next morning. I had always hated lies, but now I would really have to live one."

Everyone at the office seemed glad to see Janet back and no one appeared to doubt her story. At first, she tried going out for lunch with a group of her fellow-workers, as she had formerly done, but she soon found it was less of a strain to go back to her room and make herself a sandwich. "They would talk about clothes and parties while I sat back wondering if Jerry was liking his new formula or how I could pay for some more cod-liver oil for him," she explained to me. She discovered that there was also a gulf between her and her close friends outside the office. "When you've been down to the very bottom and are still dragging yourself up, you don't find much in common with people your own age who are still kind of enchanted about life," she went on. "Faithful, solemn old Paul was the only one I felt comfortable with."

Janet had little time for friendships or recreation anyway. Every evening after work, and sometimes during her lunch hour, she took the bus over to see Jerry. All her plans appeared to be working out smoothly enough until she came down with a bad case of flu, which kept her in bed for two weeks. "I did a lot of thinking then," she told me. "I realized that all the furtive visits



Smart party-givers turn to whole wheat TRISCUIT wafers, perfect with spreads, cheeses, meats, perfectly delicious with drinks! Crisp and good, anytime!

"Serve TRISCUIT THE DISTINCTIVE BISCUIT"

®

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

In Chicago...It's The DRAKE

WHERE THE LOOP MEETS THE LAKE

Owner Management assures you of personalized service amid quiet, luxurious comfort ... and it costs no more.

FOR YOUR BOY

As an Antidote to Mad Suburbia

A boarding school operated by Quakers for those who put moral and spiritual values first. Co-ed—400 students—600 acres.

WESTTOWN SCHOOL

Box 111, Westtown, Pa. (25 miles from Philadelphia)

Have More Fun with Rum!

FREE! [illegible] Rumsters to make your party [illegible]

DOUBLE YOUR FUN WITH PUERTO RICAN RUM!

It's FUN to serve America's most talked-about new drinks . . . Fun to take a bow for their champagne-light, wonderfully different flavor. And it's more FUN still when these popular new drinks are decorated with gay "*RUMSTERS*" (above). Yes! it tastes like FUN and it looks like FUN when you party with Puerto Rican rum.

PUERTO RICAN RUM OLD FASHIONED

1 jigger golden Puerto Rican rum
1 lump sugar
Dash of Angostura Bitters
Splash of soda. Add orange slice

PUERTO RICAN RUM and COLA

Juice of ½ lemon
1 jigger light, dry Puerto Rican rum
Add ice and fill with cola
Try this favorite with the added smoothness that only Puerto Rican rum gives!

PUERTO RICAN DAIQUIRI

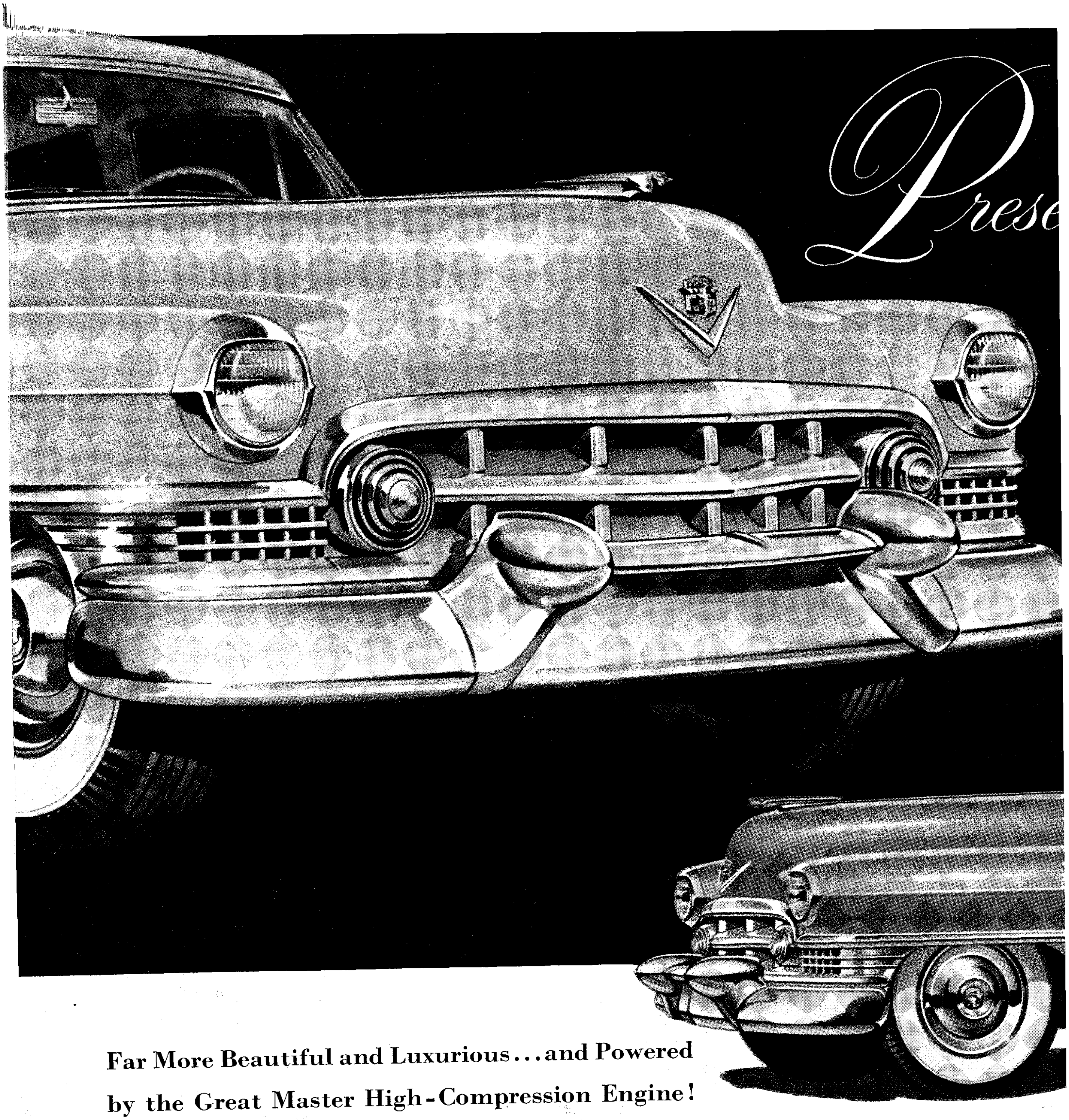
Juice ½ fresh lime (or ¼ lemon)
1 jigger light, dry (White) Puerto Rican rum
1 teaspoon sugar
Shake well with cracked ice. Strain into glass.
Enjoy America's favorite rum cocktail . . . better with Puerto Rican rum!

**Offer void outside U.S.A. and where prohibited by state regulations.*

IMPORTANT! Of all the drinks, there's nothing *smoother* than a fine, light, dry rum. And of all the rums, there's nothing lighter and smoother than the famous rums of Puerto Rico. Be sure to look for the name *Puerto Rican Rum* on every bottle . . . taste why they're the most popular rums in the world today!

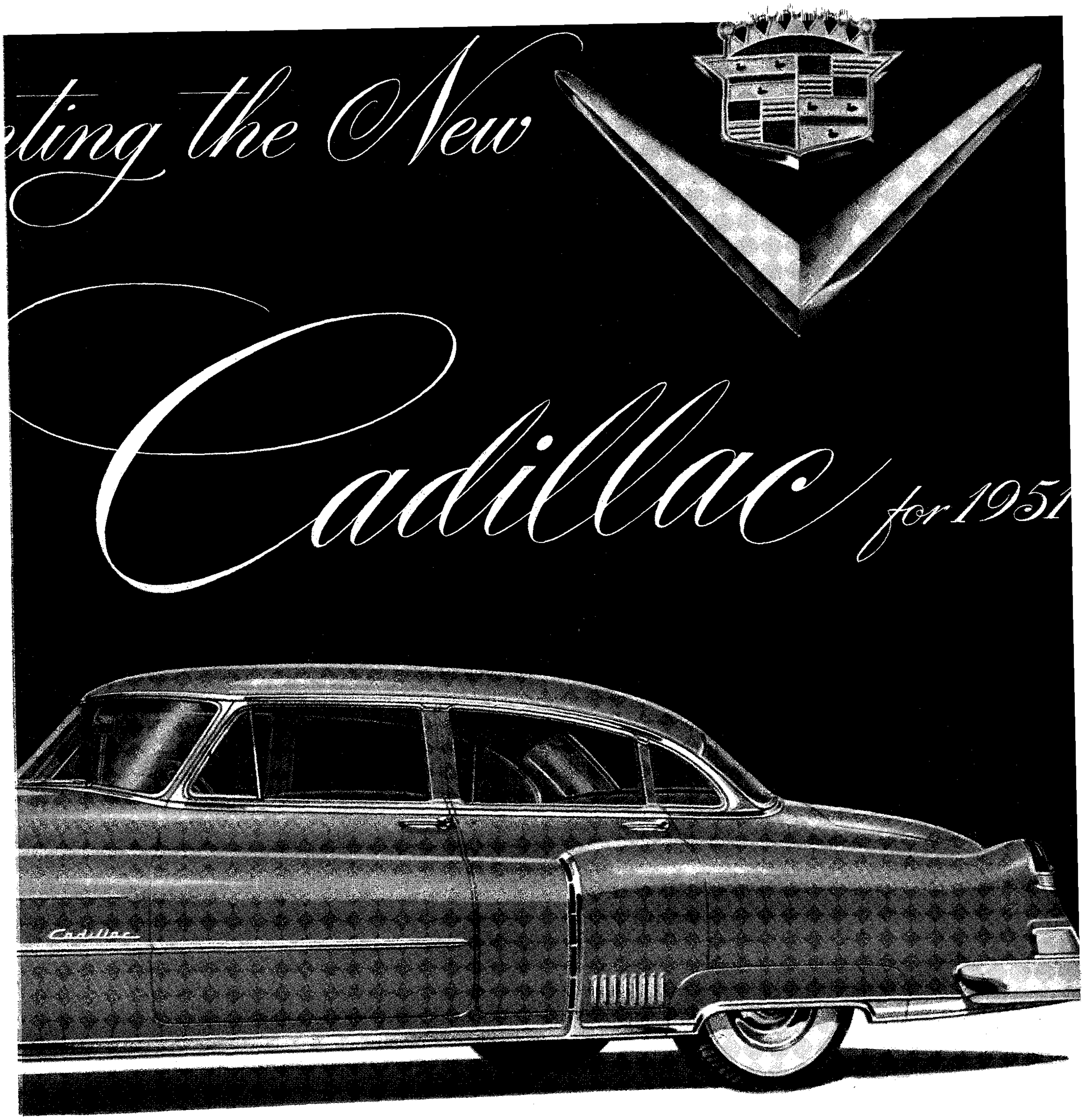
Enjoy the dry, light-bodied **Rums of Puerto Rico**

©1950 PUERTO RICO RUM INSTITUTE, 500 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.



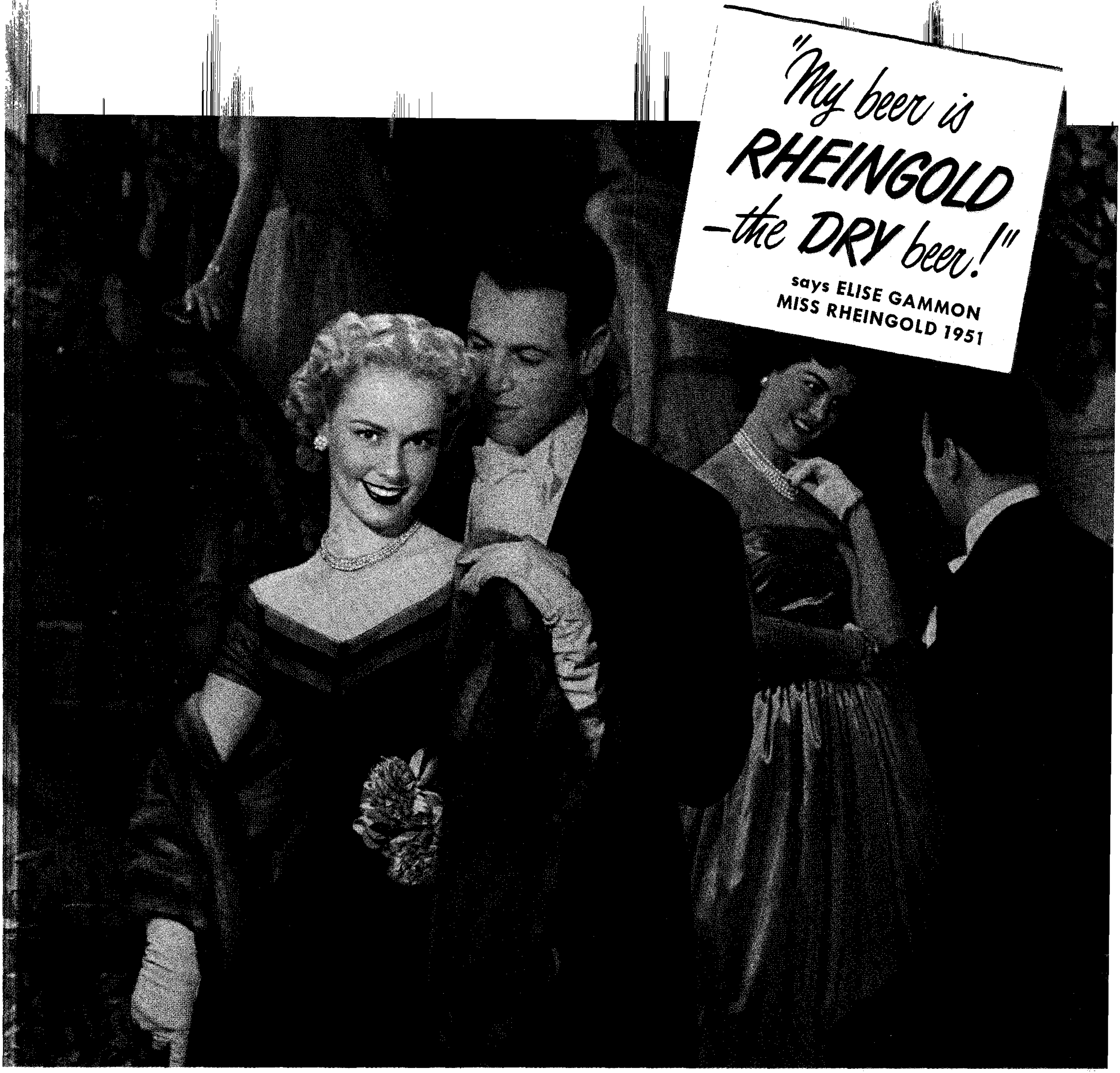
Far More Beautiful and Luxurious . . . and Powered by the Great Master High-Compression Engine!

HERE'S the new Cadillac for 1951—finer and more wonderful from every conceivable standpoint. . . . Numerous refinements in exterior design have made it more lovely to behold—while wholly new interiors, so rich in fabric and tailoring that they defy description, impart a sense of luxury that is simply beyond compare. . . . And, oh, the things that have been done to make it more gentle to handle—and more comfortable to ride in! The changes in this regard are manifold and the results are a revelation. The car's quietness is now al to silence; driving is all but a response to your wish; comf leaves literally nothing to be desired. To ride or drive is *relax*—and to *rest*. . . . The great master engine has also be refined—down to the smallest details. Its voice is closer t whisper; its power application is faster; and it's even smoot



n operation. . . . And there is an even finer Hydra-Matic rive—with a new reverse for easier shifting, and for "rocking" he car in sand or snow. . . . There is new steadiness on the oad—better balance on turns and curves—easier and softer raking. And throughout the chassis are vital improvements hich add to endurance and dependability. . . . All in all, here is ew lustre for the Cadillac name—and a far higher standard for the automotive world. . . . Cadillac joins with its dealers in a cordial invitation to see and examine the various models of this wonderful car. There are four distinctive series—the "Sixty-One," the "Sixty-Two," the "Sixty Special," and the incomparable "Seventy-Five.". . . Why not make a personal inspection today?

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION
GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION


"My beer is
RHEINGOLD
—the DRY beer!"
says ELISE GAMMON
MISS RHEINGOLD 1951

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL HESSE

DRESS DESIGNED FOR MISS RHEINGOLD BY FIRA BENENSON • FUR BY HARRA

Rheingold

EXTRA DRY

Lager Beer

®

It's beer as beer should taste—
the one and only **EXTRA DRY!**

Try Rheingold today—in bottles, in cans, or on tap. Notice its distinctive *extra dry* flavor, its pale crystal color, its bouquet. You'll know why the beer that more New Yorkers buy is the *one and only* Extra Dry!

All over town, more than 32,500 friendly Rheingold dealers are ready to serve you.

UNITED STATES BREWERS FOUNDATION MEMBER

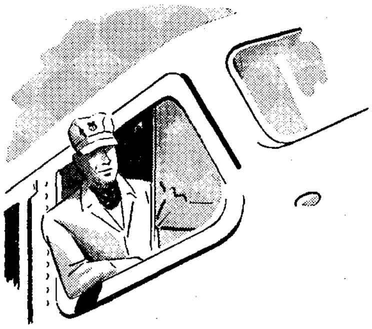
BREWED BY *Liebmann Breweries*, BREWERS FOR 114 YEARS. EST. 1837—IN NEW YORK 1854

Copr. 1950, Liebmann Breweries, Inc., New York, N. Y.

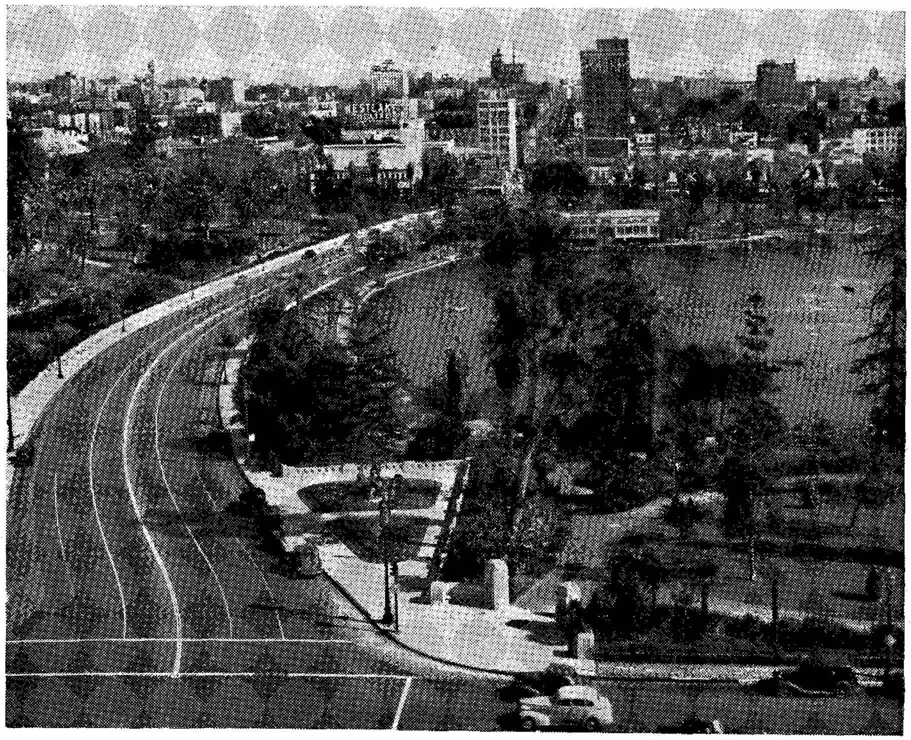
I was making to see Jerry were just to protect myself. I decided to hell with my respectability. I was going to make sure that Jerry had a real mother, not just a visiting one. I decided I'd bring him home to my room every weekend. To protect my name as much as possible, for his sake, I would say that he was a child whose parents had left him to board with a woman I knew." Janet also decided that although it would delay her moving from White Plains, she would go to night school and get a teacher's certificate, toward which she already had several credits from college. Teaching school later on would give her more time with Jerry than she would have if she stayed in business.

The first weekend after she recovered, Janet took Jerry over to her room, put him in a second-hand carriage she had bought, and wheeled him out onto the street. "I felt as though I were walking around naked," she said. "Then I would look down at Jerry, smiling there and waving his hands, and I would feel that nothing in the world was more natural than what I was doing. I wheeled him to a little park and sat down in the sunshine. Some other mothers were there, and we talked about formulas and whatnot. It was wonderful to be able to talk about Jerry. But it didn't last long. One Sunday morning soon afterward, while I was talking with another mother, I looked up and saw two girl friends of mine standing in front of me and staring down at Jerry in his carriage. 'For heaven's sake, where did you get the baby?' one of them asked. I began busily straightening out Jerry's covers and mumbling the explanation I had planned. When I finally got the courage to look up at them, they seemed embarrassed. 'Well, so long, Jan,' they said, and went on."

After that encounter, Janet's circle of acquaintances dropped her, except for Paul, whom she continued to see every other week or so. Once, when she was feeling especially lonely, he persuaded her to let him take her to a party given by some old friends of theirs. When she got there, she knew she had made a mistake. People stared at her, and she even got the feeling they were whispering about her. Beyond a casual hello, no one said much to her. She asked Paul to take her home early, and on the way he asked indignantly, "What's the matter with those dumb girls, anyway? They told me not to bring you there again." Presently, Janet said, Paul found out what was on the girls' minds, and began visiting her



"Let me take you to CALIFORNIA via Union Pacific"

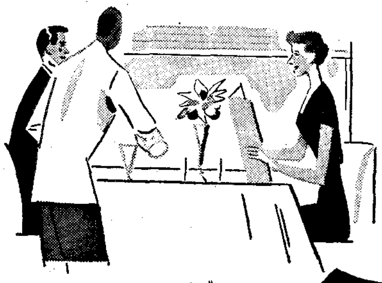


View of MacArthur Park and Wilshire Boulevard

"When I see motorists speeding along a crowded highway I really feel sorry for them. I like to drive my own car but, brother, not clear across the country!

"Here I've got a smooth, open right of way. Back there my passengers are relaxing in the comfort of a roomy Pullman, Coach or Lounge Car. Maybe they're enjoying one of our top Union Pacific meals.

"So—folks—let me take you to California. You'll rest as you ride. I'll get you there safe and sound. Incidentally, too, you can rent a car for sightseeing when you arrive there."



***NOTE:** Ask your ticket or travel agent to route you west of Chicago on the Streamliner "City of Los Angeles" or "City of San Francisco" . . . west of St. Louis on the "City of St. Louis." Other fine trains, too.*

Mail Coupon

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

—for free illustrated booklet on "California —via Union Pacific"

Union Pacific Railroad
Room 406, Omaha 2, Nebr.
Please send free California booklet.

Name________________________________

Street________________________________

City____________________State__________

*If a student, state age and additional material will be enclosed*____

It takes more than gin to make a good martini!

VERMOUTH
EXTRA DRY
LEJON
EXTRA DRY
4/5 QUART

The best and driest are made with

LEJON VERMOUTH

For your next Martini ask for Lejon Vermouth by name!

DRY OR SWEET • A PRODUCT OF U.S.A.

National Distillers Products Corp.,
New York, N. Y.

less and less frequently. The last time she saw him, he told her vaguely that he was thinking of moving South, for business reasons.

When Jerry was nine months old, Janet decided that she must tell her mother and brother about the boy, and she went home over Christmas to break the news. Her brother had by then moved to Buffalo, but he, too, had returned home for the holiday. "My brother sat down and cried," she told me. "You know how a man feels about his sister. And Mother was wild. She walked up and down the room screaming that never, never had there been a disgrace in our family before. Finally, my brother quieted her down, and she began to think about my problem. They pleaded with me to have Jerry adopted, but when they saw I wouldn't, Mother said that though she couldn't have me bring Jerry home, she would do anything else she could to help me. I took my courage in my hands and shot my last bolt. It was something I had been dreaming about for several weeks. I told them I wanted to move to Buffalo and get a teaching job there, so that Jerry could see a lot of my brother and in that way have a fairly steady companionship with a man—an uncle, if not a father. And if Mother and my little sister would move, too, and take a house with Jerry and me, all our financial problems would be solved. They thought it over, and in the end they agreed. We decided Mother could start telling my sister and a few good friends that I'd married a soldier who had been sent overseas, and I'd go back and say the same thing at the office in White Plains. The soldier's name, of course, would be the one I'd used on the birth certificate. Then, when we all moved to Buffalo, we could say that my husband—Jerry's father—had died.

"On my way back to White Plains, I stopped off in New York and bought a wedding ring and put it on. At the office the next morning, I felt as though the ring were as big as a tire. Several times I tried to stage an excited act and tell about my hurried marriage, but I just couldn't do it. Then it was all taken out of my hands. While I was washing in the rest room, a girl came in and noticed the ring. 'What's that you've got on your finger?' she asked. I said, as gaily as I could, that I'd been married while I was home, and told her my new name. 'Let's see your husband's picture,' she said. Then I realized what a terrible oversight I'd made, because of course I should have had a photograph to show. I told her I

CUBA for different vacation thrills!

Greet Latin charm and Old World atmosphere, in foreign, nearby Cuba! Enjoy radiant Havana's gayety, gaming, nightlife. See our emerald countryside—historic cities, Varadero Beach, the Isle of Pines.

★ Average winter temperature: 73°
★ ONLY 90 MILES from the U. S.
★ EASILY REACHED by air or sea.
★ NO PASSPORTS for U. S. citizens.

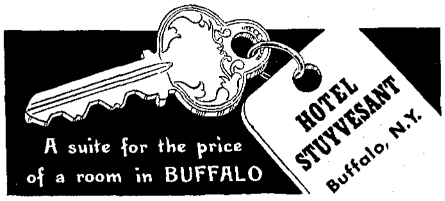
Full information from Travel Agents or
CUBAN TOURIST COMMISSION
Havana: P.O. Box 1609
New York: 122 E. 42 St. • Miami: 336 E. Flagler St.

World's Finest...
Television
Phonograph
and Radio

SCOTT

You—the owner of a magnificent Scott instrument! Bring these priceless pleasures into your home for you and yours—the pride of owning the finest there is! Scott is engineered, designed and created for the discriminating. See and hear the Scott instruments at your Scott dealer.

SCOTT Radio Laboratories, Inc.
Chicago 40, Illinois



A suite for the price of a room in BUFFALO
HOTEL STUYVESANT
Buffalo, N.Y.

had forgotten to put it in my purse but I would bring it in the morning. The next day, I brought it in—it was a small, hazy snapshot of my brother, taken in uniform during the war—but no one asked to see it. In fact, no one mentioned my marriage. The girls always give every bride in the office a shower, but nothing was said about a shower for me."

Janet drew a deep breath. "So that's the way things are now," she said. "Everybody suspects, but nobody can prove anything. I guess I hold up my head and do my job well, and my night-school work, too. And Jerry is getting along fine. Of course, it's hard not to be jealous of Mrs. Johnson when Jerry calls her 'Mommy' instead of me, and when he turns first to her for help if he's hurt. And it's even worse when he sees a strange man coming along the street toward us and asks me, 'That my daddy?' Last week, he said, 'Where my daddy?' I told him that his daddy is dead. In a way, that's true."

I rose to say goodbye. "Here's Jerry's picture," Janet said, extracting a small photograph from a wallet in her purse and handing it to me. Jerry, I saw, was a sturdy, winsome fellow, with his mother's dark hair and eyes. I told Janet how attractive I thought he was. "I love to hear that," she said, looking happy and almost carefree. "I don't get much chance to brag about him. But in six months I'll be in Buffalo, and *then* won't I make up for lost time!" I told her she could come to my house and brag about Jerry to me whenever she wanted to. She laughed and said, as we shook hands, "You know, I might, at that. Two and a half years is a terribly long time to have to keep quiet about the most wonderful little boy in the world." —KATHARINE T. KINKEAD

•

If the earth were just a bit older, say about 3,000,000,000 years, atomic bombs and hydrogen bombs would be no problem at all. It's the earth's extreme youthfulness that makes the bombs possible at all.

A device has been invented that cuts off radio commercials and other speech coming over the air and permits only music to pass.—*Jersey Observer.*

Well, the earth is getting a *little* older.

•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Red Hook* (*N.Y.*) *Advertiser*]

Mr. and Mrs. Ellroy C. Hand flew to Lima, Ohio, last week and drove home their newly purchased 1950 Superior Cadillac Funeral Coach.

FLANNEL, UNLIMITED! We Have Forstmann Flannels In Unlimited Varieties . . . Just About Every Pattern, Every Shade, Ever Made!

Tailored-To-Your-PhotoMetric-Measure

from $110*

Richard Bennett

TAILORING TO GENTLEMEN SINCE 1886

574 Fifth Ave. • 3 East 44th St. • 484 Madison Ave.

DETROIT • CHICAGO • CINCINNATI • DALLAS • SAN FRANCISCO • BEVERLY HILLS

**Coat and Trousers*

In Britain . . RENT A NEW CAR DRIVE IT AS YOUR OWN

This is the perfect way to see Britain. Drive yourself in a luxurious 4-5 passenger sedan. Go where you wish, as you wish—when you wish—cheaper than taxis! For four persons, it's as cheap as trains or buses here! All expenses—gas, oil, insurance—14 cents a mile (low daily minimum).

Or enjoy the luxury of your own chauffeur with a 5 or 6 passenger car—anywhere in Britain (21 cents a mile) and on the Continent (28 cents a mile)! For business men and tourists this is the answer.

Our cars meet your ship, your plane. All details arranged, licenses, maps, etc., by the largest car rental service in Europe. Pay for what you use and travel better for less.

HERTZ DRIV-UR-SELF SYSTEM LICENSEE

For information write W. A. Logan, Suite 1515, 50 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, New York.

GODFREY DAVIS LIMITED

Europe's Largest Car Hire Operators

7 ECCLESTON STREET, LONDON, S.W.I Telephone: SLOANE 0022

Cables: QUICKMILEZ, LONDON

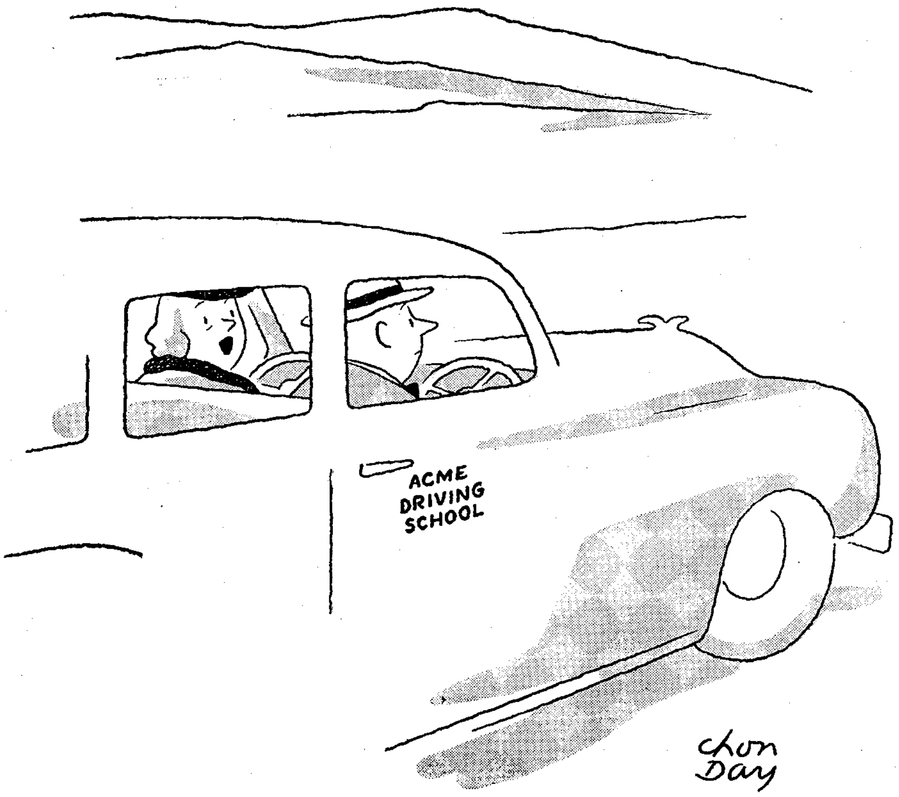
THE THEATRE

MOSCOW AND MADRID

"DARKNESS AT NOON," Arthur Koestler's powerful and shocking novel about the theory of revolution, has been made into a fine play by Sidney Kingsley, who has also staged it brilliantly at the Alvin. This book, as you probably know, is concerned with an aging member of the Communist Party who, as the result of one of those cryptic and murderous shifts in policy for which the Soviet Union is notorious, is accused by the new leaders of "deviationist tactics," tortured into confessing various acts of conspiracy and sabotage of which he is innocent, and, finally, executed. That is the plot in essence; underneath it runs the strange and troubling story of the hero's examination of his own political beliefs—whether, that is, a utopian end can justify barbaric means. In the beginning, after the downfall of the Kerensky regime, he was one of the most ruthless of the new masters of Russia, never hesitating to betray good men to bad if that seemed to serve the cause, to compromise with Fascism if that seemed momentarily advisable to the Kremlin, to approve the wholesale massacre of his countrymen in the interests of a new world economy—a part, in fact, of a whole pattern of crazy butchery. For most of the course of the play, this man, whose name is Rubashov, occupies a prison cell, in which he is visited by a succession of officials, who try to explain to him that it is necessary for men to be sacrificed from time to time if the Marxist experiment is to succeed. This is, of course, a point that he has spent most of his own life making, but it has begun to appear to him that there is a terrible fallacy in it somewhere, and he holds out against them until the limit of his resistance is reached and he confesses to the People's Court. There is profound tragedy in the idea of a brave, honest, and intelligent man giving his life to a fatal delusion and then dying for it in the end, and I think Mr. Kingsley has done an admirable job of conveying the spirit of the Koestler book.

In addition to Rubashov, magnificently played by Claude Rains, the cast contains a wide and fascinating assortment of subordinate characters—a crippled Communist official, in charge of the prison, who states the case for total government with remarkable urbanity and subtlety; his brutal young successor, who is an arresting example of pure Stalinism and even purer sadism; a girl, Rubashov's mistress, whom he permits to be executed for sabotage, though he knows she is innocent; a Czarist prisoner, preoccupied with his memories of lost and lovely women; a young man unable to grasp the vagaries of the Party line; another, who, under torture, tells the lie that finally sends Rubashov to his doom; and a whole gallery of the tools and victims of Soviet oppression. The company is a tremendous one, and it is impossible to list all of it, but among those in the roles mentioned above are Walter J. Palance, Kim Hunter, Alexander Scourby, Will Kuluva, and Philip Coolidge. They all, it seemed to me, give performances of extraordinary vitality and intelligence. The sets and lighting, designed by Frederick Fox, which allow scenes from the past and the present to be presented on the stage, often simultaneously, are, I think, as ingenious as anything I've seen this year. This is especially true of an ascending tier of cells, of which Mr. Kingsley makes wonderfully effective dramatic use. Altogether, "Darkness at Noon" is an unusually distinguished piece of work, and I recommend it to you heartily.

"THE HOUSE OF BERNARDA ALBA," by Federico García Lorca, A.N.T.A.'s fourth production at its playhouse, is, I'm afraid, the kind of play that somehow doesn't translate very happily from one language to another. Lorca unquestionably had something moving and important to say about social conditions in rural Spain, but what comes out in the current version has more or less the air of a wild parody, conceivably executed by the late Robert Benchley. The domineering widow, Bernarda, and her five spinster daughters, three of whom are in pursuit of the only eligible local bachelor, a prodigious seducer called Pepe el Romano, were presumably comprehensible and melancholy figures to the playwright's countrymen, but they are almost bound to confuse and entertain American audiences, to whom the spectacle of nine ladies (there are also two astonishingly vocal servants and a crazy old grandmother) whose lives are obviously devoted to domestic bickering is apt to seem a little more comic than real-



"How long will it be before I'm able to compete in traffic?"

MARIAN STEPHENSON

DRESS BY MOLLIE PARNIS
HAT BY MR. JOHN

HOCKANUM

Woolens

Tiny checks of navy blue and white
with clear white frosting!
Fine all-wool check by Hockanum,
makers of woolens of beauty,
quality and lasting wear.
At fine stores
throughout the country.

For the name of your nearest store write
J. P. STEVENS & CO., INC.
EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, N. Y. 1
M. T. STEVENS & SONS COMPANY DIVISION

"What should I do with my money?"

THAT'S a question we get asked every day in dozens of different ways by thousands of different people.

People with lots of money . . . and people who have only a few hundred dollars to spare.

People who would just love to get rich quick . . . and people whose first consideration must always be the safety of their money.

People who already own stocks or bonds . . . and people who would like to invest for the first time to earn a better return on their money—say 5% or 6%.

Want to know what we tell these people?

Well, at a time like this, one of the first things we're likely to point out is that there's no pat formula for investment success. If there were, we'd all be millionaires.

It probably doesn't help our business any to talk to a prospective customer that way, but you'd be surprised how many people think we work stock market miracles just as a matter of course. We're not that good. Nobody else is. And we don't want business on that basis.

But what we will do is to take anybody's investment problem — no matter how big or how small — and put our Research Department to work on it. We know that Research will make every effort to come up with the best possible answer.

Will those answers always be right? Of course not. (Again, if they were, we'd all be millionaires.) But over the years our Research Department has rolled up a record we don't have to apologize for.

Sometimes Research tells people they *shouldn't* buy stocks. Why? Because we've always maintained that people should first have enough savings and enough insurance to meet life's emergencies. Then and only then should they properly consider investing their extra money in stocks.

Would you like to know what our Research staff would recommend in your own case? That's easy.

If you want their guidance in setting up an investment program or if you would like them to review your present holdings, just write and tell them about your problem, your situation. And the more you tell them—in confidence, of course—the more helpful they can be. Naturally, there's no charge or obligation. Just address your letter direct to —

Department SB-88

MERRILL LYNCH,
PIERCE, FENNER & BEANE

70 Pine Street, New York 5, N. Y.

Offices in 97 Cities

ly dramatic. Toward the end, when Bernarda, employing a large-calibre fowling piece, shoots at the villainous Pepe and misses him, and remarks that women can't be expected to aim very well, most of those around me laughed nervously, and I'm embarrassed to say that I did, too. On the whole, the evening is like that. The girls clearly have their problems, but since their attitude toward them alternates between, on the one hand, the kind of dogged gloom that expresses itself every few minutes in a wish to be dead and buried and, on the other, assault and battery, it is not always possible to take them very seriously.

The production, provided by Boris Tumarin and Stewart Chaney, also has something to do with the trouble I had. It is alleged several times that the family is living in conditions of such extreme poverty that nobody can afford any respectable underwear, but the premises are clearly expensive, the domestic staff is extensive (as I got it, there are any number of shepherds and reapers employed on the estate), and the one meal submitted for inspection is a banquet of considerable dimensions. The basic dilemma confronting Bernarda and her flock is apparently their inability to move to another town, where suitable husbands can be found. It looked to me as if there was enough money around for everybody to light out for Texas. This is undoubtedly a captious objection, based on my ignorance of economic conditions in Spain, and I will defend it only by saying that at one point in the stage directions in the printed play the author calls for the entrance of two hundred women from the neighborhood, all to be provided with food and drink. That is a lot of women and ought to run into money in any language.

The cast of "The House of Bernarda Alba" is headed by Katina Paxinou, who plays Bernarda with all her customary vehemence, which I find impressive but perhaps just a little exhausting. Among the others are Helen Craig, Ruth Ford, Ruth Saville, Mary Welch, Tamara Daykarhanova, Sarah Cunningham, and Kim Stanley, and I doubt whether I have ever seen so many actresses knocking one another down before in my life. Neither Pepe el Romano nor any other male appears in the flesh. It is a woman's world, and you are welcome to it.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

WANTED. A place to show her wares by an antique lady with a Spanish chest and other odd things.—*Adv. in the Alexandria (Va.) Parkfair Facts.*

Come on up to *our* place.

Let Rose do the squeezing!

Away with your squeezer! Use Rose's Lime Juice for sunny, refreshing drinks. It's the natural whole juice of West Indies limes, tree-ripened for perfect drink-mixing. Saves time, saves bother, saves waste. And very reasonably priced it is, at your nearest quality grocer's.

ROSE'S LIME JUICE

Both Unsweetened (Dry) and Sweetened (Cordial)

Bottled in England by L. Rose & Co., Ltd.

Agents: McLeer & McLeer, Inc., 60 Hudson St., New York City (East and Midwest)
Mailliard & Schmiedell, San Francisco (West)

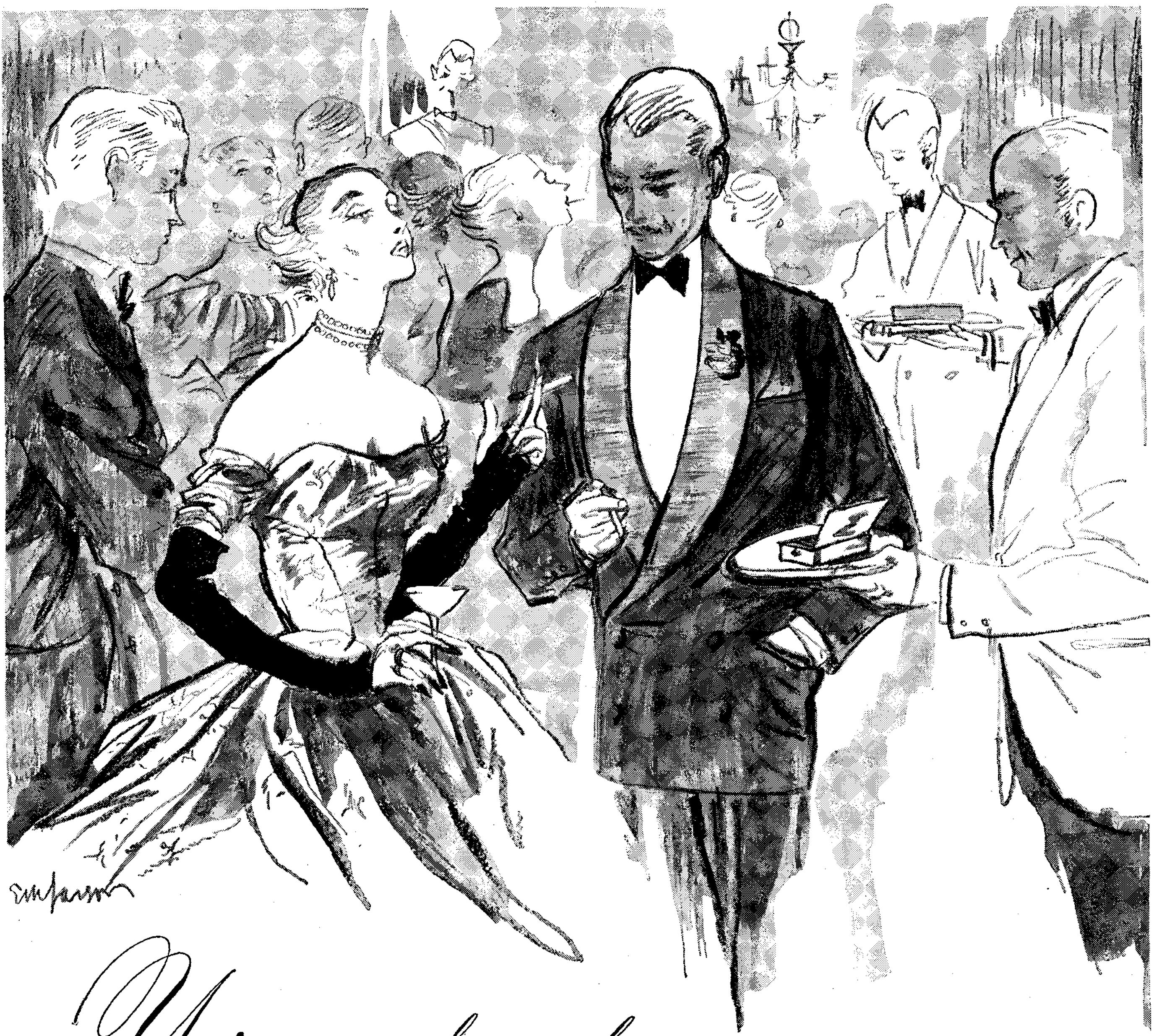
YEAR 'ROUND IN
Phoenix
...in the heart of
COLORFUL ARIZONA
Convenient downtown location, resort atmosphere, a beautiful pool for swimming. Ideal climate summer and winter.
John B. Mills, Pres. & Gen. Mgr.
Hotel Westward Ho
AND PATIO SUITES

"and in Philadelphia

—we stayed, of course, at The Barclay. What a delightful place *that* is!"

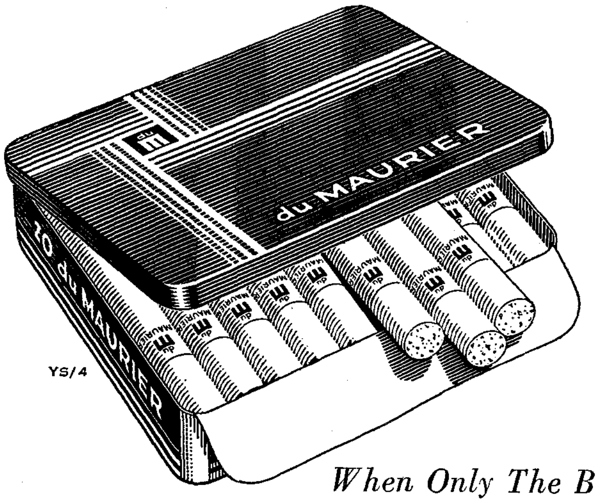
The Barclay
PHILADELPHIA 3, PENNSYLVANIA
Arthur T. Murray, Managing Director

Rooms from $5 single and $8 double. Suites $14 and up.



You're sure she smokes du MAURIERS!

From Marrakech to Mandalay...from Beekman Place to Gracie Square... her "*petits diners intimes*" are as famous as her imported grouse... her guest list is always thrice-combed for kindred spirits...that good talk may sparkle with spontaneous epigrams. Without even seeing the scarlet aluminum box, you're sure she smokes—and offers—du Mauriers, because in her social sphere...only the best will do! She makes a 'conversation piece' of the five-ply filter tip that always insures fragrant, cool, mild smoke. After all... nothing quite compares with this cigarette... blended especially for the most-exacting taste... from American and Oriental tobaccos. Yes, you're sure she smokes du Mauriers.



When Only The Best Will Do...

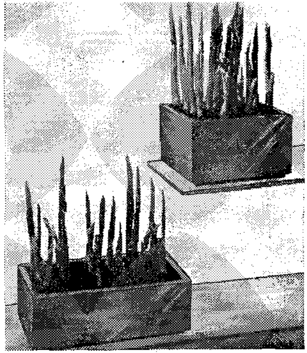
On sale in the scarlet aluminum box of twenty—wherever better cigarettes are sold. Made by Columbia Tobacco Co. Inc., New York, N. Y.

in **Europe** fly

BEA

BEA FROM LONDON
BEA TO PARIS
BEA TO NICE AND ROME
BEA TO ATHENS, ISTANBUL, CYPRUS
BEA TO OSLO, STOCKHOLM, COPENHAGEN
BEA TO AMSTERDAM, BRUSSELS, GENEVA
BEA TO BERLIN, VIENNA, AND MUNICH
BEA TO NICE, MADRID, BARCELONA, TANGIER
BEA TO BELFAST AND TO SCOTLAND
RESERVATIONS AVAILABLE FROM TRAVEL AGENTS
AND FROM BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION
—GENERAL SALES AGENTS
FOR B.E.A.

BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS



Give the Love of Your Life
Something Different This Valentine's Day

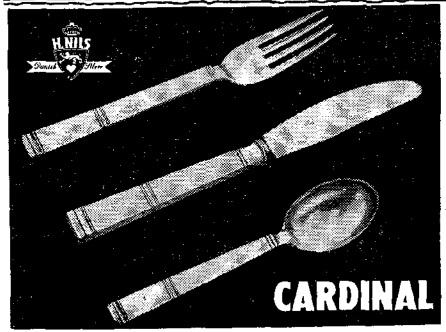
Fresh Lily of the Valley

That Bloom Indoors in Winter

Whether she presides over a humble one-room-with-kitchenette or a palatial penthouse, just see how fast she finds a spot for these remarkable bulbs that bloom *indoors.* In just 18 to 21 days, this imported, newly harvested strain will brighten the room with delicate fragrance and fresh beauty. What's more, the little woman will find uses galore for the wonderfully decorative copper bowls. So if she has a yen for (easy) gardening . . . or simply likes fresh flowers blooming *out* of season . . . you can be sure the Oohs and Ahhs *this* gift brings are the real McCoy.

Square container, 5" x 5", planted with 16 pips, **$7.00**
Oblong container, 8" x 4", planted with 18 pips, **$8.75**
Pips separately, with planting material, **$3.00** per dozen
Mail and Phone Orders Filled Postpaid

Max Schling Seedsmen, Inc.
618-20 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, N. Y. ELdorado 5-3220



CARDINAL

From Denmark: One of our four plain designs in sterling table silver. Available in complete sets from open stock, each item is sold separately. 6-piece place-setting (dinner size) with monogram (one letter) and tarnish-proof bags: "Classic" $53, "Cardinal" $55, "Bell" and "Ripple" $58, incl. Fed. Tax. Exclusively at:

H. NILS HANDWROUGHT DANISH SILVER
1 East 58 St., New York City. *At the Savoy-Plaza.*

"American Airlines, Inc. carries more passengers than any other airline in the world."

(*Advertisement*)

OF ALL THINGS

The stupendous bill for the defense program has confronted our lawmakers with the old, familiar dilemma. It is good economics to put the cost on the taxpayer but good politics to put it on the cuff.

◆

General Eisenhower is having his ups and downs in his tour of the Atlantic Pact countries. He has been shown every possible consideration but not many troops.

◆

There are indications that Senator Taft's views on foreign policy are not shared by his Republican colleagues from the East and the West. He is doing all right, though, in the corn-and-McCormick belt.

◆

Fifteen sturdy New York women have proved that they have the stuff of which heroines are made. They watched television shows twelve hours a day for a week in the interests of humanity.

◆

The North Dakota Funeral Directors' Association has adopted a strong resolution opposing compulsory health insurance. We must all remain calm, now, and not jump to false conclusions.

◆

Rumors are going around that Governor Dewey may be offered a high government post for the duration of the emergency. This would enable him to serve the country and to fulfill his old ambition to get out of Albany.

◆

The government is planning to use a five-thousand-square-mile area in a lonely part of Nevada as a testing ground for atomic weapons. It is understood that due care will be taken not to injure the state's two basic industries—gambling and divorce.

◆

It is clear that most Americans will have to do without a lot of pleasant things for some years to come. The rule is that when you raise the standard of victory you lower the standard of living.

◆

London bookmakers are quoting odds of 1,000–1 that there will be no war this year. This is comforting news for those superstitious people who believe bookmakers. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

"I lived in Milwaukee, I ought to know...

Blatz

IS MILWAUKEE'S FINEST BEER!"

says Fred MacMurray
star of "BORDERLINE," a Milton Bren Production

"Yes, I've lived in Milwaukee," says Fred MacMurray, "and I can tell you that Milwaukee brews America's best premium beers. And of them all, my favorite... and Milwaukee's favorite... is Blatz! It's Milwaukee's *finest* beer!" Yes, *official figures* show Blatz is the *largest-selling beer in Milwaukee* and all Wisconsin! Try Blatz Beer, today.

BUY BLATZ FOR QUALITY

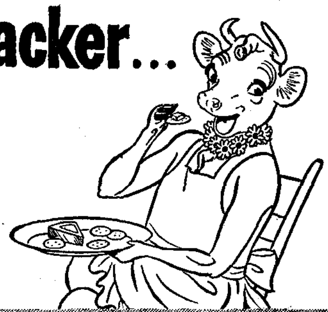
Blatz
"MILWAUKEE'S first BOTTLED BEER"
ESTABLISHED 1851
Blatz
MILWAUKEE'S first BOTTLED BEER
ESTABLISHED 1851

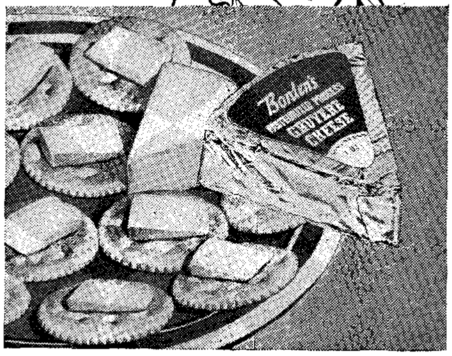
Available in cans, quarts, "regular," new "Club" size, and non-returnable bottles.

MILWAUKEE'S FIRST BOTTLED BEER

© 1950, Blatz Brewing Co., Est. 1851 in Milwaukee, Wis.

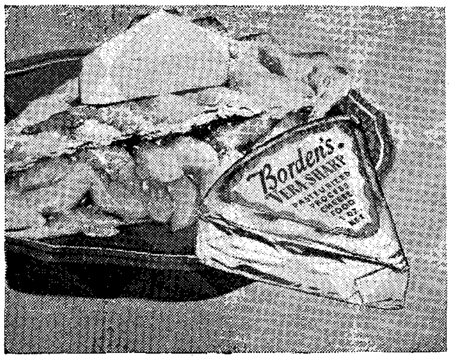
Pull up a chair and a cracker...





Borden's Gruyere Cheese . . . It's made from really fine Swiss Cheese, aged 11 months or more. Nut-sweet—delicious!

A popular cheese you'll want to have handy for parties! Excellent dessert with crackers or fruit.



Borden's Vera-Sharp . . . an unusual process cheese with the sharp, satisfying flavor of finest American Cheddar. Ideal for cheese trays. Perfect with pie!

Enjoy both Borden's Gruyere and Vera-Sharp at home or when you dine out. Served at popular eating places. Sold at your food store . . . 1-oz. foil-wrapped portions in a handy plastic box. Keep both on hand for entertaining.

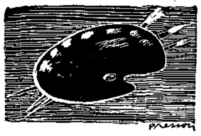
©The Borden Company

BORDEN'S FINE CHEESES

Folks Who Know Cheese Say "Borden's, Please!"

THE ART GALLERIES

Moderns—Past and Present



THE Whitney Museum is currently having a memorial exhibition of paintings, gouaches, and drawings by Arshile Gorky. This represents a step of some sort—possibly a significant one—for in addition to the accolade thus bestowed on Gorky himself, it is the first time a member of the abstract-Expressionist group, which Gorky in his lifetime more or less headed, has been so honored officially. It's a fairly big show, with some ninety-five items (fifty-eight of them oils) on view, and since it covers the man's development from 1922, when he was only eighteen, to a few months before his death, in 1948, it's important, too, as it offers about the best opportunity we have yet had to study in any detail the processes by which a member of this still controversial group got, so to speak, that way.

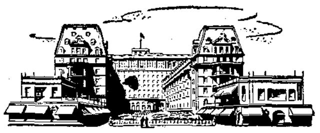
From one point of view, Gorky's career may seem like a continuous progress into obscurantism, and I'm sure that quite a few people will take it as such. His earliest painting in this collection, a portrait of his sister Vartoosh, rather sombre in coloration, is in a style that recalls Derain, with some traces of Cézanne, and his "Still Life with Skull" and "The Artist and His Mother," done a few years later, show something of the same derivation, with—in the last instance, particularly—a further admixture of Blue Period Picasso.

All this, of course, was avant-garde enough for the taste of that time, but Gorky soon cast aside even this much of the representational, and by 1927, the date of his slightly Juan Gris-ish "Composition," had gone over to the abstract. "Composition," along with the two still-lifes of 1929 and the "Blue Figure in Chair" of around 1933—all done in the flat-pattern Cubist style, with broad forms and bold but still controlled color—seems to me to betray a good deal of originality. They owe a lot, surely, to the French, but so did most of the work of the other young experimental painters of that time, and there's a certain assurance of attack about them (note, for instance, the confident handling of the clown's mask in one of the still-lifes) that gives them considerable interest.

Soon, though, he switched again, and

FAIR and WARMER

Statistics — if we must fall back on 'em—prove that the climate is getting steadily milder along the Jersey coast. Add the far-famed hospitality of the Hotel Dennis and you have a real recipe for recreation at Atlantic City. Break the back of a dismal winter by forgetting it all at the Dennis. For reservations, call Atlantic City 4-8111.



Hotel DENNIS

Boardwalk at Michigan Avenue

ATLANTIC CITY

Walter J. Buzby, Inc.

AMERICAN and EUROPEAN PLANS

More convenient- Less travel- Better value

Atlantic City

Several visits here are better than a long trip elsewhere!

For more information write Room 310, Chamber of Commerce, Atlantic City, N.J.

CAFE TOKAY

HUNGARIAN CUISINE

COCKTAILS • DINNERS • ENTERTAINMENT

ROMANTIC GYPSY MUSIC

1591 SECOND AVE. (BET. 82ND & 83RD)

For Reservations Call: REgent 4-9441

HAPPY NEW YEAR

Invite business, social opportunities this year. Learn another language! Enroll for German, Russian, French—*any* spoken tongue.

630 Fifth Ave.
(at 50th St.)
Circle 6-0110

BERLITZ

The Philadelphia Bulletin
The Philadelphia Bulletin
The Philadelphia Bulletin
The Philadelphia Bulletin
The Philadelphia Bulletin
Richard Decker

In Philadelphia nearly everybody reads The Bulletin

(*Advertisement*)

For the PIRATE in every man...

"Pirateer"

CRUISE AND RESORT WEAR EXHIBIT

"MONTEGO" Barbecue Set. For hungry pirates — knitted shirts and walking shorts blended for good taste and comfort.

He may not indulge in anything more brazen than a shuffleboard bet — still, modern man retains something of the pirate.

Our new selection of "Pirateer" cruise and resort wear lets you indulge this impulse.

See the collection in the windows of our store at Fifth Avenue at 47th Street. You'll find it most rewarding.

Broadstreet's

Pirateer Exhibit

At Our 5th Ave. at 47th St. Store Only

again in the direction of obscurity. "Painting" (1936-37), with its flowery suggestion, and "Xhorkom" (1936) and "Garden in Sochi" (1941), all reveal a new predilection for the use of *organic* symbols as a basis for his abstractions. Miró's influence is now uppermost, and there are some touches of the early Matta. Forms are swirlier and outlines more fragile, and the color is usually more delicate and more lustrous. It was this style that he followed until his death, and since he made it more personal (and hence less immediately understandable) as he went along, with the forms becoming wispier and more insubstantial, the color less and less closely related to the subject matter, it is easy to see how his whole career might be interpreted as a constant straining toward the new, the cloudy, the "difficult"—as, in short, a study in progressive obscurantism.

It may be that such a compulsion operated to some degree on Gorky, to the same extent that similar tendencies in all modern art may represent a retreat from the uneasy intimacies and unresolved tensions of present-day life to a safer, more comfortable, private world of the artist's own creation. That, however, is at the moment beside the point, and I still cling to the belief that no one ever spends his whole life in a deliberate campaign of obfuscation, especially if, as in Gorky's case, it fails to pay off. But although I'm convinced that Gorky was wholly sincere, the question remains of how good a painter he actually was. I fear that on the evidence of the current collection he was hardly a great one. He had enormous vitality, a strong will to work, and a wide-ranging and lively intellectual curiosity—all qualities that are important to the artist. He had also an alert feeling for contemporaneity, and if this led him to choose his influences from artists too close to his own times, it also set him quite early to exploring the possibilities of a style—abstract Expressionism—that has since been acquiring a constantly growing group of adherents. What he lacked, to my mind, was the philosophic stability to afford a solid base for his unquestioned facility and adaptability. At his best, as in the gray "Diary of a Seducer," the gently whimsical "The Betrothal II," and the highly poetic "Water of the Flowery Mill," he could create a kind of fairy-tale world of beguiling delicacy and airy charm. But the very lightness of that world is a sign of its lack of substance, and I'm afraid that his work, on the whole,

TO SPARK UP YOUR MENUS, USE

BinB MUSHROOMS

FRESH, HOTHOUSE MUSHROOMS

Broiled in Butter

BinB Mushrooms are freshly-picked, hothouse mushrooms, broiled in creamery butter to a natural brown color, then packed in mushroom broth.

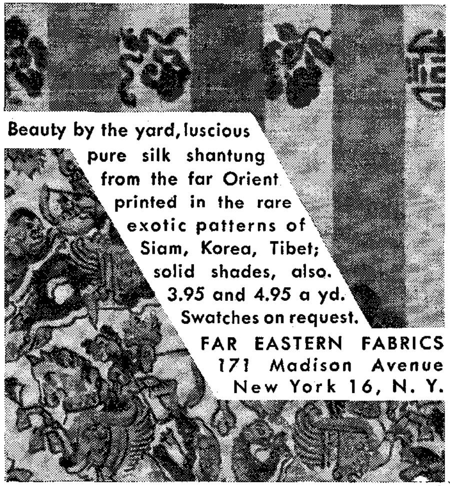
Save time and money by using BinB Mushrooms already prepared as called for in your favorite recipes.

Enjoy these three ready-to-use styles:

BinB Whole Mushroom Crowns
BinB Chopped Mushrooms
BinB Sliced Mushrooms

BinB
BROILED IN BUTTER
mushrooms

BROILED IN BUTTER



Beauty by the yard, luscious pure silk shantung from the far Orient printed in the rare exotic patterns of Siam, Korea, Tibet; solid shades, also. 3.95 and 4.95 a yd. Swatches on request.

FAR EASTERN FABRICS
171 Madison Avenue
New York 16, N. Y.

fine food beautifully served...

A charming rendezvous for quality food and cocktails since 1926.

LUNCHEON fr. 95c
DINNER fr. $1.40

University Restaurant

25 W. 8th St., NYC • in Greenwich Village

will prove as evanescent as the flowers he painted.

AT the Knoedler Galleries, for the benefit of the New York Heart Association, there is a loan exhibition of paintings from the Lasker, Rogers, and Troubetzkoy collections, which, in contrast to the Gorky show, reveals the serenity and power that an established movement can attain when it is at the height of its productiveness—and has its roots in a world that is unbeset and untroubled. In this case, there are actually two movements represented: the Impressionist and the post-Impressionist. But they were closely related, and though the range is from Manet and van Gogh to the early Picasso, the pieces that are included have been chosen with an eye to bringing out the artists' points of kinship instead of their differences. Matisse, in particular, is beautifully represented, with a group of eight canvases that run from "Intérieur à Nice," done in 1923, to a "Prunier Vert," of 1948, and includes several real knockouts, notably the two rangy, big still-lifes "Ananas et Anémones" and "Lierre en Fleurs." There is a fine, grave, grayish Braque, "Drap Mauve," and an ethereally delightful "Le Foyer de la Danse à l'Opéra," by Degas, to be mentioned, too, but the impact of the show is collective rather than individual. What you get from it all is a feeling of calmness, assurance, and unhurried, unharried accomplishment that is immensely relaxing and refreshing, and it takes something of an effort to recall that these men, too, were once regarded as artistic radicals and confusionists. I don't know quite what the lesson is, except possibly that true art, once it's completely distilled, nearly always seems clear and serene.

JEAN DUBUFFET, who in the past almost overreached himself trying to make wall scribblings look like art and still retain their naughtiness, now shows signs of settling down, and his new oils, at the Pierre Matisse, though cast in the same pattern as the old, display a concern for coloristic and textural values that I find very gratifying. I admired especially "Le Teint de Perle," with its gleaming white face, "L'Oursonne," and "Minaudeuse."

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

The blonde described herself as "self-educated" from reading book club selections for 13 years.—*The Post.*

That'll do it.

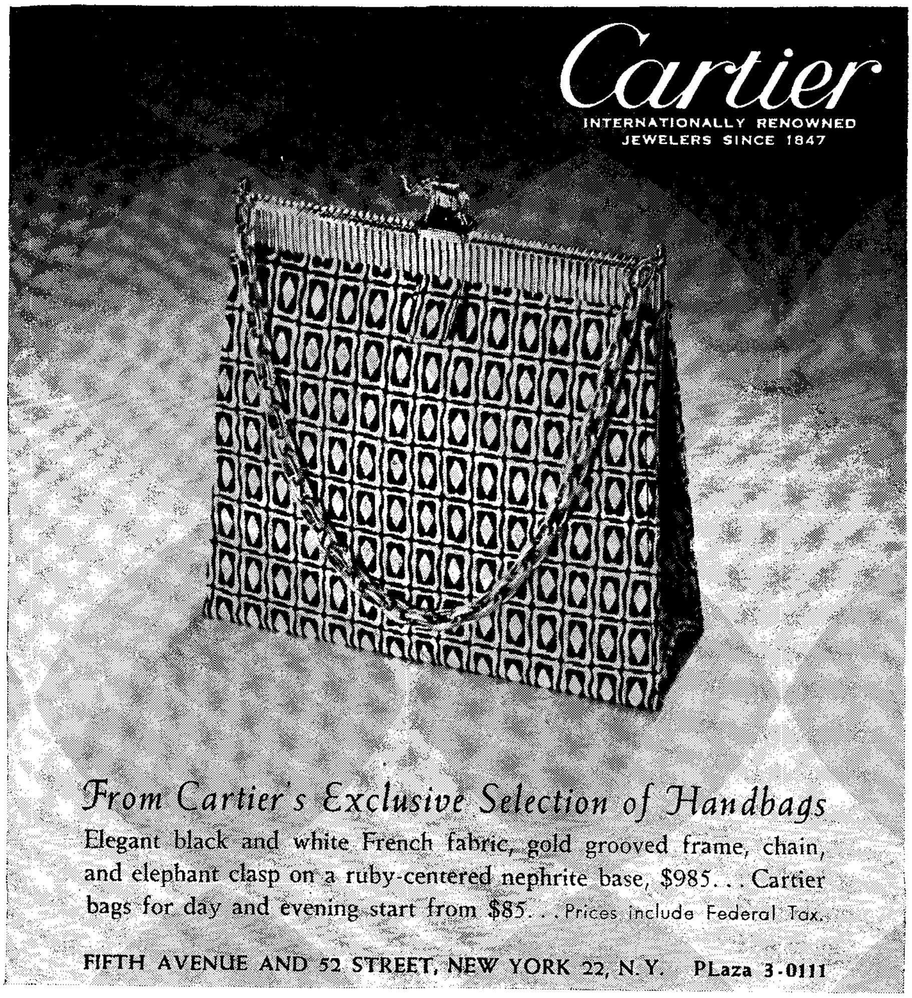
The British Colonial
NASSAU IN THE BAHAMAS
Open for the Winter Season Dec. 15—Apr. 15

for a perfect seaside holiday . . .

Surrounded by its own beautiful estate . . . distinguished by superb accommodations and service, the British Colonial gives you Nassau at its finest. Private beach right on the hotel grounds . . . pool and tennis courts in the gardens . . . all water sports at your door . . . golf, riding, polo nearby. Guest privileges at our own and jointly operated Bahamas Country Club. Top-flight sports instruction and exhibitions directed by tennis champion Lloyd Budge, water-skiing star Bruce Parker, and diving ace Clint Osborne. Tea dancing in the gardens . . . dancing nightly in the Garden Grill.

KENNETH ARNOLD
General Manager

For reservations apply
ROBERT F. WARNER ASSOCIATES
588 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. JUdson 6-5500
or your local Travel Agent



Cartier
INTERNATIONALLY RENOWNED JEWELERS SINCE 1847

From Cartier's Exclusive Selection of Handbags
Elegant black and white French fabric, gold grooved frame, chain, and elephant clasp on a ruby-centered nephrite base, $985. . . Cartier bags for day and evening start from $85. . . Prices include Federal Tax.
FIFTH AVENUE AND 52 STREET, NEW YORK 22, N.Y. PLaza 3-0111

Sail on the LARGEST
Cruise Liner
Nieuw
Amsterdam
To the WEST INDIES
and SOUTH AMERICA

As complete and as well-run as the finest resort hotel on this or any continent. The perfect ship for cruising. Genuinely friendly service and attention. A cuisine that has become an international topic. Pool-side and midnight buffets. Gay social and sports programs, with Broadway entertainers, nationally known cruise directors, and a top-flight golf 'pro.'

36,667 gross tons
7 passenger decks
Acres of deck space
Sumptuous salons
Children's play room
7 elevators
Cinema, night clubs
Swimming pool
Continental shops

FEB. 6 — 18 Days
Visiting San Juan, Puerto Rico; Barbados and Trinidad, British W.I.; La Guaira, Venezuela, S. A.; Curacao, Netherlands W.I.; Cristobal, Panama Canal Zone; Port au Prince, Haiti; Havana, Cuba. $495 up

FEB. 27 — 15 Days
Itinerary includes San Juan, Puerto Rico; Curacao, Netherlands W. I.; Cartagena, Colombia, S.A.; Cristobal, Panama Canal Zone; Kingston, Jamaica; Havana, Cuba. $415 up

MAR. 16 — 12 Days
Visiting Port au Prince, Haiti; Cartagena, Colombia, S. A.; Cristobal, Panama Canal Zone; Havana, Cuba. $330 up

All Sailings from New York

Also two 10½ Day
VEENDAM cruises
to Havana—Nassau
Feb. 3, Feb. 15
$195 up plus Fed. Tax.

Consult your Travel Agent
Holland-America Line
29 Broadway, New York 6, New York
Branches in all Principal Cities
"IT'S GOOD TO BE ON A WELL-RUN SHIP"

GRANDFATHER AND A WINTER'S TALE

THE sitting-room mantel of my Grandfather Adams' cottage on Union Street, in Rochester, was invariably brightened by a tall amber bottle with a leaf design blown in its glass. The bottle was not there for ornament. It stood ready to cure whatever ailed the family, for it contained Hop Bitters, the Invalid's Friend & Hope. This medicine was a standby among loyal citizens of Rochester, being a nationally distributed product of local manufacture. That its chief virtue was its potent alcoholic content was a fact unknown to, or ignored by, its devotees, including my grandfather, who was a strict temperance man. One day in January, 1883, when a three-day norther from Lake Ontario was scourging the city, three of my cousins and I went to pay our weekly duty call on Grandfather. Having imprudently ventured into the gale on the previous day, the octogenarian had caught what he described as "a pesky rheum" and now sat before the glow of his lyre-shaped Franklin stove, restoring himself with sips of his favorite remedy. It was to the cheering influence of the Bitters, I am sure, that we four—Jenny, John, Charlie, and I—owed the one story of the supernatural we ever heard him undertake.

An especially savage blast rocked the house and seemed to fill the dark afternoon with unearthly voices. Grandfather cocked an ear. "Howls like the carcagne," he observed.

"What's that, sir?" I asked.

Grandfather looked about the semicircle of attentive faces. "You don't know what a carcagne is?" he asked.

"No, sir," John said, and the rest of us shook our heads.

"Just as well, perhaps," said Grandfather. "Superstitions are not for the young."

"But what *is* it, Grandpa?" Charlie persisted.

" 'She,' not 'it,' " Grandfather said. "Of course, there is no such thing. She was supposed to be a storm hag with a wolf's head, a vampire's mouth, and bat's wings. None but the lakers believed in her. They were a witch-ridden lot, alongshore."

"Our lake?" John asked. "Ontario?"

Grandfather nodded. "Stout fellows in a storm or a ruckus," he said, "but scared of an owl in the dark. Say 'carcagne' to any one of them and he would spin out tales about her to make a wood-cat's whiskers bristle. Fahdoodle, as I warned you. And yet I have often wondered, if the carcagne was not on the wing one foul night above Ontario Water, what it was that piloted Munk Birgo between the Oswego lighthouse and the storm beacon into his last port."

Charlie's breath oozed forth in a soft, tremulous sigh, and Jenny said, "I don't think you ever spoke of Mr. Birgo before, Grandpa. Was he a friend of yours?"

"Of no man's," replied Grandfather.

"It's a funny name," John said. "Was he baptized that way, sir?"

"Baptismal water never touched him," said Grandfather. "It would have sizzled into steam."

Everybody on the lake and ashore knew Munk Birgo for a man of evil in word and deed, Grandfather continued. He was part French, part Indian, and part (if loose talk was to be believed) something worse than either. When in liquor, he would scutter up a tree like a squirrel and shout, "I am Munk Birgo! There is fire in my blood and breath, and I can spit brimstone!"

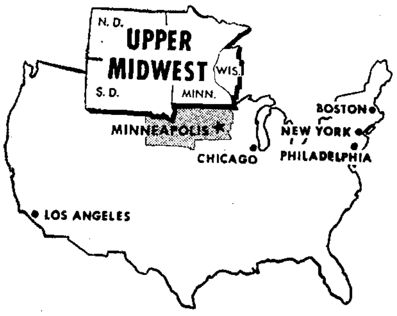
"Could he, Grandpa?" Charlie asked in awe.

"I never saw him do so," was the cautious reply, "but many accredited him with strange potencies derived from his parentage."

MUNK, by common report, had been born in a feverous hag's nest on a reed-encircled islet of the great Montezuma Marshes, Grandfather told us, and it was said that his mother was not a broom witch but a fork witch, which was one degree worse. Who Munk's father was, nobody inquired with too much particularity. Some said the Devil.

Munk's first commercial activity was as an "owler" (a smuggler) out of Ogdensburg. No great harm in that, Grandfather said. Most Lake Ontario small craft did a bit in the contraband line—woollens, powder, rum, and whatnot. But how Munk came by his sloop was a darker matter. He claimed to have sighted her from a low point off Sodus, unmanned, unrigged, and drifting toward a lee shore, but there was plenty of piracy on the lakes in those days, and few to put factious questions. At any rate, Grandfather said, when Munk turned up with his new sloop, her stern board had been scoured clean and bore

NOW... only **5** cities in the United States* have Sunday newspapers with larger circulations than the **Minneapolis Sunday Tribune** ...*more than* **610,000** *in the Upper Midwest.*

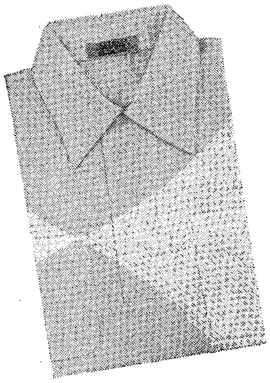

N. D.
UPPER MIDWEST
WIS.
S. D.
MINN.
MINNEAPOLIS
BOSTON
NEW YORK
CHICAGO
PHILADELPHIA
LOS ANGELES

*
New York
Chicago
Los Angeles
Philadelphia
Boston

Minneapolis
Star and Tribune
EVENING
MORNING AND SUNDAY
MORE THAN 610,000 SUNDAY • 480,000 DAILY
John Cowles, *President*

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆

It's Du Pont's **FIBER V**



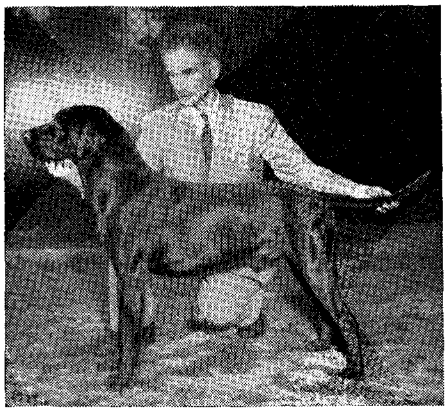
Certainly you've heard about Du Pont's latest! That wonderful new fabric that's light as a feather...yet exceedingly strong. Dries in no time at all, too... without either shrinking or stretching. And wonderfully comfortable! Be sure to take along a few of these Fiber V pullover sport shirts of ours on that next trip of yours. White, maize, navy. Small (14-14½); medium (15-15½); large (16-16½); extra large (17-17½). Short sleeves only. **10.50**

U.S. mail orders prepaid

Whitehouse & Hardy

695 Fifth Avenue (at 54th St.) New York 22, N. Y.

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆



Wins best of breed award at Cape Cod Dog Show!

Labrador Retriever *Hobbimoor's Merganser* looks his best for handler Charles Crane after winning his seventh best of breed award at the Cape Cod Kennel Club Show. Says Crane, "When a dog's chances of looking his best can be ruined by an improper diet, I see little sense in trying to save a penny or two on the dog food you buy. There's too much to risk and too little to gain. I *know* that you really get your money's worth with Dash—the Armour dog food. That's why I recommend Dash. It's fortified with liver, the richest of all meats. And Dash is complete—nothing else is needed!" Get Dash for *your* dog today!

Dash—fortified with liver!

the legend, in fresh-painted red-and-blue lettering:

Munk Birgo
His Fancy.

She was a sweet craft, in Grandfather's opinion, trim, staunch, and clever to handle, and could show her heels to the fastest revenuer between York State and Canada Shore.

"Then you saw her, sir?" John said.

"Once only," Grandfather replied. "She was pelting into Genesee mouth, full sail and both sheets made fast before fifty miles of gale—as foolhardy seamanship as ever I saw in my life. There stood Munk, tall and spare, black-a-vised and jaunty—well favored, too, in his dark way—with the tiller between his knees, singing the Devil's Anthem and beating time with a cemetery bone."

Having held the sheet of a sharpie's mainsail in Owasco Lake races, I deemed myself a nautical expert. "Do you mean he steered with his legs, sir?" I asked incredulously.

"Always," Grandfather said. "It was his special sea trick, and he had built a low steering platform aft, so that he could hold the tiller with his knees. It left his hands free to manipulate the ropes when a revenuer was to windward of him and he had to rely on sharp maneuvering. And," he added darkly, "he had need of all his trickery if half of what was said of him was true."

"What's a cemetery bone, sir?" young Charlie asked.

The old gentleman hesitated. "Birgo was in a way of business that was spoken of under men's breath," he said.

"What was it? What business?" all four of us wanted to know.

"Anatomy," said Grandfather.

We others looked at John, who was our recognized expert in the often designedly obscure references of our grandfather. John blinked. "Did he teach it, sir?"

The old gentleman shook his head. "He practiced it. He was a resurrectioner, as the word went in those days."

"I know," John interpreted. "Body snatchers. They dug up dead people."

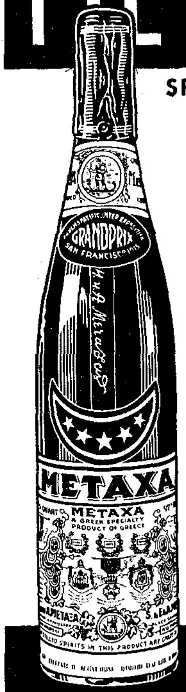
"What for?" Jenny asked, horrified.

"To sell," Grandfather answered. "It was a regular commerce."

The College of Physicians and Surgeons of Fairfield Seminary, in Herkimer County, needed cadavers for its students, Grandfather went on. There was another market in Albany, and a steady demand from New York City, where a subject in prime condition would fetch as high as fifty dollars. Thus

METAXA

SPECIALTY LIQUEUR



IMPORTED FROM GREECE

KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD

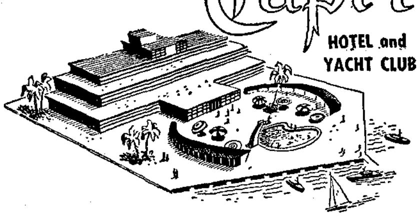
92 PROOF

SOLE U.S. DISTRIBUTORS

Austin Nichols & Co. Inc.
BROOKLYN—NEW YORK

Isle de Capri

HOTEL and YACHT CLUB



FIRST MAJOR RESORT HOTEL
ON THE FABULOUS MAN-MADE
ISLANDS IN BISCAYNE BAY
INAUGURAL SEASON
7900 Harbor Island
MIAMI BEACH

Under direction of
G. SIDNEY PICKARD

NASSAU, BAHAMAS—RENTAL

Beautiful modern white house, 3 master bedrms, 3 mstr bths, terraces, walled patio, 2 room servants' cottage and garage. On hill away from sand flies. Magnificent views. Completely furnished including linen, silver, china & glass. $3000. for season. An additional $20. week pays both cook and gardener now on premises.

For photos and further information—consult:
John B. Rogers, Country Department
DOUGLAS L. ELLIMAN & CO. INC.
15 East 49th St., N. Y. C. 17 PL 3-9200

HATS BY Mr. John, INC.
53 E. 57th STREET

had developed a nocturnal trade operated by bands of desperadoes who raided village churchyards and carted the bodies away. However, the countryside became aroused, and nightly patrols guarded both the shun-pikes and the highroads against the "cad wagons." It was when the roads had become dangerous for the operators of the business that Munk Birgo, so gossip ran, took up transporting their secret freight for them in his sloop. The Fancy harbored in Oswego River mouth. Munk's avowed cargoes were salt from the Syracuse beds, grain, and now and again a run of fish. "But when he sailed by night," the old gentleman said, "there was no manifest to tell what the sloop carried."

"Wasn't he ever caught, sir?" John asked.

Again the old gentleman hesitated. "Not by the law," he said.

"By—by the carcagne?" Jenny asked in a whisper.

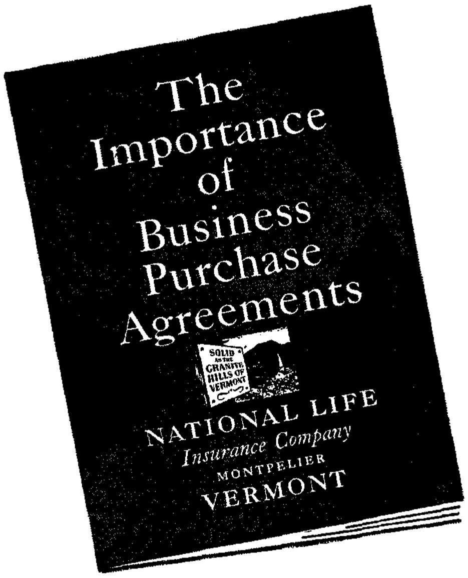
A fit of coughing racked Grandfather's bent but still powerful frame. John poured a draught from the amber bottle, which the patient swallowed slowly and with appreciation. The paroxysm was appeased and the narrative was resumed.

"I will recount the story to you as it was told to me by a gypsy crone who was camped on the rocky point opposite the Oswego lighthouse on the night Munk Birgo was last seen," said Grandfather.

FROM then on, the narrator did not detract from his tale by warning us to disbelieve it. With a touch of histrionics, Grandfather gave himself over to the legend, which he told in the style and parlance of the gypsy herself.

All lake dwellers, so he prefaced the story, remember the great gale of 1829 that swept down one night out of a cloudless northeast. In local phraseology, it was fit to blow a bespoken boot off a wooden man's leg. Though it was mid-August, a wintry chill was in the air. "Cold as Presbyterian charity," the gypsy woman had described it to her interested hearer.

The spears of an aurora were stabbing upward to the zenith. There was a wild whoobub of wind alow and aloft. The crested breakers that boomed upon the rocks spat electrons like thunderheads. All boats known to be out had come into harbor except one fishing smack, and a crowd stood on the slope above the docks, every eye watchful for her. At last, she rounded the point, reefed down to the thirds and scuttering


The Importance of Business Purchase Agreements
SOLID AS THE GRANITE HILLS OF VERMONT
NATIONAL LIFE
Insurance Company
MONTPELIER
VERMONT

This book answers your questions about

Business Purchase Agreements

If you or other officers of your company have been considering a business purchase agreement you will want a copy of this valuable booklet with our compliments.

This booklet covers scores of various types of business purchase agreements for all common forms of business structure. Simply, concisely it shows how your interests and the interests of your family can be protected.

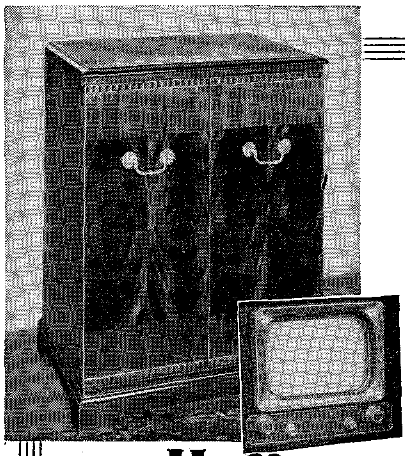
Although business purchase agreements are often considered intricate, this booklet explains the subject in simple paragraphs easily understood by businessmen familiar with normal business operation.

Send for this free booklet today — Whether your business is a corporation, a partnership or a sole proprietorship, if you are an officer or principal, this valuable booklet will answer many of your questions on the vital subject of business purchase agreements. Simply clip this ad to your letterhead, sign your name and mail it to National Life Insurance Company, 136 State Street, Montpelier, Vermont.

SOLID AS THE GRANITE HILLS OF VERMONT

NATIONAL LIFE
Insurance Company
MONTPELIER
VERMONT

FOUNDED IN 1850 ··· A MUTUAL COMPANY ··· OWNED BY ITS POLICYHOLDERS



Hoffman
EASY-VISION TELEVISION
at Schirmer's

Because of its exclusive "Easy-Vision" features, the Hoffman is believed by many to be the finest television set made. The model illustrated above is the "Traditional" with 16" television, AM-FM radio and all-record phonograph—In mahogany $563.95. In blonde oak $574.95.

Hoffman Television receivers from $229.95 to $679.50

G. SCHIRMER

IN NEW YORK: 3 EAST 43 ST., MU 2-8100
IN B'KLYN: 275 LIVINGSTON ST., MA4-5170

Singularly Complimenting any business or social occasion

Through exceptional excellence of setting, service and cuisine... imparting an unparalleled polish and prestige to functions of every kind... business or social, intimate or extensive.

THE TAPESTRY ROOM
THE CRYSTAL BALLROOM
THE PETIT SALON
THE CAFE LOUNGE

Illustrated brochure available

Maitre d'hotel
PLaza 5-4100

The PARK LANE

Park Avenue at 48th Street
New York 17
Frank W. Regan, *President*

like a mink out of a hen house, and fetched to against Saunders' dock. Her captain couldn't make the leap to the planking too soon; he craved solidity beneath his feet. His knees were shaking as he walked toward the people, and he looked like the Devil convicted of murder. "Everybody safe inshore?" the captain asked, and when they told him that he was the last, he uncovered and said "God be thanked!"

The carcagne was out, he told the hushed crowd. Had he seen her, they asked fearfully. Nobody ever really sees her, he said—nobody that comes back in the flesh to tell of it—but he had glimpsed a dark patch swooping overhead, lighted by gleams of fox fire redder than the aurora glow, and had heard a flutter of thick wings and smelled a whiff of corruption tainting the clean air. If it wasn't the carcagne . . .

Some of the crowd retreated toward their homes, but that was the ignorance of hoi polloi, Grandfather said, because, as all informed folk knew, the creature could not range overland, and they were safe enough on the hillside. Then, as the rumor spread, more inhabitants of the village came out, until all the slopes around the harbor were black with people. From the distant church tower came the strokes of twelve, Methodist time. It was then that all the citizens saw Munk Birgo strolling down the roadway that led to the small wharf where his Fancy was moored. He had been going from tap to tavern, and was unsteady on his pins. The Presbyterian preacher halted him. "Surely you are not going out this night, Birgo?" he said.

Birgo cocked his chin. "Who says it?"

"For the sake of your sinful soul—" the minister began, but Munk Birgo stopped him with a spate of oaths.

"Do you know how much I value your spoopsy counsels?" Munk asked, and answered himself, "Not by the quarter of a cipher. Back to your hum-box, preacher!"

"You are going to your damnation," the clergyman warned him.

"If all Hell yawned beyond the first line of breakers, go I would just the same," Munk said. "I have my own occasions, and I follow them."

"I know those godless occasions," the minister said, looking him in the eye.

"Then mind your own occasions, Reverend," Birgo said with a laugh. "I'll see you at sunup."

He swaggered down the wharf, jumped aboard, cast off, and, mounting the steering platform, took the tiller in his customary knee grip. He was mouth-

Merveilleux

Especially for dinner... You'll love this quiet, luxurious corner of France for dinner—the food and wine are superb . . . the service impeccable.

Music by Adler

CAFÉ *Louis XIV*
ROCKEFELLER CENTER
15 WEST 49 STREET

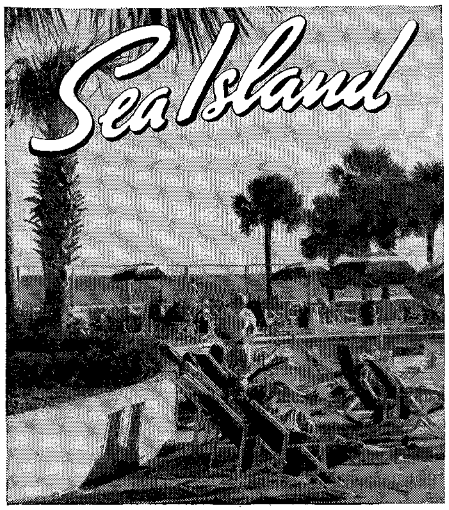
Says FELIX WILDENSTEIN, world-famed connoisseur: "The PAINTINGS by
BELMONT
evoke the praises of all art-lovers as well as my own"

"Color-splendor on par with Redon"
PROF. FRANK JEWETT MATHER

Daringly beautiful, profoundly moving, Belmont's great art is as immortal as the great music which inspires it.
These astonishing canvases stand alone in the world of art. They must be seen to be believed!
Wonderful to live with—wise to invest in—"A Belmont belongs in your home," says the distinguished Paris critic, Maximilien Gauthier.
NOW ON VIEW 26 E. 55 St. PL. 3-6956

Nick and Arnold present
Florence Desmond
AND
Teresa Brewer
AT DINNER AND SUPPER
Versailles
151 E. 50TH • PL 8-0310

9th Annual Exhibition
AUDUBON ARTISTS
Through February 4
NATIONAL ACADEMY
1083 Fifth Ave.
Open daily including Sundays 1–5 p.m.



Pool and Beach Beckon!

Newest addition to this year-round resort is the handsome Sea Island Beach Club, having an irregular shaped pool, glass windbreaks, lounges and patios. Sea Island has excellent sports facilities and every luxury for its congenial clientele. Reasonable American Plan rates. Well appointed homes for lease.

THE CLOISTER
Sea Island, Georgia

Write direct for Booklet W, see travel agent or call New York Reservation Office, 630 Fifth Ave., CIrcle 5-8055.

"Well, he's not the perfect butler . . . but at least he never forgets the Angostura* in a Manhattan!"

ANGOSTURA®
AROMATIC BITTERS
MAKES BETTER DRINKS

***P.S.** *You shouldn't forget either—that besides adding zest and tang to a Manhattan, just a dash or two of Angostura brings out the full flavor of soups and sauces.*

ing some broken rhythm. Most of those near enough to hear it stopped their ears. It was the Lord's Prayer backward, the gypsy woman had told Grandfather, and he went through it without hitch, gulp, or stutter. "I am a Romany out of the true Egypt," she had said, "but those words would burn my throat to a cinder."

Settled into position, Munk touched neither sheet nor halliard to make sail. Nevertheless, the sloop veered smartly from the dock and set course for the open, missing the guardian rock at the river mouth by a thin hair.

At this, my nautical soul was stirred to protest. "How could she sail upwind under bare poles?" I demanded.

"I don't know," the old gentleman said. "Nobody knows. I am passing on to you the account as it came to me from the gypsy."

A small mist came out of nowhere, he went on, and cloaked the sloop from human sight.

OSWEGO had little sleep that night. Some said that Munk Birgo had sailed out to keep tryst with the carcagne. Soberer opinion had it that he was transferring a shipment of anatomy for the resurrectioners, three of whom had lately been seen in the locality. The crowd on the hillsides settled down to wait the night out. They watched the northern lights shooting up and falling away. Strange sounds were heard from the upper air that were not of the storm—a high, mad wailing that had laughter in it, too.

With the first paling of the east, the gale turned gusty, then diminished and steadied to a fisherman's breeze. From the lighthouse, a voice shouted "Sail ho!" All eyes swung to the north.

The sloop was coming in, moving faster than any man there had seen human craft move before. Mainsail, foresail, and jib were trim and taut. Above and ahead, as if pointing the course, sped a thick, small cloud that at one moment took a hideous shape, and again became a formless blackness outrunning the breeze. The boat yawed and shot between the lighthouse and the storm beacon, its deck so tilted that the crowds ashore could see the platform aft. At that sight a shriek went up to split the moon. Those whose legs would serve them scrambled up the hillside and ran for dear life and reason. Others cowered close to the ground with their cloaks over their heads. The minister thrust out his hands against the portent on the boat and prayed lustily.

Grandfather paused to cough, and

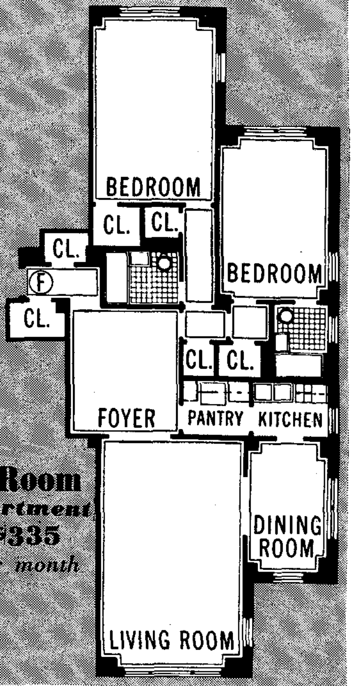
WHY DOES YOUR RENTAL DOLLAR GIVE YOU MORE *at...*

923 Fifth Avenue

SUNNY CORNER 73rd STREET

New 19 Story and Penthouse

★ BECAUSE . . . *the owner is putting quality first, cost second.*
★ BECAUSE . . . *of the exquisite and tasteful decor—lobbies and interiors by Dorothy Draper, Inc.*
★ BECAUSE . . . *especially selected materials and quality equipment have been used throughout, including two high speed elevators, air conditioning and television outlets, electric dishwashers.*
★ BECAUSE . . . *of the preferred location, at one of New York's exclusive intersections, flooded with sunshine from 150 feet of southern exposure.*

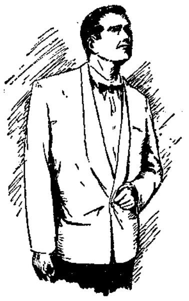


5 Room apartment $335 *per month*

Elevator Now Running
FOR RENT
3½ • 4 • 5 • 6 • 8 Rooms
TERRACES and PENTHOUSES
5 Room Duplexes
NOW NEARING COMPLETION
Representative on Premises

Douglas L. Elliman & Co. INC.
Renting and Managing Agent
15 EAST 49th ST., N. Y. 17 • PLaza 3-9200
SYLVAN BIEN, Architect
SAM MINSKOFF & SONS, Builders
LOUIS KATZ, Owner

IMPORTED IRISH LINENS
FOR YOUR CRUISE
and
Southern Wear



Dinner jacket of lightweight, crease resistant Irish linen, single breasted, shawl collar, "egg-shell" white. Sizes 36-44, regulars, longs and shorts. $35.

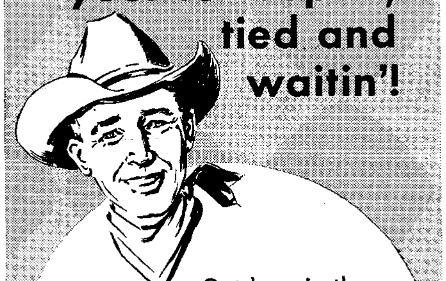
Sport shirt of lightweight imported Irish linen. Sizes small, medium, large, extra large, color natural only.
Short sleeve $10.
Long sleeve $12.50

Bermuda shorts with a tartan necktie belt, color natural only. Sizes 30-42. $10.

Also linen boxer swim trunks with India Madras waist band. Even sizes 30-42. $8.50

Mail orderers: state size and color.

Fenn-Feinstein
of NEW HAVEN
Tailors and Furnishers
9 EAST 49th ST. NEW YORK
264 YORK ST. NEW HAVEN



PHOENIX has your fun roped, tied and waitin'!

Out here in the Valley of the Sun we're branding a vacation just for you — riding desert trails, exploring, swimming, golfing, picnicking, or just loafing in the warm, dry sunshine. Come now and dally in the Valley of the Sun.

VALLEY OF THE SUN CLUB, DEPT. Y4
PHOENIX *Arizona*
Please send free colorful folders to:
NAME
ADDRESS
CITY
STATE

John asked in a determined and manly voice, "What did they— I mean what was in the boat?"

"The gypsy woman was too frozen with fright to look away," Grandfather resumed. "She recognized the figure on the steering platform as Munk Birgo, but only—uh—but only because it held the tiller between its knees." Grandfather took a swallow of the Invalid's Friend & Hope. "The skeleton at the tiller was picked bone-white," he said.

"Oh, my goodness!" Jenny quavered, ladylike even in shock.

Charlie's curiosity overbore his terrors. "Was it the carcagne that ate Mr. Birgo up, sir?" he asked fearfully.

Grandfather did not answer him directly. The sloop, so the gypsy had told him, struck the guardian rock at the river mouth head on, slid off into deep water, and was never thereafter seen, plank, strake, or gunnel. A mad hoot of triumph sounded through the air, there was a sound of a strong wing beat, and a trail of fox fire and stinkstone sparks died away in the distance. "So ended an evil life," said Grandfather solemnly.

Jenny rallied. "Grandpa, dear," she said, "you don't *believe* it was the carcagne, do you?"

"Certainly not," Grandfather replied, all briskness now. "An idle tale, such as passes, lip to ear, wherever gypsies, tenkers, and swingkettles gather over a fire log. Dismiss it from your minds."

"Yes, sir," said John. He looked out into the gloom, which was deepening with uncomfortable rapidity. "I think we ought to be starting home."

Another violent blast shook the walls, tortured the thrashing boughs of the lilacs beyond the window, and passed on with a whistling wail. Grandfather tilted his head, listening with what struck me as a frightening intentness. "All huncamunca and fahdoodle," he mused. Then, with a sly insinuation in his voice, he added, "Yet there are times, with a gale such as this outside, when I find myself wondering what it *was* that piloted Munk Birgo's Fancy straight and true into Oswego harbor on that other night, fifty years and more past and gone."

—Samuel Hopkins Adams

•

STATE-BACKED HEALTH
PLAN DRAFTED BY CIO
TO USE A-BOMB FIRST
—*Headline in the World-Telegram & Sun.*

Anything in yet from the A. F. of L.?

Serge Obolensky
PRESENTS
THE
Carnaval Room

HUGO PEDELL
and his Orchestra
JAN BRUNESCO
and his Imperial Tziganes
Theatre Dinner
6 to 8:15 P.M.
Dinner and Dancing from 8:30
After Theatre Supper
Cover from 10 P.M. only
$1.50 Weekdays; $2.00 Saturdays
Closed Sundays
Reservations: Maitre d'Hotel, EL 5-2800

The SHERRY NETHERLAND
FIFTH AVENUE AT 59th ST. · NEW YORK

THREE GREAT AMERICAN RESTAURANTS
The Brass Rail
5th AVENUE at 43rd STREET
7th AVENUE at 49th STREET
NEVINS & FULTON
(Brooklyn)

Crillon
STEAKS • CHOPS • FISH
Finest American and Continental Cuisine at Popular Prices
closed Sun. & holidays
277 Park Ave. • PL 5-3727 • 116 E. 48 St.

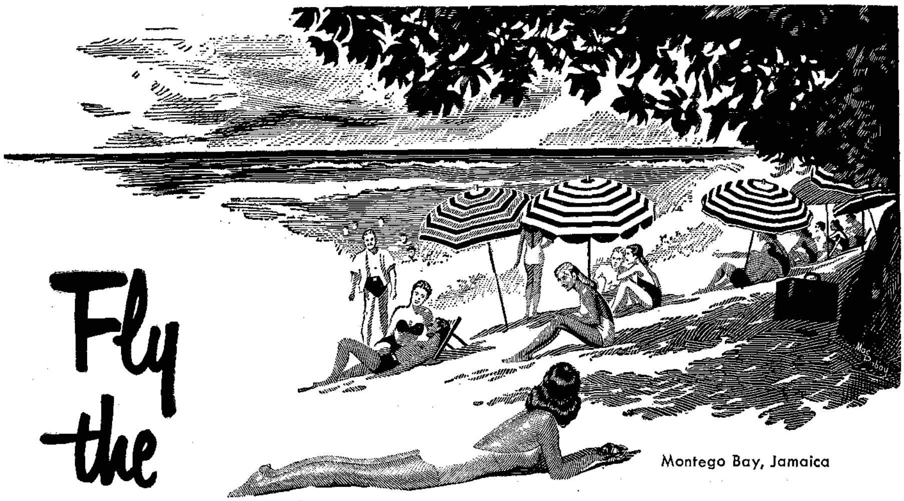
Cuisine des Gourmets
Copain
Luncheon:
Dinner 'til 11, Sun. at 3
from $2.25
PL 8-0554
1st Ave. N.W. cor. 50th St.

MUSICAL EVENTS

Homecoming

BALLET THEATRE, with justifiable pride, signalized its recent return from abroad by presenting at the Metropolitan Opera House one evening last week a program billed as "Gala Return Home from Triumphal European Tour." It was quite an occasion. The dancers performed with verve, and there was a large audience, which whooped it up at every opportunity. The troupe is predominantly American, and the two longest pieces of the four presented were purely native dance works—"Fall River Legend" and "Rodeo," both Agnes de Mille compositions. The other two—Balanchine's "Theme and Variations" and the grand pas de deux from the third act of "Swan Lake"—derived from the traditional Russian school. All in all, it was a nicely balanced, invigorating program. The high spot of the evening, the moment of particular brilliance, was the "Swan Lake" bit, in which that superb ballerina Alicia Alonso rejoined the company after an absence of several seasons. Her partner was Igor Youskevitch, another first-rate dancer, and the agility and precision of their work, individually and together, brought down the house.

To an observer who is at best a dabbler in the dance field, the whole thing was like a fine circus, or perhaps a variety show. The opening number, "Theme and Variations," with its large array of prancing figures, was the parade to show off the company. "Fall River Legend" was the dramatic sketch, the tabloid vehicle for the leading lady—in this instance, Nora Kaye. Then came the lovely and graceful bareback riders (or acrobats), outdoing each other in the wonderful complications of the pas de deux. And, finally, the clowns, joyously led by a delightful lady clown, Allyn McLerie, in "Rodeo." Even "Fall River Legend," a sympathetic but overlong investigation of the Lizzie Borden case, was not to be taken too seriously. There were titters each time Lizzie, rejected by her father and stepmother, walked firmly to the back yard to fetch the axe and returned, holding it stiffly at her side, to stand solemnly beside her elders. Miss Kaye



Fly the West Indies way to Miami

$198
ROUND TRIP
(plus tax)
from
NEW YORK

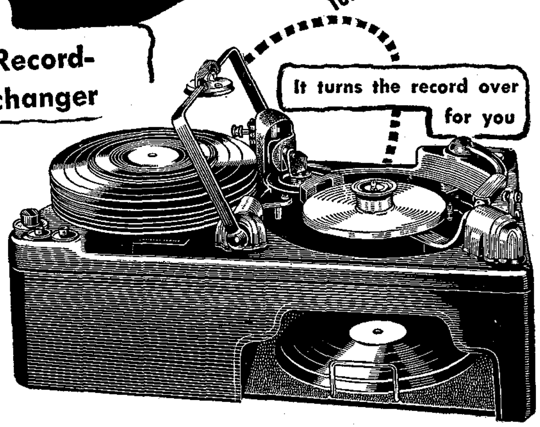
- Leave New York by giant Constellation-type Clipper* — 6½ hours later you're in San Juan.
- Short flights—on days of your choice—take you from Puerto Rico to the Dominican Republic, Haiti, Jamaica, Cuba . . . Miami. Excursion fare includes connecting airline from Miami to New York.

Call your Travel Agent or

PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS
*Trade Mark, Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
WORLD'S MOST EXPERIENCED AIRLINE

Lincoln . . . the complete answer to record collectors' fondest dreams

Automatic Turn-over Record-changer


It turns the record over for you

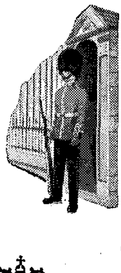
• Automatically plays 20 standard or 22 long-playing records —ONE SIDE or BOTH SIDES, in PROPER SEQUENCE. Intermixes 7", 10" and 12" Records of same speed. Plays through your present Radio, Phonograph or Television. • SYMPHONIES, concerti and other works complete on one Long-Playing record, are played without interruption on the LINCOLN. • Come in and ask for a demonstration of this remarkable record-changer, or write for brochure.

exclusively at

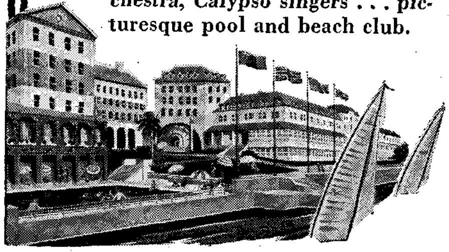
LIBERTY *Music Shops*
450 MADISON AVENUE • 795 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK 22, N. Y.
228 EAST POST ROAD
WHITE PLAINS

• IN OUR MORE THAN THIRTY YEARS OF EXPERIENCE, WE HAVE NEVER SEEN A RECORD-CHANGER ITS EQUAL.

★ in London...
★ it's the Savoy
..★ in Bermuda it's
the Princess
HOTEL AND COTTAGE COLONY



If you like the excitement of London, grandeur of the Savoy—you'll welcome the vacation of your life at the magnificent Princess Hotel in colorful Bermuda! All sports at their best . . . fine French cuisine . . . dancing nightly to a famous London orchestra, Calypso singers . . . picturesque pool and beach club.



open all year
• *See your Travel Agent* or our
N. Y. office 51 E. 42nd St. MU 7-3375

NUYENS Cognac
A CONNOISSEUR'S COGNAC
A brandy of outstanding quality, memorable bouquet and lasting afterglow. Surprisingly moderate in price. Available in three convenient sizes.

NUYENS
COGNAC
NUYENS
NUYENS

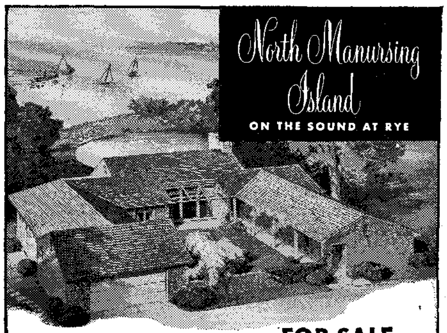
Another French importation of
VINTAGE WINES, INC
114 EAST 16th ST
NEW YORK 3, N Y
84° PROOF

The **Drake Room**
71 East 56th Street
LUNCHEON • COCKTAILS
DINNER • SUPPER
Cy Walter
and his piano rhythms
during dinner and supper
except Sunday
HOTEL **Drake**
440 Park Ave., at 56th St.

was, I thought, excellent in the role of the poor mad girl, and a young lady named Charlyne Baker, who turned up in "Rodeo" as the ranch owner's beguiling daughter, was enormously appealing as Lizzie's mother. Lucia Chase, as the stepmother; Peter Gladke, as the father; and James Mitchell, as the pastor, were also a great help to the presentation. Other bright performances of the evening were Miss McLerie's gauche, winning cowgirl in "Rodeo," and the dancing of Mary Ellen Moylan and Youskevitch in "Theme and Variations."

Alexander Smallens, musical director of the company, conducted the two modern scores—Morton Gould's for "Fall River Legend" and Aaron Copland's for "Rodeo"—and Joseph Levine took charge of the Tchaikovsky music that comprised the background for the other pieces. The orchestra played quite well most of the time.

THE Town Hall recital given by Elena Nikolaidi last week left no doubt that this Greek singer, who is scheduled to make her début with the Metropolitan Opera Company later on in the season, is one of the most effective stage personalities in the concert world and one of the best contraltos anywhere around. Her voice is large, magnificent, and flexible, and filled with color. She has her bad habits—sliding up to tones, employing too much volume, and cutting notes short when they should be sustained—but the faults are secondary to her accomplishments. Her artistry and her particular talent were most excitingly displayed in three operatic selections. In Rossini's laughing, flashing "Bel raggio lusinghier," from "Semiramide," Miss Nikolaidi demonstrated her fine vocal technique, and in the sleepwalking scene from Verdi's "Macbeth" and the "Habanera" from "Carmen" (the last an encore), she showed her resourcefulness as an actress as well as a singer. She was also a pleasure to hear in a group of Greek folk songs and French pieces, which, along with the Verdi aria and the Bizet encore, made up the second half of her program. Only in the first part, which consisted largely of songs by Schumann and Wolf, was she less than compelling. Her voice was impressive in these numbers, but I thought her interpretive ability occasionally fell short. A sturdy, dark-haired woman with lively features, Miss Nikolaidi was worth seeing as well as hearing. I also liked the way she kept her head turned toward the audience at all times. She took her cues



FOR SALE
A Hundred Yards
from the mooring buoys

On a choice acre of beautiful waterfront this masterfully constructed residence of stone and handsplit shingle is built around a delightful grass patio. Two sides of the central living-dining room are almost entirely of glass, overlook both the patio and the Sound. One lateral wing contains three master bedrooms and 3 baths; the other wing another bedroom and bath. A covered passageway connects with a 2-car garage. Price includes landscaping and membership in the adjacent North Manursing Island Yacht Club and the Beach Club.

For illustrated brochure and complete information call Mr. Wyburn Lee at Previews or see your own broker.

PREVIEWS INC.
The National Real Estate Clearing House
49 E. 53RD ST., N. Y. 22, N. Y. • PLAZA 8-2630

RUSSIAN TEA ROOM
150 WEST 57 ST.

"Where Russian Food Is a Fine Art"
Next to Carnegie Hall

(*Advertisement*)

Only the FINEST
RAOUL DUFY
SELECTED WORKS
Jan. 20-Feb. 10, 1951
NIVEAU GALLERY
63 E. 57 St.
N.Y. CITY PL 3-9819

Learn How to **TRAVEL RIGHT**
THROUGHOUT EUROPE
Complete Program of 1951 Tours Now Ready.
File your application for steamship space **now.**
Also Package Tours Mexico and California.
ARNOLD TOURS 236 Clarendon St. Boston 16, Mass.

from the music, instead of pivoting and darting her head down at the pianist in the customary manner of getting started, and her accompanist, Jan Behr, waited until she and her listeners seemed ready before beginning a new piece.

THE first of the two Carnegie Hall concerts given last weekend by the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra was enjoyable, but it scarcely constituted a major musical event, unless you look at the refreshing social aspect of the thing. The large, competent symphonic group, which is on tour in this country to raise money for the American Fund for Israel Institutions, was conducted by Serge Koussevitzky the night I heard it. Prokofiev's Fifth Symphony, Tchaikovsky's Fourth, and the melodious and attractive slow movement from the First Symphony of Ben-Haim, an Israeli composer who was originally a German citizen named Paul Frankenburger, made up the program. Everything was played well enough to convey a sense of the meaning of the works, I should say, but it was not quite a clean performance. The orchestra has developed a fairly accomplished string section, but, on the whole, the organization lacks polish. The program opened with slow-paced, expansive readings of our own national anthem and then Israel's, the hauntingly lovely "Hatikvah." Koussevitzky had probably put in a lot of rehearsal time with the orchestra, but it wasn't up to scratch that night.

THERE is no point in setting down here all the details of the long and rambling "Concert of the Year," presented a week ago last Sunday night at the Met by the American Guild of Musical Artists, but I would like to mention what was for me the best thing of the evening. That was the enchanting singing, in three Schubert lieder, of Elisabeth Schumann, a soprano who sang with Caruso at the Met and who stepped out of retirement for this occasion. Despite the imperfections wrought by time, the quality of her voice was uncommonly sweet and musical. She was a delight.

—DOUGLAS WATT

•

Q—What can I do if my lips are always unnaturally dry?
A—Perhaps you need some attention to the condition of your tummy. Under the lipstick it provides softness; over, it gives a nice sheen and adds "ripeness."
—*Sacramento Union.*

Next question.

go
Carribean*
with
Catalina

Catalina's exciting new Carribean Collection features fabric designs by Jim Tillett of Mexico City. Exotic, exclusive, hand-screened patterns in glorious sun-ripened colors, all imaginatively created.*

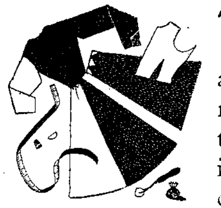
"Glow Fish," fluorescent tropical fish hand-printed on rigid Celanese Prospector front suit with Nylotex Lastex zipper back.

LOOK FOR THE FLYING FISH

*REGISTERED
Write for folder of other Catalina styles and name of nearest store. Catalina, Inc., Dept. 205, Los Angeles 13, California

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



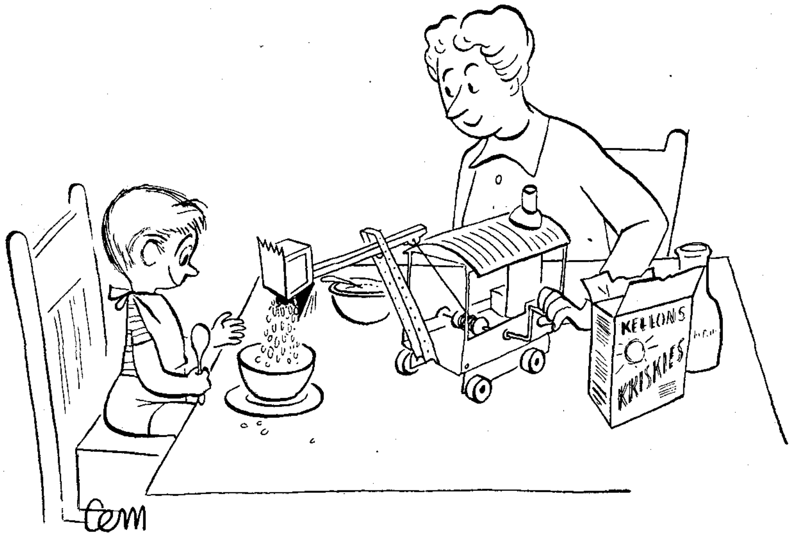
THIS is to report on the second, and final, week of my prowl through the New York scene in quest of resort clothes. Once more, the stuff that is being turned out, ready to wear, is additional propaganda for our assembly-line talent, now famous all over the world.

Brigance, my idea of a great man, *is having what adds up to a vintage* year. His dresses of Irish linen (around town at such prices as $59.95 and $89.95) are beautifully finished and intricately cut, despite their apparent casualness. One, in black or taupe, is molded at the waist and has buttons that resemble tortoise shell up the front of the skirt to the waistline, from which they ascend in a V up under the arms. There is a deep V slash on the chest in front; the back is an inverted V of fabric that buttons on the neckband. This leaves the shoulders entirely exposed (Jay Thorpe, among others). Linen tweed makes a dress with a sailor collar, short cuffed sleeves, and a sheath silhouette in front. The top, which flares out in back like a cape, has no connection whatever there with the waistband, so when the breezes blow, bare skin is visible above the waist. This makes not only for coolth but for conversation (Lord & Taylor). Another Brigance has a deep décolletage in front and heavy folds at the sides to emphasize the bosom, but the back is flat and straight. Two elongated Vs of fabric spring from the ribs, cross, and button on the hips. Lord & Taylor have this in "polished" cotton, which has a gleaming faille surface; Jay Thorpe like it in a postman's-blue shantung taffeta with a pattern of spiky white stars. Brigance has given in to the mania for matching lace at all hours of the day; he uses it on the hip pockets of a postman's-blue linen backless dress and on the pointed collar and short cuffed sleeves of the accompanying jacket (also at Jay Thorpe, for $89.95).

Clare Potter is expert at giving a custom look to her ready-to-wear resort clothes, and her separates have an air that would astonish the average campus trotter. Her shirts and the bodices of her dresses are likely to be cut on the bias, making them cling through the ribs and imparting a rounded look to the torso; imported ribbons and ball fringe and soutache and Swiss lingerie braid, applied by hand, provide a coutourier finishing touch. For tops, she admires a double thickness of mat jersey (a dull-finished *rayon tricot), and she puts little self*-covered buttons down the front. Some of her evening tops have fine black lace with a black fleur-de-lis pattern veiling the back and shoulders ($50 at Bergdorf and Bendel). Others have deep square or V necks and bateau back décolletages. The jersey comes in black or pastels, and the tops can be worn with just about anything. A really dressy black one has bits of Beauvais embroidery around the deep V, and no two buttons are the same color; each one matches one of the hues involved in the multicolored embroidery. Bendel has these tops, as well as Clare Potter's separate skirt of slipper satin. Like her other skirts, this is slim down the hips but becomes widely circular toward the ankles. Widely spaced narrow black velvet bands run down this, and near the hem there are bands of velvet and of soutache braid of varying widths around it. Bendel shows this in black, for a fairly formal evening, with any of the tops, for $69.95. Bergdorf shows it in ice blue with black bandings, at $75. Clare Potter's de-luxe peasant skirts, which reveal her instinct for odd color combinations, are also at Bergdorf. One is of acid-green shantung, with bands of mauve grosgrain ribbon, blood-red velvet ribbon, and black braid near the hem. This has a deep inverted pleat in front but is smooth down the hips and the back. Bergdorf is also the home of her wrap-around Honan skirt, which is entirely side-pleated. (Honan is a silk that is heavier and more tailorable than the softer shantungs.) The pleats are permanent, thanks to modern science, and can be sat upon with abandon. It comes in *gray, sea-green, straw, and so on, and* there are shirt tops to match; $95 for an ensemble.

Separate skirts, sequinned and quilted and otherwise bedizened, crop up everywhere, and Carrie Munn, who designs the things she sells in her shop, at 640 Madison (60th), manages to make hers as gala as anyone's. (She now sells order-to-size, which means delivery in two or three weeks.) The skirts are tiny-waisted and slim-hipped, and there is an enormous circular flare at the street-length hem. Munn, too, goes in heavily for hand finishing and detail. There are skirts of pastel felts or of linen whose aprons are edged with Irish crochet or Spanish ball fringe. The same fabrics make what she calls "ice-cream skirts," which have a frantic band of moiré ribbon, metallic galloon braid, and metallic lace circling the waist and making a panel down one side, to say nothing of crazy tassels around and about. Allover quilting gives body to skirts of silk taffeta sprinkled with rhinestones and to others of plaid cotton with a metallic overplaid; $95. There are all kinds of tops, day and evening, to go with them.

Irish linen (crease-resistant, of course) is in high favor around town, whether for day dresses of the shirtwaist type, for in-and-out-of-town clothes, or for dresses decorated with embroidery, beading, and soutache to make them suitable from cocktail time on. One of the season's triumphs in the last group is on view in Hattie Carnegie's Blue Room. It was designed by Harvey Berin, and it comes in beige, pale blue, or pink, with a wide band of white



It rolls up records—*not tummies!*

Warner's
STA-UP-TOP

Thousands of women wear them once—
and love them forever!

Tummy roll after tummy roll has vanished...because more women come back for more Sta-Up-Top girdles than for any other girdles in the world!

WARNER'S STA-UP-TOP *
never rolls over • always stays up

*** The loveliest stories begin in the middle!**

Warner's Sta-Up-Top girdles are topped with a lazy-stretch elastic tape, in 2- or 3-inch widths, that grows like a grin with every breath you take . . . inches you in, never pinches you in . . . *always stays up!* The secret . . . every-now-and-then bones in the band . . . the flattest, most pliable bones you *never* noticed.

Many girdles *look* like Sta-Up-Top. None can be made like it. Insist on the *one and only* Sta-Up-Top. From $5 to $27.50 at the nicest stores. Match yours with a beautiful Warner's bra. From $1.50 to $10.

WARNER'S*
3-Way-Sized
Foundations and Bras

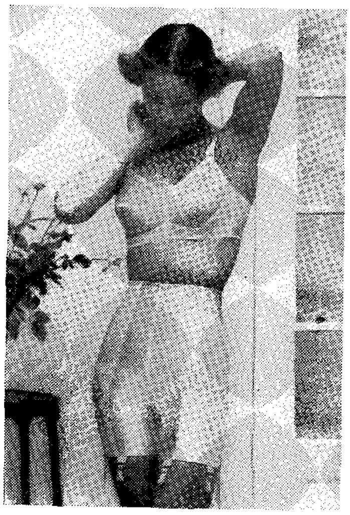
WORLD FAMOUS FOR LE GANT* • FREE-LIFT*
WARNERETTE* • STA-UP-TOP* • A'LURE*
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off., The Warner Brothers Co.
New York 16 • Chicago 6 • San Francisco 8

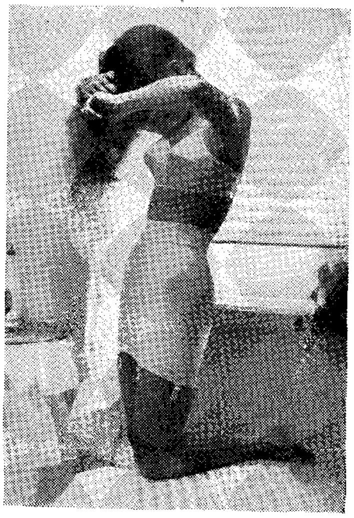
Choose yours in your very own 3-Way-Sizes

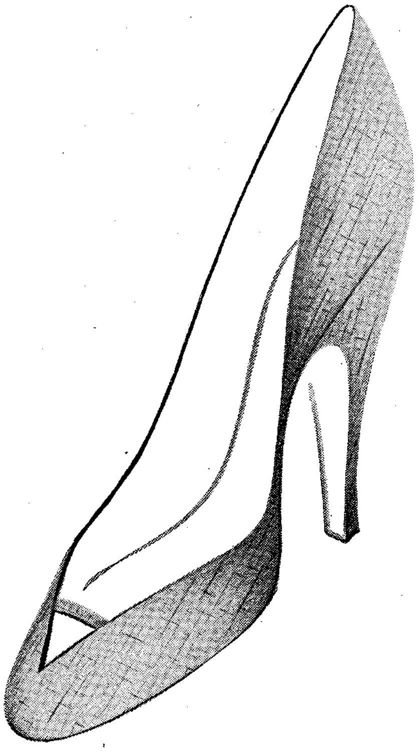
Your length . . . short, medium, long or extra long. No *too-long* girdles that ride up or *too-short* girdles that pull runs.

Your hip size... straight, average or full. No *too-wide* girdles that wrinkle or *too-small* girdles that bind your thighs.

Your control... whether you like soft knits or those designed to discipline. Sta-Up-Top girdles come in 100 or more styles and sizes. Step-ins or panties. Nylon or not.







Andrew Geller dares the deepest plunge of all...

The Great Divide

19.95

pure silk shantung

Pure Southern Flattery

in topaz, pale green, grey, natural or navy, high or medium heels. Also in orchid, coral, brown or black, high heels only.

MATCHING HANDBAGS $15.00 plus tax

Andrew Geller

EXQUISITE FOOTWEAR

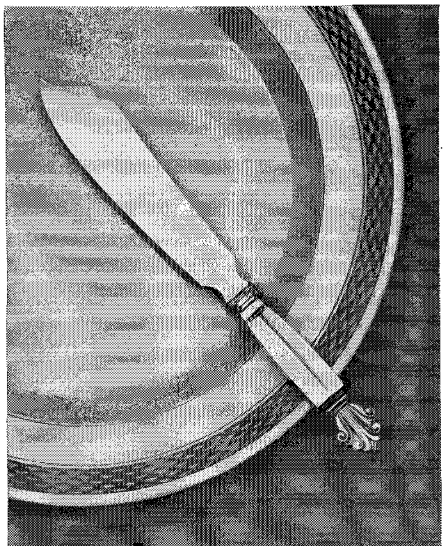
18 WEST 57th STREET • 537 FIFTH AVENUE

linen around the hem of the gored, circular skirt and another around the square neckline. These bands are joined to the dress, which is princesse, with nubbly white cotton Swiss lace; $90. The dress is completely lined, for additional body, and so is the skirt of a dance dress of linen whose strapless top is covered with pearl and rhinestone embroidery in a plume pattern. Carnegie also has one of Berin's "shirtwaist" dresses. White soutache dotted with rhinestones embellishes the convertible collar and the cuffs of the short sleeves. The skirt, which has a single, jutting pocket, is wrap-around.

Larry Aldrich's dresses, also in Carnegie's Blue Room, are conscious of the apparent return to middy lines. (There are lots of sailor collars about, for instance.) A pale-blue linen one, beltless and princesse through the waistline, has white braid making middy detail around the hips. Another has a deep oval neckline and a willowy, beltless middle; the widely circular skirt is set on in Vs around the hips; $70, in pastel colors. Then, Aldrich has done one of the gayest two-piece dresses of the season, for in or out of the house. A purple sweater top, with an oval neck and short puffed sleeves, is accompanied by a silk dirndl skirt that has huge patch pockets and is printed in squares in improbable combinations of colors; $60 an outfit.

THE hunt for an all-purpose resort coat or wrap is not so difficult now that the most worldly women are willing to wear ones of soft wool in pale colors even with evening clothes. Gunther Jaeckel have a street-length knockout in mauve, beige, or pink; $125. There are deep raglan sleeves, and godet fullness below the yoke lets the back swing out jauntily. Bergdorf's pet topper, in melon pink, red, beige, or navy fleecy wool, is lined with matching taffeta and is reversible. It's hip-length and collarless and cut in a circle. The back dips like a cape. It's $75. De Pinna has the softest possible fleece coats, hand-stitched, full-backed, and equipped with push-up raglan sleeves, in turquoise, sulphur, and so forth; $100 to $169.95. The most recent stunt here, though, is strictly for evening—wide straight stoles or cape stoles with pearl and gold braid embroidery, like what you see on those evening cashmere sweaters; $100.

THE Hollywood beachwear designers have it in mind to be the death of me yet. Their plot for this year goes like this: At Altman, of all places, there is Mab's Little Bitsy one-piece

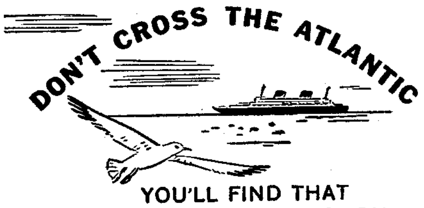


From our Georg Jensen silver collection

Cake tastes better when you cut it with a Jensen silver cake knife. This one, in the Acanthus pattern, has a stainless steel blade. $15. The Copenhagen faience cake plate is "Oranja"... gray, accented with orange and a fine gold line. $8.25. Price of silver includes Federal Tax.

MAIL AND PHONE ORDERS FILLED
ELDORADO 5-6630

GEORG JENSEN INC.
Fifth Ave., at 53rd St., New York 22



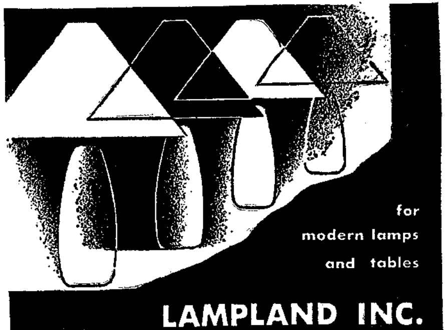
DON'T CROSS THE ATLANTIC

YOU'LL FIND THAT CONTINENTAL TOUCH AT THE

DORSET Bar Cafe

luncheon through supper

HOTEL DORSET
30 WEST 54th ST., N.Y.C.
BING & BING, INC., MANAGEMENT



for modern lamps and tables

LAMPLAND INC.

579 Sixth Ave., near 16th St.

bathing suit, of black nylon net shirred on elastic. It just misses being nudist, and it looks like a foundation garment. So does Mab's Hourglass bathing suit of heavy black lace. Each is $25, if anyone happens to want to try the "Peep Show" approach in broad sunlight. And that isn't all. Altman also has Catalina bathing suits of flesh nylon taffeta covered with black nylon lace and adorned by a cuff of black nylon velvet around the strapless top. They are shirred up the sides and across the base astern; $25. Other Catalinas are of flesh cotton broadcloth covered with black or white cotton lace; $15.95. There are huge black lace stoles, to boot.

AND now for a shorthand survey of other, and more sensible, resort items that smote me between the eyes in the shops:

Macy's terry (yes, terry) stoles make sense, being over four yards long and a yard wide, and thus suitable for sunbathing mats, among many other things. They come in decisive colors—yellow, lime, a Granada red, turquoise, and the like—and cost $7.94. Macy's Sun Shop shows ensembles of domestic linen trimmed with exactly matching heavy cotton lace. The blouses have cap sleeves and a deep scoop neck, and are dressy enough for cocktails anywhere; the skirts are straight and have a fly front to conceal the zipper. Blouses and skirts are $12.98 each. A double-breasted box jacket makes the outfit demure enough for the office; $15.93. A two-piece washable dress is made of a smooth, percalelike cotton with an allover and rather mad Oriental design in gold. This cotton also makes a big skirt with tiny round gold buttons down the front and more gold buttons down the halter-backed top from the small club collar. This is best in white, to my mind, but it's also around in navy, tangerine, or other colors.

One of the handsomest pleated dresses in a town full of pleats is at Bernath. It's done in Honan in every imaginable color and in embroidered silk, with pleats running horizontally across the yoke and vertically down the straight, slim body, to say nothing of making a geometric crisscross on the hip pockets. It takes about a week, made to order; $135. To go with it, there's a reversible pyramid street-length coat of linen lined with Honan, preferably in a decisively contrasting color; $125.

Best thinks that women who want to look magnificent at tropical race tracks should be pleased with suits of natural tussah silk. A longish three-button jack-

YOU'LL FIND EVERYTHING BUT WINTER IN
Nassau
in the Bahamas

Now Easier to get to than ever before!
DIRECT SERVICE

From New York: Wednesdays and Saturdays from Idlewild Airport by British Overseas Airways (4½ hours). One way $95.70, round trip $172.30, *plus taxes.* Fortnightly sailings by S. S. Queen of Bermuda. One way from $95, round trip from $160, *plus taxes.*

From Miami: Frequent daily flights by Pan American World Airways (55 minutes) and British Overseas Airways. Overnight by S. S. Nuevo Dominicano — weekly sailings.
From Canada: Frequent direct flights by Trans-Canada Air Lines.

For information and reservations see your Travel Agent

NASSAU, BAHAMAS, DEVELOPMENT BOARD
Bay St., Nassau, Bahamas—Cable: Devboard
1633 DuPont Bldg., Miami, Fla.—3-6150
247 Park Ave., New York 17—PLaza 3-5215
634 Dominion Sq. Bldg., Montreal, P. Q.

seasonal phenomenon

It is quite astonishing how many men are called out of town in January and February. Sales managers, for instance, tell us that they invariably have to see their Florida distributors about now. Advertising men have to rush out to California branch offices. And conventions crop up in such inconvenient places as Phoenix, Tucson, Mexico, Bermuda and Havana.

Swelling the exodus are those who thoughtfully leave town to lessen city's congestion and those who go away for their health. A physical check-up at this time of the year is very likely to call for a good rest, to be taken in a southerly direction.

As always, Wallachs is on hand to help out. To make everyone's enforced absence as pleasant and as smart as possible, we have gathered together a fine selection of the new season's styles for cruise and resort wear. And, as you expect at Wallachs, all in the best of taste and all sensibly priced.

Copyright 1951, Wallachs

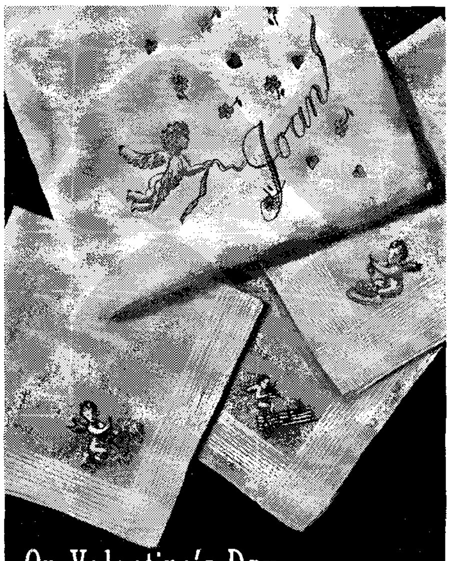
Brilliant New Pattern in Fine Swedish Crystal

Exceptional value in beautiful, sparkling, hand cut and polished Swedish Crystal. An entirely new high and graceful fluting, sharply and brilliantly cut. All have sham base. Footed Cocktail, dozen, $18.00; 14 oz. Hiball, dozen, $18.00; 12 oz. Hiball, dozen, $18.00; Double Old Fashioned, 14 oz., dozen, $21.50; Old Fashioned, 7 oz., dozen, $18.00. Really outstanding glasses in quality and appearance.

Mail Orders Filled

Plummer LTD

734 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.
New York City



On Valentine's Day
Send Your Love with
Cupid Handkerchiefs

Three beautifully embroidered handkerchiefs from Switzerland. And in a charming handmade white satin case with her name. A gift for any lovely lady—from 8 to 80.

Case and 3 hankies—$8.00

Don't forget—the day is February 14

mosse – LINEN
659 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

et and a slightly gored skirt amount to $98.95. Another suit suitable for travel to and from mutuel windows has a round-hipped jacket of white flannel with a windowpane check of one-inch navy squares. Navy gabardine makes the straight skirt and pipes the jacket in a sportive fashion. The suit is $110. Among the dresses on the third floor, there are quantities of Honans and shantungs designed by Mollie Parnis. In the all-tucked division, she offers a perfect sleeveless sheath. Most of her swagger shirtwaist jobs, which have rhinestone buttons on the bodice and jutting pockets, come in sizes 10 to 20 and in such hues as cornflower and melon pink; $45 and up. Then, a short-sleeved dress of shantung with a scoop neck has a skirt smoothly wrapped around to the back. The matching stole is all looped wool yarn, held into some semblance of order by bands of shantung every two inches.

Bonwit Teller have two completely ingratiating Wragge wool toppers, for sports or even for the street. One is short, straight, and hipbone-length, with long, cuffed sleeves and three monstrous pearl buttons below a small shawl collar; $49.95 in red or navy fleece. The other, straight and hip-length, is in the same colors. There are mandarin slits at the sides and bone buttons in close array below the small boy's collar. (Small boys must be surprised at finding that they are fashion influences.) This is $55. Bonwit also has Tina Leser's coats of a super-de-luxe heavy silk from Siam with a dull finish and in incredible colors. In plaid, this makes a street-length coat with one button just below the band collar, sleeves building out from the waistline, and fullness that suggests a burnoose; $245. The same silk in a solid color makes a sleeveless shirtwaist dress with a matching stole whose ends are striped in every color and with metallic threads. As for less majestic nonsense, Bonwit has its own impudent little hats of bamboo in pale colors and trimmed with raffia, sea shells, and other fiddledeedee. No two are exactly alike. Some are crownless, with a little rolled bowler brim; others end in a twist of bamboo that makes a spike on top of the head; and so on. Charming with linens and shantungs, and the price ($5.95) has considerable charm, too.

Gunther Jaeckel's highly varied assortment of ready-to-wear resort clothes presents a lot of things that should delight conservative women. Twin-print costumes, for example, had all but disappeared, and it's nice to see them back. In Gunther's version, rayon crêpe print

The Maisonette

JULIE
WILSON

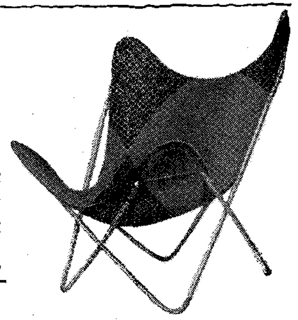
Lester Crosley at the piano

for a limited engagement

MILT SHAW and his Orchestra
HORACE DIAZ and his Ensemble

Special Theatre Dinner $4.00
6 to 8 P.M.

HOTEL St. Regis
FIFTH AVE. at 55th St., N.Y.



Euster
furniture • lamps • fabrics • accessories

the fabulous HARDOY chair
now at a low 19.95

Unprecedented demand and increased production facilities reduces the price from $30! Black or white* enamelled steel frame . . . black, orange, yellow or green canvas sling. Order NOW for delivery after March 1st.
* *with white frame $21.15*

designer and decorator service available.
EUSTER ASSOCIATES • 104 E. 28 St., N.Y. • LE 2-5523

F.A.R. GALLERY
746 madison ave.
Color Reproductions
old masters & moderns
custom FRAMING

Sea-Fare
RESTAURANTS
1033 - 1st Ave. : 41 W. 8th St.
Sutton Place : Greenwich Village
THE ARISTOCRAT OF SEA FOOD RESTAURANTS

makes a dress with a U neck and short sleeves. A matching, full-length coat in a rayon chiffon print has a basque buttoned top, a gathered skirt, and short cuffed sleeves. The ensemble is in navy, dark green, or toast with a small allover white pattern; $110, in sizes 10 to 20. In sizes 12 to 20, there are navy, black, or red silk suits with bold patterns in white. Their jackets (or jumpers) have small buttons that look like marbles. The skirts are straight, and the price is $75. A combination of nylon and rayon makes an unmussable mesh that is the mainstay of dresses trimmed with cotton lace dyed to match. One-piece versions are $45; those with tailored, short-sleeved jackets are $59.95.

Sophie, whose base of operations is Saks Fifth Avenue, is moon-struck about an Italian raw silk called Pisanti, which she uses for coats, suits, dresses, or anything that comes to mind. This is a heavy tussah silk with a shantung surface, and luxurious to a high degree. It makes a ready-to-wear short-sleeved dress with cuffed sleeves and a surplice top, in tangerine, navy, or other colors, with lots of white binding; $165. One of her formal evening dresses uses a most dashing print—red poppies and giant daisies with yellow centers on a sapphire ground. The skirt is long and circular, and the top is draped into a deep cowl front and back; $295. The dresses designed by Marusia are pets around here, perhaps because the long back zippers make for smooth fit through the midriff. A handsome dress for town or country is a sheath of linen fibre (it has a shantung surface) that is all horizontal stripes of varying widths, shading from white through beige and luggage to black. A dainty Marusia dress is in a lingerie print of huge pale pink and blue bowknots, edged with lace, on a black ground. The fabric is a sheer cotton of the batiste type. The dress, which has tiny sleeves, is a sheath in front, and below the long zipper in back there is a godet to make for ease and even flippancy in movement; $125.

If there are any questions at the end of this seminar, please hesitate to call on me. I've already talked myself into heading South.
—Lois Long

•

TRAFFIC SPEEDED
BY NEW SIGNALS
Test on 9th and 10th Avenues
Finds Cars Moving 1/3 Faster
and Pedestrians Hoppier
—*Headline in the Times.*

As if they weren't twitchy enough already.

Budd

Luxurious cashmere sweaters
...sleeveless, 17.50, long sleeves, 25.00.
Made-in-France wool tartan vests, 25.00.
Imported cashmere and wool
mufflers, in six solid colors, 6.50.
Silk squares and silk mufflers
in a great variety, from 10.50.

Budd LTD. 712 FIFTH AVENUE at 55th STREET, NEW YORK
SHIRTMAKERS SINCE 1861

FLY 1000 ROUTES AROUND THE WORLD

B·O·A·C

NEW YORK to MONTEGO BAY (JAMAICA) $194.10 plus tax ROUND TRIP TOURIST FARE

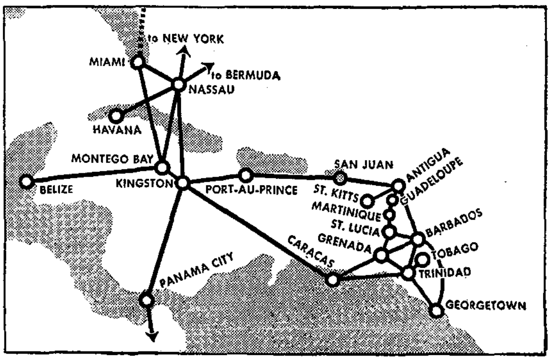
via Miami—**only 6¾ hrs.** flying time

Daily Flights—leave New York on Eastern Airlines, connect at Miami with B.O.A.C.—then fly directly to Montego Bay and Kingston, Jamaica.

★ MONTEGO BAY
★ KINGSTON
★ HAVANA
★ SAN JUAN
★ BARBADOS
★ TRINIDAD

B·O·A·C covers the CARIBBEAN— flies to all leading resorts

Ask for all-expense tour booklet for Caribbean Island air cruises



BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION
Services operated by British West Indian Airways
Reservations through your Travel Agent or call B.O.A.C.

BERMUDA SHOP BERMUDA SHOP

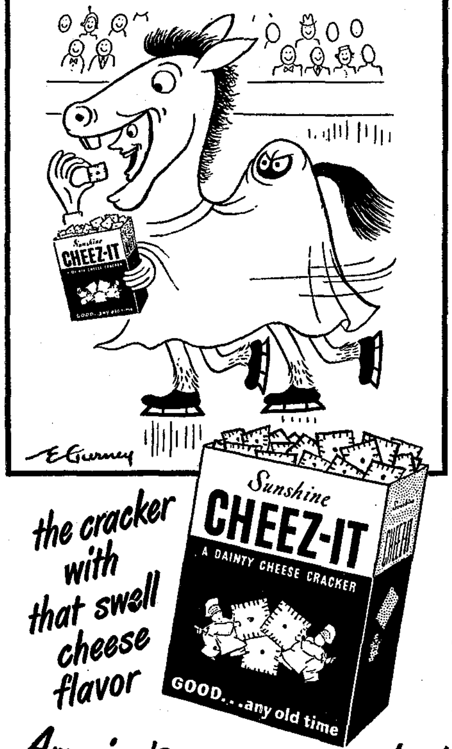
TARTAN SLACKS
in authentic Scotch clan plaids. 100% wool.
$29.50. Sizes 12-18

Cashmere Sweaters
imported from Scotland.
Short-sleeved pullover **$14.95**
Cardigan **$19.95.** Sizes 34-40

ON YOUR BERMUDA HOLIDAY, VISIT THE BERMUDA SHOP IN HAMILTON

The Bermuda Shop
554 Madison Ave., at 55th Street
New York 22, N. Y.

GOOD... any old time!



the cracker with that swell cheese flavor

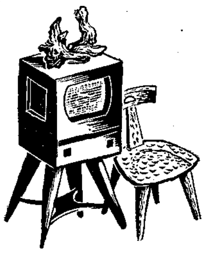
America's largest selling cheese cracker!

Sunshine Biscuits, INC.

TELEVISION

Mr. Bushman and Mr. Macbeth

SUNDAY afternoons at four-thirty, N.B.C. takes its cameras to the Lincoln Park Zoo, in Chicago, for a highly entertaining and informative half-hour program called "Zoo Parade." Many factors contribute to the success of this presentation, the most obvious one being that the chief participants, the permanent, caged residents of Lincoln Park, don't give a hoot whether they turn out to be whiz-bangs on television or not. Ratings mean nothing to them (what is Hooper to a gorilla or a gorilla to Hooper?), options mean nothing to them, and no one of them is running for public office. As a result, they play their parts with refreshing straightforwardness and a refreshing lack of concern for the onlooker. Another factor is the presence on the program of the Zoo's director, R. Milan Perkins, an articulate and witty man who not only is remarkably at ease with his charges but has the faculty of transmitting to the audience a good deal of natural history within a short period of time. The other Sunday, for example, Mr. Perkins opened his program by displaying a five-foot python, which was entwined around his arm. From where I sat, I would say that although Perkins had a good grip (at the neck) on the python, the python had an equally good grip on Perkins, and I admired the cool, detached manner in which Perkins told us a few general facts about pythons. After several minutes of exposition, he confessed that his hand was beginning to go numb, a condition he blandly ascribed to "lack of circulation." An assistant helped disengage the python, and Mr. Perkins, still quite casual about the matter, informed us that, left to itself, the python would have squeezed the life out of him. A couple of other pythons, specifically an Australian and an Indian representative, were next displayed, in their quarters. They were snoozing, and it was necessary to rouse them with a snake stick. They slowly uncoiled, lifted their ugly little faces, stuck out their tongues, and went back to sleep.



Getting on with the program, Mr. Perkins introduced Eddie Robinson, the trainer of the celebrated Lincoln Park gorilla Bushman, who passed away on New Year's Day, at the age of twenty-two, having reached a height of six feet two inches and a weight of five hundred and fifty pounds. Between them, Perkins and Robinson pretty well demolished Bushman's reputation for unbridled savagery; by the time they'd finished reminiscing about him, he seemed no more ferocious than a Boy Scout helping an old lady around a puddle. "He was one of the best, most good-natured, lovable animals I have ever handled," said Mr. Robinson, with a catch in his throat. "From the first time I took him out to play football, from the time he was thirty-eight pounds, he could always hard-tackle, but he never did a mean thing to me." Mr. Perkins recalled Bushman's habit of tossing vegetables out through the bars of his cage, citing this as one example of how the myth of his bad temper originated. Mr. Robinson said that when Bushman tossed vegetables, it was all in fun, adding that the big fellow used to hand him celery stalks, and gently, too. The question of a successor to Bushman in the public heart is now a major one at Lincoln Park, and four anthropoid contenders who have been imported from the French Cameroons were discussed. Perkins and Robinson felt that a sixty-four-pound chimpanzee named Sinbad, thanks to some pleasant quirk of personality, stood a better chance of supplanting Bushman than the others did, and Sinbad himself, a coy, somewhat unruly creature, was brought out and placed on Mr. Perkins' desk. He had a pleasing, inquisitive face and an independent spirit, which he immediately evidenced by turning his back to the camera and tearing up some papers. The program closed with a visit to five more snakes, all of them competent. "Zoo Parade" is sponsored by a dog-food company ("Ken-L-Biskit For That Good-Behavior Between-Meal Snack"), and why not?

AN oddly enterprising, moderately successful hour-long "modern-dress" version of "Macbeth" turned up the other night on the C.B.S. "Sure as Fate" series, adapted, produced, and directed by Peter Frye. Mr. Frye's "Macbeth" took place sometime in the future, following the next world war, amidst the ruins of an unidentified town. His three witches, screechingly portrayed by three male actors named Hy Kalus, Biff Parfrey, and Rod Steiger, first appeared

Vraiment!

HORMEL
ONION SOUP

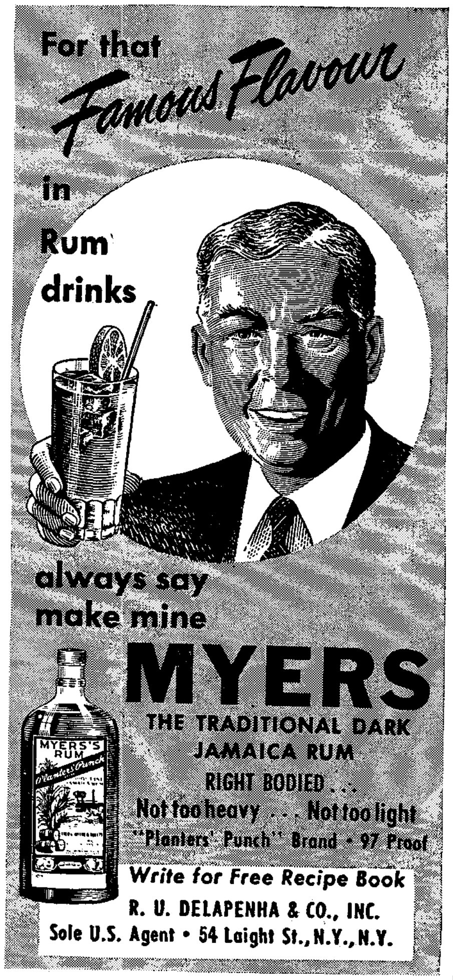
Authentically French

is Hormel Onion Soup. It's made in small batches, under the watchful eye of Hormel's great chef, Jean Vernet... Big mild onions are sliced paper-thin, browned tenderly in much butter, then simmered gently in a lusty beef broth. Seasonings are in the French tradition, with specially-aged Parmesan as the crowning touch.

At better grocers', or send $2.95 for six 20-oz. cans prepaid to Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn.

HORMEL ONION SOUP

HORMEL
GOOD FOOD



THE TRADITIONAL DARK
JAMAICA RUM
RIGHT BODIED...
Not too heavy... Not too light
"Planters' Punch" Brand • 97 Proof
Write for Free Recipe Book
R. U. DELAPENHA & CO., INC.
Sole U.S. Agent • 54 Laight St., N.Y., N.Y.

in rags, as charwomen, scrubbing away at a black-and-white checkered floor; at another time, they seemed to be operating out of a fortune-teller's booth, equipped with crystal ball and phrenologist's chart. His other characters were mostly clothed in leather jackets, officers' uniforms, or unadorned khaki; Lady Macbeth at one point wore what I took to be a black hostess gown. For reasons of his own, Mr. Frye occasionally discarded the modern-dress notion, and from time to time Macbeth, who started out in the uniform of an officer in a Scottish regiment and in one scene shifted to a plaid bathrobe, changed to regal cloth and crown, and looked like every old Macbeth you've ever seen. In spite of the baffling elasticity, not to say downright idiocy, of the costuming, Mr. Frye's presentation had several gripping moments, especially when Judith Evelyn, the Lady Macbeth, was in front of the cameras. Miss Evelyn was striking—a hard, cruel, demented Lady Macbeth, played not only with a touch of fading grandeur but with a touch of Piccadilly tart. Throughout most of the hour, owing to the large cast and the confines of the tiny screen, I had the impression that the play was being acted in a Pullman roomette, but the cameraman didn't crowd Miss Evelyn, and she took every advantage of her opportunities.

I think that Mr. Frye's adaptation was intelligent and crisp, concentrating on the highlights and maintaining the flow of the drama. For the most part, the actors, notably John Carradine, as Macbeth, and Dennis Harrison, as Macduff, spoke their lines clearly and well, a considerable feat under the circumstances. Although not the best Macbeth within my memory, Mr. Carradine was certainly not the worst, and he made out especially well in the "Is this a dagger . . ." scene, during which he thrust his fist out directly in front of the camera—an effective bit of business, believe it or not. Hovering over the performance—as Fate, I assume—was Francis L. Sullivan, always an impressive actor, who appeared now and then against a background of swiftly moving clouds, to mutter a few words about blood and honor.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

The roads in these mountains are really something to be desired. Like all mountainous roads you are either
oo ʇɥƃıɹ ǝɥʇ oʇ ɹo uʍop ɹo dn ƃuıoƃ
—*Bonner Springs (Kan.) Chieftain.*

Jump for your lives!

℞ *for Restored Energy:*

THE HOMESTEAD

VIRGINIA HOT SPRINGS

❀ Seven days at the world-famous, easy-to-reach Homestead Hotel . . .

❀ Seven days of rest and relaxation in the smooth care of our Southern Service . . .

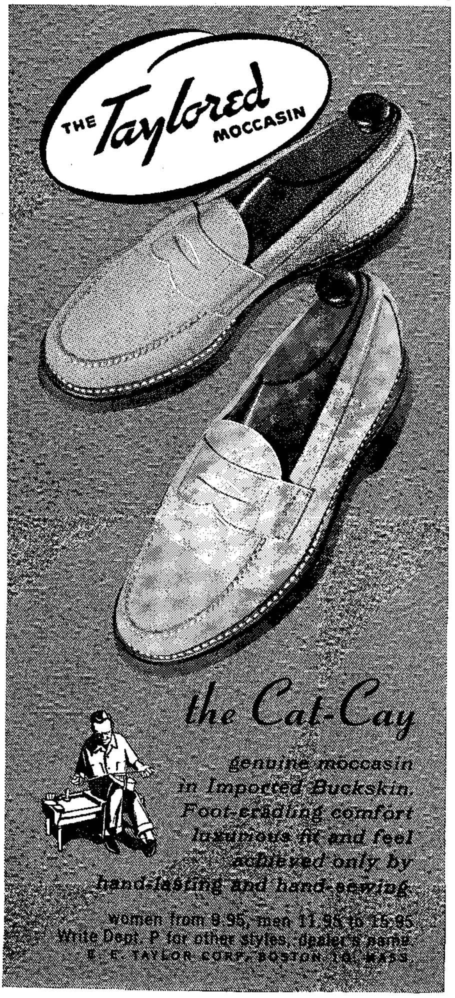
❀ Seven days of pleasant company, and of healthful mineral baths, massage, etc., at the Homestead Spa . . . .

There's a tonic which will make all the difference to you and to your work for all the rest of the winter!

Plan this break in your routine now. *Golf, Tennis and other sports are playable on most winter days.*

For low winter rates and full information, address

THE
Homestead
HOT SPRINGS, VIRGINIA
N. Y. Office—The Chatham—PL 8-2490



genuine moccasin
in Imported Buckskin.
Foot-cradling comfort
luxurious fit and feel
achieved only by
hand-lasting and hand-sewing.

women from 9.95, men 11.95 to 15.95
Write Dept. P for other styles, dealer's name
E. E. TAYLOR CORP., BOSTON 10, MASS.

Time to Celebrate...

with a split of sparkling SARATOGA VICHY the mixer of gentlemen since 1876!

"Hui, hui, hui!" cries the fox, and the dogs are away for a fast run with plenty of music. It's trappy country, the "fox" is cunning. He circles. The dogs begin casting. And you pull up short with the man behind you riding in your pocket.

A wonderful afternoon! A great view of the dogs working. And when it's all over, you toast the Master with your favorite ingredient in sparkling Saratoga Vichy . . . the genuine Saratoga spring water that's extra dry to your taste, extra kind to your head in the morning.

"It's spring water, sir!"

Saratoga Vichy
CELEBRATED SARATOGA VICHY WATER SARATOGA SPRINGS

The mixer of gentlemen since 1876. Famous before tap-water substitutes were ever heard of.

Ask for it today at your favorite club, bar, restaurant or grocery store.

THE RACE TRACK

Rough Going

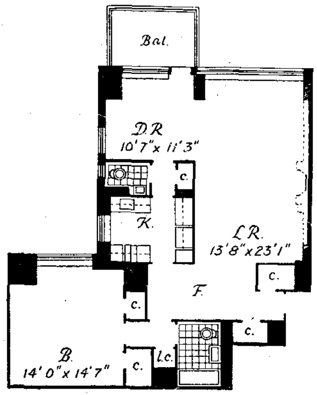
IT'S difficult to be judicious about the San Pasqual Handicap, the season's first important trial for Santa Anita Handicap aspirants, which was run at Santa Anita last weekend. The accident to Your Host, who fell and broke several small bones in his right front leg, pretty much beclouded everything. As I got the story, Your Host, while making his run along the rails, about a quarter of a mile from home, ran up on the heels of one of the leaders, stumbled, and came down heavily. The injury is to what horsemen call the elbow (where the part of the leg known as the forearm joins the shoulder), and isn't serious unless complications develop. All the same, the chances are that Your Host won't race again. Guerin, who rode him, escaped with a shaking up. Oddly, Guerin had had a rather close call on Your Host the previous Saturday, in the Santa Catalina Handicap. Coming into the stretch, Your Host's saddle slipped, but the boy managed to keep his balance, and the colt won in track-record time from a hard-working gelding named Moonrush. In the San Pasqual, the same Moonrush led all the way. He was 15–1.

There has been a spate of mishaps at Santa Anita since the meeting opened—four in nine days. First off, Jockey Gilbert's mount fell, and he suffered a fractured vertebra; then, early last week, Shoemaker and two other riders went down in a three-horse spill, but nobody was badly hurt; and last Friday one of Arcaro's mounts bolted and tossed him out of the saddle. He came back next day, though, and had a winner, too; it paid $10.60. If an anthology of racing superstitions is ever compiled, there should be a chapter on stakes races that are unlucky for favorites—the San Pasqual, for example. Last year, Solidarity beat Noor and Ponder in it; in 1949, Shim Malone beat On Trust; in 1947, Lets Dance beat Olhaverry; and in 1946, Lou-Bre beat Sirde and Bull Reigh. That enough?

IT hardly came as a surprise to diligent seekers for tips that Uncle Miltie headed the Experimental Free Handicap. (As even horseplayers with ap-

Manhattan House

200 East 66th Street



3 ROOMS WITH 4 ROOM LIVABILITY

Here are 3 rooms, plus a dining room with extra lavatory adjoining that makes it a second bedroom! Spacious balcony, too. From $227.50, gas and electricity included.

Just one of the several interesting suites soon available as this superb building is completed. Others include ideal arrangements in

4, 5 and 6 Rooms
A 6 and 7 Room Penthouse

FEATURES: R.C.A. Master Antenna System, Roof-top Solarium, Garage in Building, Longchamps Garden Restaurant.

Owned and Managed by
NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
Office on Premises • *TEmpleton 8-0100*

SKYTOP CLUB

"High in the Poconos"

Refresh yourself here with a week or a week-end of healthful rest . . . lovely level walks, music, entertainment, every activity if you choose...and those delicious Skytop meals. Call our information office, The Biltmore, MU 6-8648.

SKYTOP CLUB
Box 1, SKYTOP, PA.
Wm. W. Malleson, Jr., *General Manager*

Jack Eigen

Open Daily for DINNER
COCKTAILS • SUPPER
•
Broadcasting Nitely from 1 to 4 A.M. on WMGM

Guest Room

51 E. 54 ST. Res.: BRUNO EL 5-3647

prentice allowances should know, this is an annual end-of-the-season, semi-official rating of roughly a hundred two-year-olds, selected by the handicapper of the Jockey Club; also, it's a race at Jamaica, the following spring, for the same animals—they're three-year-olds then—and is regarded as a first-class index to form for the classics later on.) Uncle Miltie's selection wasn't unexpected, because in one of those horse-of-the-year polls, early last month, John Banks Campbell, who assigns the weights for the Experimental, voted him the best of his age. At a hundred and twenty-six pounds, he is rated two pounds better than Battlefield, who has won more races and a lot more prize money, and Big Stretch, who galloped so powerfully late last autumn. To Market is fourth on the list, under a hundred and twenty-one pounds, thanks to his brilliant performances in the Middle West. Battle Morn, a colt I've had my eye on, and Lord Putnam, who has met Uncle Miltie twice and beaten him once, are in at a hundred and twenty each. So much for the high weights. As for the fillies, Aunt Jinny, the favorite of the pollsters, and How, who has won no stakes races but ran six furlongs in 1:08⅕ over the Widener Course at Belmont one afternoon, are rated best of their sex at a hundred and fourteen pounds each.

After a week's reflection on the Experimental, I should be able to tell you who is going to win the Kentucky Derby, or at least disagree violently with the handicapper, but I can't do either. I have a notion that Mr. Campbell doesn't think too favorably of the collection; otherwise, one wouldn't find sixty-four youngsters carrying less than a hundred and ten pounds. That's what it all comes down to, I guess—too many lightweights.

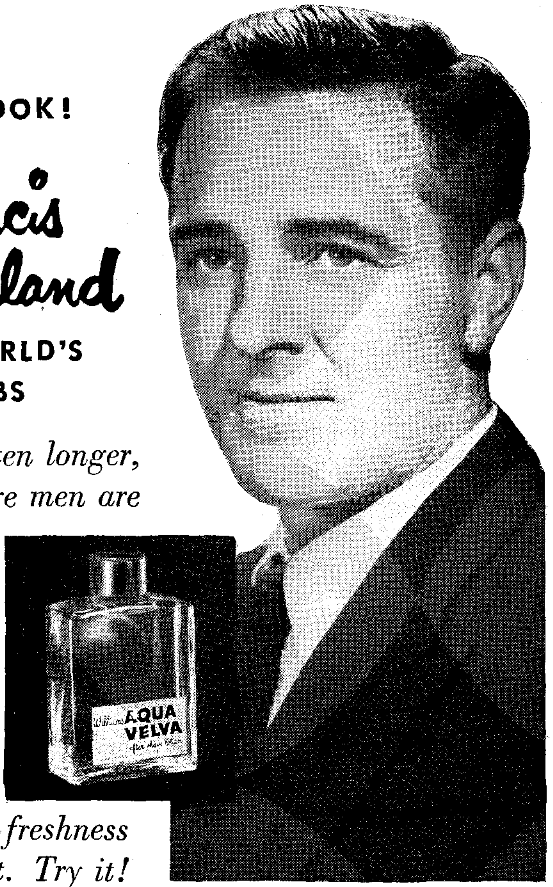
IN case you hadn't heard (and hardly anyone has; why, I don't know), Aqueduct lost about three-quarters of its grandstand roof in that big storm last November. The management hopes to have repairs completed by opening day, June 18th. If it can't, no doubt the meeting will be transferred to Belmont Park. Oh, well, it's an ill wind . . .

—AUDAX MINOR

•

OUR OWN BUSINESS DIRECTORY

Able-to-Love Ice Cream Parlor, Montgomery, Ala.
The Snack Pit, Chicago, Ill.
Trembly Leaf Tobacco Co., Covington, Ohio.
Ken-Tuck-U-Inn, Petoskey, Mich.



KEEP THAT YOUNG, HEALTHY LOOK!

Join Francis Grover Cleveland

IN ONE OF THE WORLD'S FOREMOST CLUBS

As man's youth has gotten longer, by decades, *more and more men are taking a YOUNG man's care of their appearance —more and more men are joining the Aqua Velva After-Shave Club. Aqua Velva brightens, braces your skin after shaving, gives that youthful skin-freshness everyone enjoys looking at. Try it!*

***A few of the members:** Lauritz Melchior, Norman Rockwell, Lucius Beebe, Maj. George Fielding Eliot*

Francis Grover Cleveland, pioneer in the Summer Theatre movement and son of the late President, is a member of the Aqua Velva After-Shave Club.

SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK CITY 18, N. Y.

Please enter my subscription to your magazine for ☐ 1 YEAR; ☐ 2 YEARS. My remittance is enclosed.

U. S. and Possessions	1 year—$7.00;	2 years—$11.00
Canada	1 year— 8.00;	2 years— 13.00
Latin America and Spain	1 year— 7.50;	2 years— 12.00
Other Foreign	1 year—10.00;	2 years— 17.00

Subscribers ordering a change of address are requested to notify us at least four weeks in advance and to give us their old address as well as the new.

NAME________________________________

ADDRESS_____________________________
(Please include postal zone number)

SONJA HENIE
IN PERSON
and her HOLLYWOOD ICE REVUE

NOW thru Feb. 7

NOT TELEVISED
no perf. Jan. 26, 27, 28
Nightly 8:30
MATINEES
SUNS. JAN. 21, FEB. 4

Res. $1.50, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 (tax incl.)
MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

Columbia Room

Music by
TED HUSTON
and his orchestra

Food by
CHEF LUCIEN
and his talented staff

NO COVER CHARGE
OR MINIMUM CHECK

SPECIAL THEATRE BUFFET

Hotel Astor
TIMES SQUARE
A few steps from all theatres

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Salute to the Bobbies

OF the quartet of pictures that caught my eye last week, "The Blue Lamp," an English film, was the only one worth a second glance, and not a too protracted glance at that. The three others were "Branded" (Alan Ladd as a two-gun killer wickedly pretending to be the long-lost son of a well-heeled Texas rancher until love for the gentleman's daughter makes him abandon the masquerade), "Dallas" (Gary Cooper as a former Confederate partisan with a price on his head who takes refuge in Texas and piously pretends to be a Northern marshal while he is wiping out a gang of desperadoes), and "Grounds for Marriage" (Van Johnson as a nose-and-throat man who pursues the daughter of an older medic while he himself is being pursued by his ex-wife).

Compared with these three tired commodities, "The Blue Lamp" seems a rather fresh item. The picture deals with the activities of the London police force, and in its early scenes it placidly recounts the day-to-day doings of the bobbies who work out of Paddington Green station. Maybe a long exposure to Hollywood interpretations of the maneuvers of the F.B.I. and the local cops has left me too numbed to appreciate fully the sort of stationhouse that is under examination here. At any rate, the Paddington operatives are as quiet a lot as you ever met, and seldom rip the curtain of night with anything more devastating than a police whistle. Their home lives, one gathers, are no different from those of other London burghers, and for quite a while after the opening of the picture you may be deceived into thinking that you are witnessing a cinematic miracle—a study of policemen without the intrusion of any violence. Presently, however, trouble arrives explosively, when a pair of scoundrels, after holding up a jewelry store, attempt to grab the receipts of a variety theatre. In the course of their getaway, one of them shoots a veteran bobby, and forthwith "The Blue Lamp" slides into the familiar but lively groove where cops and robbers are most at home. Perhaps

Toujours Gai!

Possibly it's our location high in the lovely Laurentians. Or perhaps skiers find that extra *joie de vivre* comes from the incomparable skiing facilities our 5 lifts and 40 miles of trails provide.

In any event there's a gaiety to life at Mont Tremblant Lodge which is hard to match; a sparkling whirl of snow and fun which has made The Lodge the favorite rendezvous of America's foremost skiers.

Accommodations to fit your purse, three bars. Dancing nightly. Early reservations suggested!

New York Office:
MUrray Hill 4-4705

Mont Tremblant Lodge

Mont Tremblant
P.Q., Canada
John H. Singleton, *General Mgr.*

ASTI
RESTAURANT
from "Pagliacci to Tin Pan Alley"
gay singing from 7:30 p.m. on
STEAKS OUR SPECIALTY
13 EAST 12th ST.
ALgonquin 5-9773
ALgonquin 5-9095
OPEN 5:30 P.M. - 3 A.M.

Giant Artichokes

Giant artichokes from California's Carmel-by-the-sea. Matchless for size, freshness, and flavor. Outstanding treat for party luncheons or dinner. Unique gift for friends. Eight recipes tell how to prepare and serve. Box of 12 Giants, prepaid in U.S., for only $3.95. Please send check or money order to

TOM JONES
P. O. Box 356 Carmel, California

Make Your Next Luncheon Date At—
TONY'S WIFE
LUNCHEON COCKTAILS DINNER
150 East 55th Street Tel. EL 5-4506

in an attempt to add social significance to all this, the picture describes the bad men involved as juvenile delinquents. They didn't look so young to me, and I think it's about time that film-makers stopped regarding any criminal under twenty-five as a toddler who can be redeemed for society by a bath in the milk of human kindness.

Whatever their claims to youthfulness, the murderers are chased all over the London landscape by the Paddington police and their Scotland Yard associates. Basil Dearden, who directed the piece, has borne down heavily on local color in arranging the pursuit, and winds things up with a rush at a dog-racing contest in a London stadium. The cast of "The Blue Lamp" is pleasant to watch, since none of the actors go in for gaudy heroics. Among those on hand are Jack Warner, Jimmy Hanley, Dirk Bogarde, Robert Flemyng, and Meredith Edwards. —JOHN McCARTEN

•

OUR FORGETFUL AUTHORS

[*From a story by Louis Bromfield in Cosmopolitan*]

He threw some wood on the fire, rolled himself up in the blankets, and fell asleep almost at once. Out of long training, he could lie down and sleep anywhere at any time.

When he wakened, it was almost dark. The cattle were still there. Some of them were eating again, and he checked the calves to find them all in good shape. One or two were a little weak, but with the shelter and a chance to suck, they'd pull through. The wind still blew, and the snow in the half-darkness seemed thicker than ever.

He opened a couple of cans, melted snow to make coffee, and settled down to his supper. When he had finished eating, he played solitaire for a while and then tried to sleep, but sleep did not come easily.

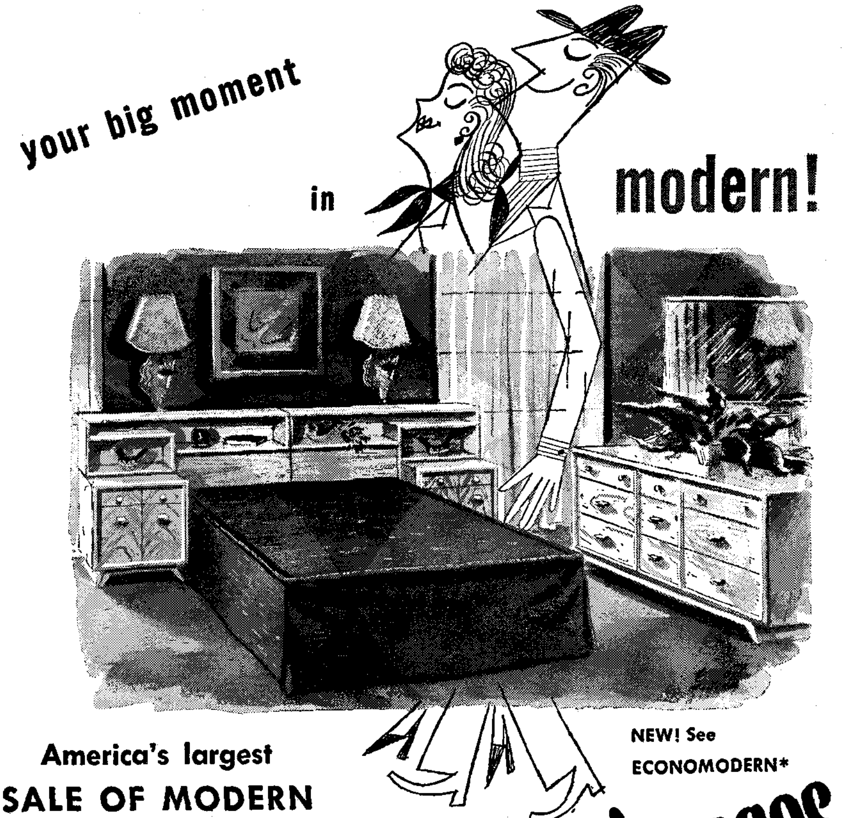
•

TEmpleton 8-9649 reached Le Veau d'Or, 129 E. 60th St., and as I made my reservation for a late lunch Monday I heard the babel of many tongues, mostly French. Within a half hour I was there, to greet Georges Baratin, recently returned from a vacation in France, and his partner, Henri Guiguet.

Each was busy darting here and there in the small room, scribbling orders deftly on scratch pads while silent witnesses in oil paintings, including fruit centerpieces, sailing ships and the famous painting after the restaurant's name—The Sleeping Calf—gave tacit approval.

"No, we don't have the moules (mussels) today," said Henri to three men. "They were no good, so we sent them back."—*Robert W. Dana in the World-Telegram & Sun.*

Wake that calf up while you're at it!


your big moment in modern!

America's largest
SALE OF MODERN
now!
discounts 10 to 50%
daily 10 to 6, thurs. till 9

NEW! See ECONOMODERN*

Modernage
16 East 34th St.
* © 1951 Modernage F.C.

For the sheer delight of a fine California Port...

ENJOY CRESTA BLANCA'S OUTSTANDING PORT WINE. Smooth, delicately sweet, full-bodied, ruby red, here is a fine dessert and after-dinner wine you'll serve with pleasure and assurance. Enjoy it soon, delight your guests! ANOTHER FINE WINE FROM CRESTA BLANCA WINE COMPANY AT LIVERMORE, CALIFORNIA.

In California State Wine Judgings, 1947, 1948, 1949 and 1950, Cresta Blanca Wines received 33 major awards!

SINCE 1889

CRESTA BLANCA

Consistent Winner of Major Wine Awards Since 1889

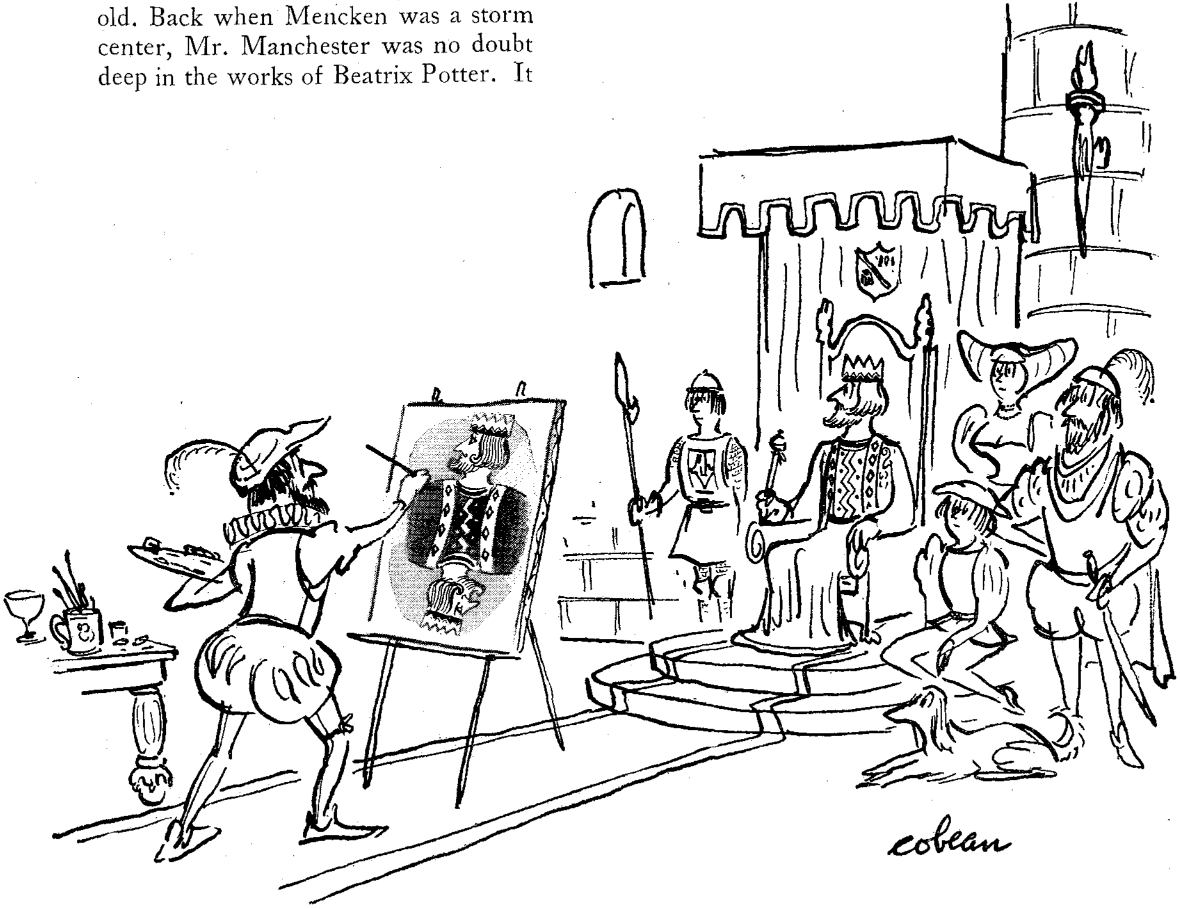
BOOKS

Disturbing the Peace

WILLIAM MANCHESTER'S "Disturber of the Peace" (Harper) is the second life of H. L. Mencken to appear within a year. The fact that the first was toneless, patronizing, and clotted with liberal piety makes it doubly pleasant to be able to convey the good news that Mr. Manchester's book is written with verve, intellectual sophistication, and a prickly wit worthy of its eminent subject. As a work of criticism, it doesn't cut very deep. Mr. Manchester, perhaps through fear of boring his readers, passes up every opportunity to go to work in earnest on Mencken's ideas. This is a regrettable deficiency but not a crucial one. Mencken's thought has always been less penetrating than his personality. He influenced American literature and journalism not by introducing new ideas but by introducing a new spirit and a new style. It is the man's spirit and style that Mr. Manchester sets out to capture, and I think he captures it very well. "Disturber of the Peace" performs a considerable service for American intellectual history. It is, besides, a first-class piece of literate entertainment.

Mr. Manchester is twenty-eight years old. Back when Mencken was a storm center, Mr. Manchester was no doubt deep in the works of Beatrix Potter. It is a high tribute to Mencken that he should have been able in 1950 to attract a biographer who could not possibly have read him until a decade after most of Mencken's contemporaries had announced that he'd outlived his usefulness in every field but philology. And it is interesting that Mr. Manchester is more appreciative of Mencken as a critic of manners and politics than as a critic of literature, since the first is the field in which he is generally held to be entirely passé. One thing Mr. Manchester emphasizes as no previous biographer has done is the fact that Mencken's direct influence on American literature was really very short-lived. It scarcely extended into the twenties at all. Moreover, it somewhat grew, in an accidental fashion, out of politics. Mencken's interests were never primarily literary. He became the *Smart Set's* book critic only because the job was much too good for an ambitious young man to turn down. He joined battle with Stuart Sherman and the Humanists mainly because he was infuriated by their shabby insults to his German ancestors. When the First World War ended and the tide turned unmistakably in his direction, terror of having to become a yea-sayer led him to flee literature as if it were a troop of cub Scouts. "The returns from the universities begin to make me sweat," he wrote to a friend. He feared that within a few years he would become "sclerotic and respectable," and might even be known as Paul Elmer Mencken. If he didn't quite succeed in ducking respectability, he certainly succeeded in ducking literature. Nothing he has ever said about politics was quite as foolish as some of the things he said about writing in the mid-twenties. In 1925, he professed himself unable to find any merit whatever in "The Great Gatsby," whose author he had been the first to encourage. He called Joyce a crackpot and Hemingway a boob. By the time Faulkner came along, he had so far lost touch with American writing that Charles Angoff, his surrogate on the *American Mercury*, had to spend hours wheedling him into printing "That Evening Sun," one of Faulkner's best stories.

In setting forth Mencken's political views, Mr. Manchester does two things of great value. The first is that he scotches for good and all the reports that Mencken privately sympathized with Hitler. Mencken thought democracy ludicrous, but he had nothing but contempt for Fascist tyranny. He stubbornly refused to issue an unambiguous public declaration of this contempt, because he thought it would be taken as an admission that he had erred in his earlier admiration of German institutions, and he was responsible for some pretty tasteless jokes about the war, but he did make his loathing of Hitler clear in private correspondence, which is far more convincing than any public declarations in a matter of this nature. In 1933, he was quick to decline honorary membership in the Friends of Germany for "so long as the chief of the German state continues to make



Fabulous luxury
plus Performance Unlimited

It's a sensation—coast to coast!

The new Hudson Hornet for '51 is magnificent—with color-harmonized custom luxury beyond any previous concept—with glamorous nylon upholstery in three-dimensional weave that wears and wears!

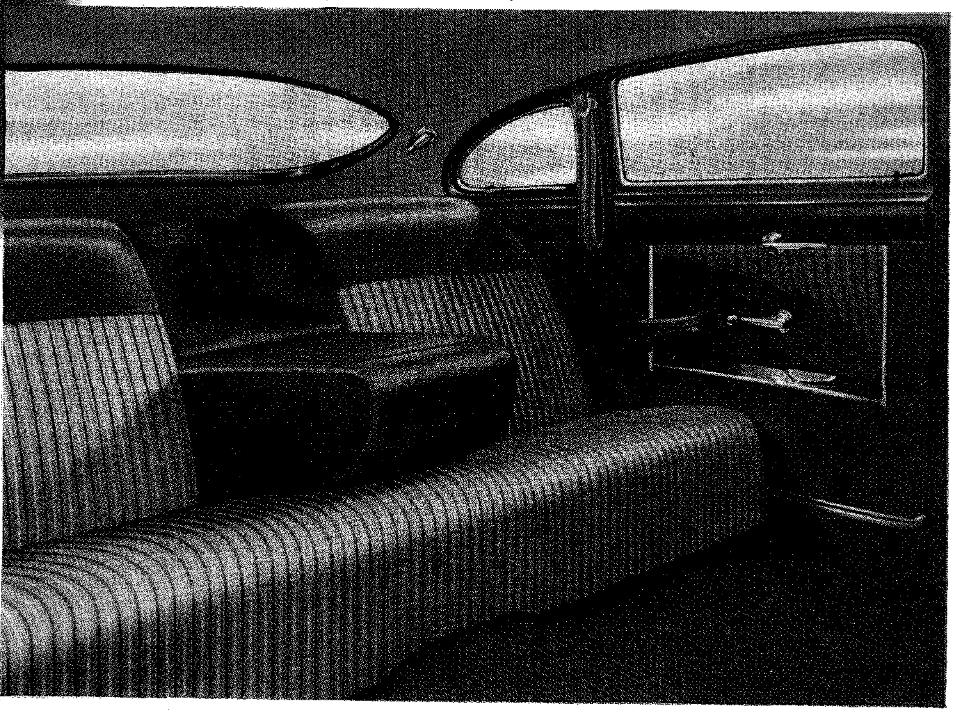
This warm, colorful nylon is in combination with leather-grain trim that will not scuff, crack or peel, and can be cleaned with a damp cloth.

Yes, there's luxury everywhere! Even the graceful chrome door and window controls are conveniently nested out of your way in smartly upholstered recessed panels.

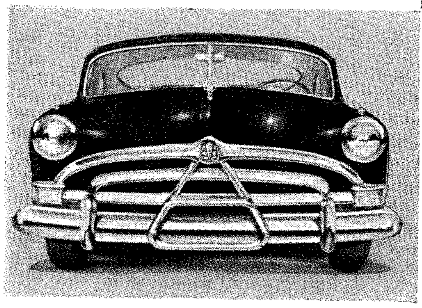
And the sensational new H-145 engine in the Hudson Hornet gives you *performance unlimited*—the luxurious feel of miraculous high-compression power that provides instant command of the road in any situation.

You are invited to ride and drive the most exciting new car in years—at your Hudson dealer's now!

REAR COMPARTMENT • HUDSON HORNET
STAR OF 4 RUGGED HUDSON SERIES FOR '51



Hydra-Matic Drive is available on all Hudson Hornet and Commodore Custom models at extra cost.



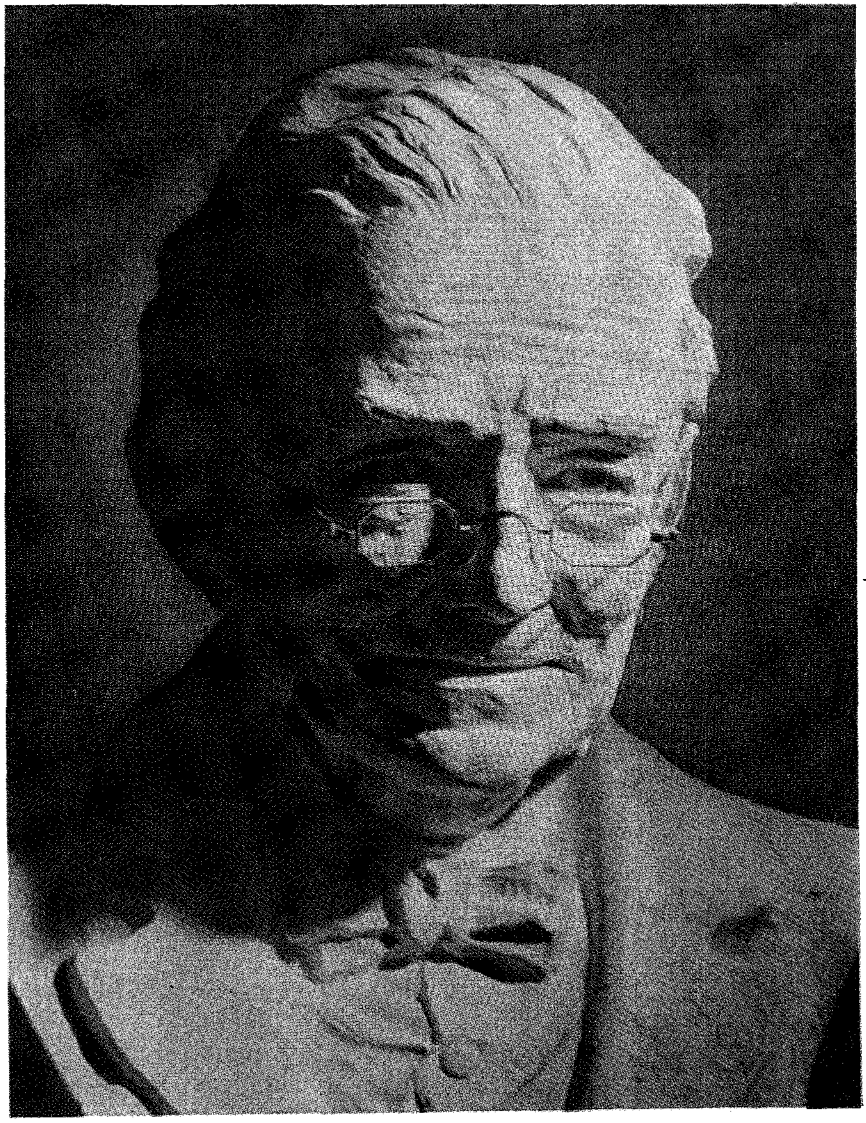
NEW
HUDSON Hornet

It has no substitute

OLD GRAND-DAD
100 PROOF
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
THE OLD GRAND DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY
FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY

100 PROOF

BOTTLED IN BOND
UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT



Head of the Bourbon Family

Nothing else quite takes its place. The first golden drop that passes your lips will tell you why Old Grand-Dad has long been "Head of the Bourbon Family." For the taste of this mellow, smooth, heart-warming Kentucky bonded bourbon has made it the prime choice of those who are satisfied only with the best. There is no reason at all for even thinking of a substitute.

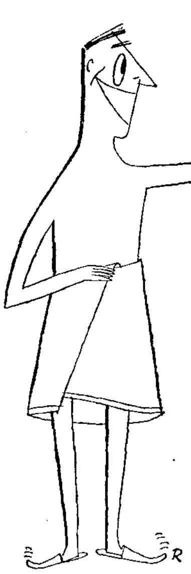
The Old Grand-Dad Distillery Company
Frankfort, Kentucky

OLD GRAND-DAD
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

speeches worthy of an Imperial Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan." In the same year, he expressed his dismay in an uncharacteristically sombre letter to a friend. "I give up the Germans as substantially hopeless," he wrote. "All sorts of authorities report that they are in an exalted and happy mood. If so, it is the kind of euphoria that goes with acute infections."

The second of Mr. Manchester's benefactions is his demonstration of the fact that Mencken is to be prized chiefly for his hatred of cant in every form. He fought the genteel tradition in literature not so much because it produced bad writing—it produced a lot of writing that was far better than some of the things that took Mencken's fancy—but because it was based on cant. He sponsored Lewis and Dreiser because they were effective antidotes to cant, and he was able to shrug off Hemingway and Faulkner because it was in other ways that they were valuable. He was more ferocious in his attacks on the New Dealers than in his attacks on Harding and Coolidge because liberalism is, as a rule, even fuller of cant than conservatism.

This emphasis on cant suggests a parallel with Dr. Johnson, and I wish that Mr. Manchester had taken up some of the astonishing similarities between the two men. Both were literary journalists, both were called literary dictators, both were Tories, both were lexicographers, both were superb conversationalists, both were victims of galloping hypochondria, both expressed themselves in a style that made use of Latinate elegance as well as the vernacular. Both also had large reputations for misanthropy, which they enjoyed fostering but which a study of their private lives could not confirm. I think Mr. Manchester is the first biographer of Mencken to give one a true sense of his extraordinary courtesy and hospitality, of the warmth of his personal relationships, and of the way he could be touched by injustice to an individual. One of the best stories this book tells—and a story I don't believe has been told before—has to do with an anti-lynching campaign Mencken waged in the Baltimore *Evening Sun* in 1931, after a Negro laborer had been savagely done in by a yahoo mob from the Eastern Shore. Mencken was so indignant over the incident that he went to Washington to testify in favor of federal anti-lynching legislation. There are some men who will testify before Congress at the drop of a hat, but for Mencken to



Here's to your health!

Yes, here for the taking is the restful, healthful, world-famous, wonder-working Baths at The Greenbrier where the Spa facilities are second to none in the world. And what does this mean to you? You'll love the soothing effect of the mineral waters—you'll marvel at their rejuvenative and restorative powers. Yes, and you'll get a new lease on life because you'll have a new lease on health. All amid the splendrous setting of Greenbrier's 7000 acres of rolling hills and verdant valleys. What's more, every recreation, sport and diversion is here for your added pleasure.

So, here's to your health at The Greenbrier. Winter rates now in effect, but $14.50 per day, per person, luncheon and dinner included. We'll be glad to send you on request the booklet story of the Baths at The Greenbrier.

The Greenbrier *Where Autumn Spends The Winter*
WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, WEST VIRGINIA
Edward T. Lawless, Vice-President
Early reservations advisable. New York, 30 Rockefeller Plaza—JU 6-2225

HERB SHRINER
Humorist

THE NEW Persian Room

YVETTE
Sings

DICK LA SALLE
and his Orchestra

MARK MONTE
and his Continentals

Two shows nightly...
9:30 and 12:15.
Cover after 9:30—$2.
Saturdays—$2.50. Closed Sundays.
Something new... a special
Persian Room Luncheon at $2.50.

THE PLAZA
Fifth Avenue at 59th Street

Can you distinguish between

ARCHAIC
RARE
OBSOLETE
and OLD ?

WHY is it that some people can say exactly what they mean—and mean exactly what they say? It is because they are fully aware of the expressional richness available to them in words. Now you, too, can enrich your vocabulary through this new book that shows 12,000 English words at work in practical "live-model" usage, shows the origin of each; its evolution; and word family gossip. Fascinating to read, it shows the average speaker and writer how to get all there is out of a word and its near-synonyms.

THE OPDYCKE LEXICON of Word Selection
by JOHN BAKER OPDYCKE
author of *Get it Right!* and *Say What You Mean* and 25 other books
Over 400 pages • $5 at bookstores
FUNK & WAGNALLS CO.
153 East 24th St., New York

Bela VILLANYI
his Violin & Ensemble
Rosalie GRANT
Viennese Chanteuse
Carlo HATVARY
Baritone
Extra Attraction
MIRKO
& His Guitar
●
Continuous Entertainment

Dinner $2.50 up
Shows-9, 11, 1 am
NO MINIMUM
NO COVER

VIENNESE-HUNGARIAN CUISINE
Continental Atmosphere
EBERHARDT'S
Cafe Grinzing
323 E. 79th ST. • RE 4-9117

Do Your Salesmen Talk Too Much?

MANY otherwise able salesmen lose sales **every day** because they talk too much and too fast—and listen too little. The customer should be given a chance to talk and think. Robert Rawls has worked out the cure for this bad selling habit in—

Silent Selling

a 16-page booklet that many Sales Managers are enthusiastically buying to send to all their men. Sample copy 30¢. Stamps accepted. The UPDEGRAFF PRESS, Ltd., 918 Harwood Building, Scarsdale, New York.

face a roomful of senators and representatives to advocate a piece of reform legislation is evidence of a wrath mighty enough to be the envy of Jupiter himself. I am glad that Mencken now resembles Dr. Johnson in having found a good biographer.

FOR about two-thirds of the way, Desmond Young's "Rommel: The Desert Fox" (Harper) is an account of the Sahara campaigns of 1941 and 1942 and an appreciation of Rommel as a crafty but chivalrous antagonist there; the rest of the book is a history of Rommel's disillusionment with Hitler and an account of plot and counterplot in the German High Command from 1943 to the end of the war. To the British, who have been buying the book in quantity since its publication in London, a year ago, the work may be continuously interesting, but I imagine that most of its American readers will find the North African chapters tedious and unrewarding. In the days when Rommel was making things hot for the British there, most of us here were too much concerned with events in England, the North Atlantic, and the South Pacific to acquire the stock of associations with Libyan and Egyptian place names that Mr. Young's book presupposes. Mr. Young, a soldier-journalist who commanded a brigade under Field Marshal Auchinleck, is a pleasingly informal military historian and, I assume, a well-briefed and judicious one, but I found that the only way I could keep abreast of his narrative was by doing a lot of laborious fingerwork on an endpaper map of the desert. It is quite another matter, though, with the section of the book that begins when Rommel, on the verge of total defeat in Africa, is recalled and given the assignment of laying plans for dealing with the expected invasion of the Continent from England. Here the biography commences to take on color and excitement, and here, too, Mr. Young's argument that Rommel was not without a certain moral stature, an argument supported in the early part only by accounts of his civilized treatment of prisoners and of his occasional reluctance to be bamboozled by Nazi politicians, starts to make sense. According to Mr. Young, who interviewed many commissioned survivors of the Afrika Korps, as well as Rommel's widow and his son Manfred, Rommel was persuaded even before the fall of Tunis that Germany could not hope to win the war. In fact, he was persuaded of this as soon as he saw that the United States meant

The SPOTLIGHT'S on Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians
for DINNER and SUPPER DANCING
in the GRILL
HOTEL ROOSEVELT
Madison Ave. at 45th St.
—A Hilton Hotel—
Dean Carpenter, General Manager

GOLD MEDAL AWARD
INTERNATIONAL WINE SHOW
CALIFORNIA • SEPTEMBER, 1950
Angelo Petri SIGNATURE WINES
ANGELO PETRI VINEYARDS • ESCALON, CALIF.

How to make even a modest meal look like a million dollars!
THE ART OF SERVING FOOD ATTRACTIVELY
Step-by-step instructions on the fine art of garnishing all types of food, by an expert. Mary Albert Wenker. Illus., $2.45 everywhere. Doubleday

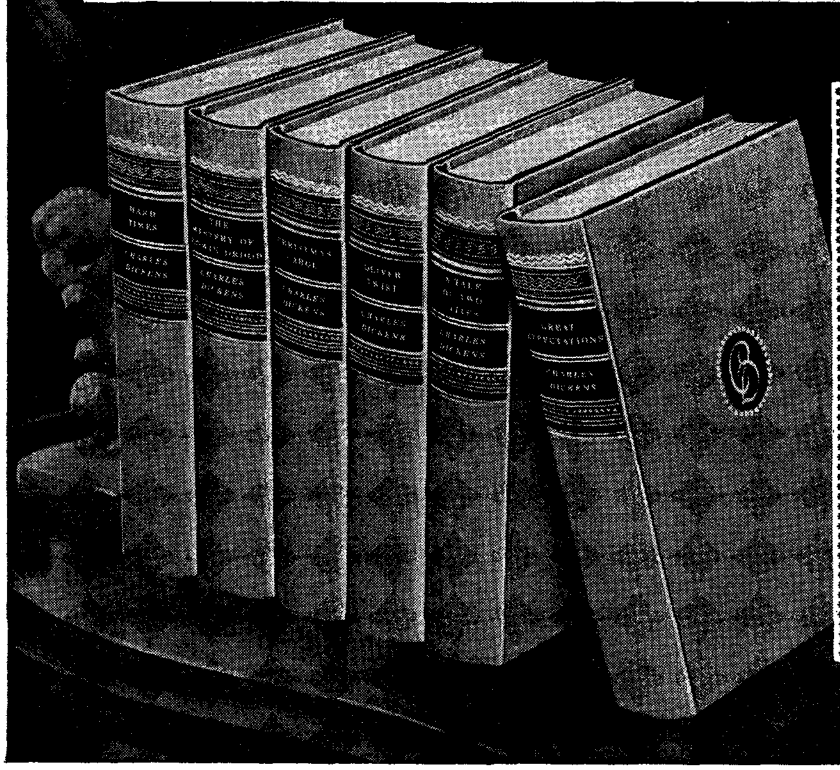
UNITE' dining chairs
Send two-cent stamp to Dept. N for booklet.
UNION-NATIONAL, INC. • JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

WALTER J. BLACK, PRESIDENT OF THE CLASSICS CLUB, INVITES YOU TO ACCEPT

Free ...*this 6 volume* Charles Dickens Library

TO NEW MEMBERS

Beautifully Printed, Luxuriously Bound, Gold-Stamped Editions



Lovely Books You and Your Family Will Cherish Forever!

THE whole world loves Dickens. Millions have chuckled—wept—gasped, over the adventures of his vividly real characters. Now you may have SIX of his novels FREE—in De Luxe Editions. Included are:

1. OLIVER TWIST. The fascinating adventures of a poorhouse waif who becomes a pupil in a school for pickpockets.

2. HARD TIMES. How a lovely girl was forced to marry an older man of her father's choosing.

3. CHRISTMAS CAROL. Scrooge's discovery of Christmas—the most heart-gladdening story in the English language. In the same volume: THE CHIMES; THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH.

4. A TALE OF TWO CITIES. A haunting love story, told against the flaming backdrop of the French Revolution.

5. GREAT EXPECTATIONS. The story of Pip, the young orphan; his mysterious rise to fortune.

6. MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD. The strange "unfinished symphony" of literature.

Why The Classics Club Offers You These *SIX BOOKS FREE*

WILL you add all six of these lovely volumes to your library—as a membership gift from The Classics Club? You are invited to join today . . . and to receive on approval beautiful editions of the world's greatest masterpieces.

These books, selected unanimously by distinguished literary authorities, were chosen because they offer the greatest enjoyment and value to the "pressed for time" men and women of today.

Why Are Great Books Called "Classics"?

A true "classic" is a living book that will never grow old. For sheer fascination it can rival the most thrilling modern novel. Have you ever wondered how the truly great books have *become* "classics"? First, because they are so readable. They would not have lived unless they were read; would not have been read unless they were interesting. To be interesting they had to be easy to understand. Those are the qualities which characterize these selections: *readability, interest, simplicity.*

Only Book Club of Its Kind

The Classics Club is different from all other book clubs. 1. It distributes to its members the world's classics at a low price. 2. Its members are not obligated to take any specific number of books. 3. Its volumes (which are being used today in many leading colleges and universities) are luxurious De Luxe Editions—bound in fine buckram ordinarily used for $5 and $10 bindings. They have tinted page tops; are richly stamped in genuine gold, which will retain its original lustre—books you and your children will read and cherish for years.

A Trial Membership Invitation to You

You are invited to accept a Trial Membership. With your first book will be sent an advance notice about future selections. You may reject any book you do not wish. You need not take any specific number of books—only the ones you want. No money in advance, no membership fees. You may cancel membership at any time.

Mail this Invitation Form at once. Paper, printing, binding costs are rising. This low price—and your beautifully bound *free* copies of all six volumes of THE CHARLES DICKENS LIBRARY—cannot be assured unless you respond promptly. THE CLASSICS CLUB, One Park Ave., N.Y. 16, N.Y.

Free *All Six De Luxe Volumes of* **THE CHARLES DICKENS LIBRARY** *Sent to You at Once!*

Walter J. Black, President DH
THE CLASSICS CLUB
One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a Trial Member and send me, FREE, all six volumes of the beautiful De Luxe Classics Club Edition of THE CHARLES DICKENS LIBRARY, together with the current selection.

I am not obligated to take any specific number of books and I am to receive an advance description of future selections. Also I may reject any volume before or after I receive it, and I may cancel my membership whenever I wish.

For each volume I decide to keep I will send you $2.89, plus a few cents mailing charges. (*Books shipped in U.S.A. only.*)

Mr.
Mrs. ....
Miss (PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY)

Address..

City.................................. Zone No. (if any)........State....................

Luncheon Parties

ON 57TH STREET

Entertain in style at the new White Turkey—an address of distinction for business or social luncheons, dinners, and other private parties. Delicious food and drinks. Superb private facilities in an attractive Georgian setting.

THE WHITE TURKEYS

Open Daily at Noon, Sundays at 1 PM

220 MADISON AVENUE
at 37th St. MU-3-1581
12 EAST 49th STREET
off Fifth Ave. PL-3-1181
300 EAST 57th STREET
at Second Ave. PL-9-3584

57th STREET OPEN DAILY UNTIL MIDNIGHT

Lüchow's
RESTAURANT
THE GOURMET'S RENDEZVOUS
Since 1882
HAS THE GLAMOUR • ROMANCE TRADITION OF OLD NEW YORK
110-112 EAST 14th STREET
GR-7-4860

PARTIES & BANQUETS arranged

640 MADISON AVENUE

comes winter...

Time to highlight those bare walls. It's smart to rent a painting! And it costs so little . . . from $3 through $80 a month.

N. Y. CIRCULATING LIBRARY OF PAINTINGS, INC.
640 Madison Avenue • New York • PLaza 9-7754

business, and he went so far as to write in his war journals that even if he had succeeded in overrunning Africa from Tunis to Cape Town, American industrial power would eventually have wrested it from him—"provided the Americans were able to bring in their material." This, apparently, was a belief shared by a good many German officers (one can't help wondering, hopefully, whether it is shared by many Russian officers today) and, in lucid moments, by Hitler himself. But what set Rommel apart was that from 1943 on he not only was resigned to German defeat but had come to believe that it would be a morally desirable outcome. Returning to Europe in 1943, he was sickened by the political squalor in Berlin and by the swinishness of the Occupation authorities in France and the Low Countries. Why he had not been sickened earlier is a subject Mr. Young discusses at length—sometimes convincingly, sometimes not—but the well-documented fact is that Rommel became anti-Hitler in 1943. He did all he could to strengthen the Atlantic Wall, but he did so, according to Mr. Young's account, because he thought that an Allied invasion in 1943 would help reunify a Germany that was already beginning to crack, and that it would be impossible to supplant the Nazis with a peace party as long as Germany was under siege. He became involved in efforts to get rid of Hitler, and after being seriously wounded in an Allied air attack in July, 1944, he associated himself with Dr. Karl Strölin, the Mayor of Stuttgart, a man who, though originally a Nazi, had been in opposition to Nazism for years and had been clandestinely befriending Jews from the start. It was Strölin's plan to assassinate Hitler and have Rommel form a provisional government. When Hitler learned of Rommel's subversion, he dispatched a pair of goons to the Marshal's home to offer him the choice of poisoning himself within an hour or facing trial for treason in a rigged court. He was told that if the first was his choice, his family would be left alone, but that if he chose to have a trial, no one could answer for the consequences to his wife and his son. He chose poison.

This last part of Young's biography seems to me one of the most interesting of war histories and memoirs. And it makes particularly agreeable reading right now. If Mr. Young has his facts right, Germany started splitting at the seams a long time before most of its enemies—and most Germans, for that

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—THE QUEEN!"

COOK'S propose for your pleasure a trip on the "QUEEN OF BERMUDA" to a year around vacation paradise. This famous liner offers the best of service...every room with bath.

TAKE A WEEK'S CRUISE OR STAY AS LONG AS YOU LIKE. WE WILL ARRANGE YOUR TRIP JUST AS YOU WISH.

Cook's have been leaders in Bermuda travel since 1889.

For Information or Service call

THOS. COOK & SON
(Bermuda Dept.)
587 Fifth Ave., MUrray Hill 8-4000
221 Broadway, DIgby 9-4540
Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, PLaza 9-7530

Use Cook's Travelers Cheques

ONCE IN A LIFETIME you find a place like the Peachtree where everything—food, cocktails, atmosphere, music—is just the way you like it. Stop in and try our Ragout of Beef Bourguignonne and you'll see what we mean. Dinners from $2.75. Luncheon entrées from $.75. King-sized cocktails. Charles Sherrill entertains at the Hammond organ every evening during dinner except Monday.

Peachtree
1215 Madison Avenue
at 87th Street
For reservations call LE 4-6655

NEW YORK'S CELEBRATED CHINESE RESTAURANT
Luncheon
Dinner
a la Carte
HOUSE OF CHAN
7th AVENUE cor. 52nd STREET

POPULAR PIANO
TAKE a lesson TODAY
PLAY a song TONIGHT
NO PREVIOUS TRAINING NECESSARY
Short INTERESTING Course for Adult Beginners
DAILY 1-8 P.M. • SATURDAY BY APP'T.
BERNARD SPENCER, M.A.
STEINWAY HALL, 113 W. 57th St. CO 5-1418

matter—suspected it. In 1943, when Fortress Europe seemed so formidable to us, Rommel surveyed its defenses and found them in an advanced state of disintegration. The Atlantic Wall, before Rommel started rebuilding it, was "a fake, a paper hoop for the Allies to jump through," but Rommel had the devil's own time convincing Berlin that this was the case. Almost as soon as the Nazi leaders became cock of the walk in Europe, they began imitating Roman emperors of the late, inglorious period. Young has done a wonderful scene in which Rommel tries vainly to force his alarm on Göring, who merely surveys his lacquered fingernails and strokes the silk lapels of his pearl-gray suit. Rommel found Hitler equally unreceptive. Everyone along the Wilhelmstrasse put him off with the familiar rebuke of officialdom: "You do not comprehend the whole situation, as we do." In reality, the shoe was on the other foot.

MOST of the recent reports from England have suggested that criticism of American foreign policy has been mounting rapidly. The critics cannot be among the followers of Barbara Ward, the English writer who in 1948 published "The West at Bay" and has now published a sequel, "Policy for the West" (Norton). No American has defended this government's policy as persuasively as Miss Ward does; she seems clearer about what is on Secretary Acheson's mind than Secretary Acheson himself. If anyone has written a better exposition and defense of the administration's theory of containment, word of it has not come my way. I gather that most of Miss Ward's book was written before the beginning of the fighting in Korea, last June, but that before the book went to press she had time for a certain amount of revision and reconsideration. It is a pity, though, that the book was out of her hands before she could reconsider the Korean experience in the light of the Chinese intervention—an event that has shaken the convictions of many American foreign-affairs experts and has made them take another look at the advice of Walter Lippmann, who has insisted right along that our policy, though commendable in purpose, is beyond our moral and military means. Conceivably, Miss Ward will take this up in a third book and have herself a trilogy. Meanwhile, "Policy for the West" will stand not only as a good restatement of the general theory of containment but as an instructive and attractively com-

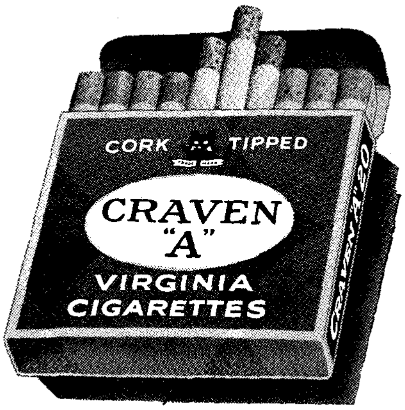
JACQUES FATH

Now...for Americans...

THE LARGEST SELLING CORK-TIPPED CIGARETTES IN THE WORLD

• To travelled Americans, the neat red Craven 'A' package is a familiar sight. And now these fine English-born cigarettes are made here . . . for Americans.

Craven 'A''s are made of the most expensive tobacco in the world. Literally, there are no other cigarettes like them in this country. An interesting thing happens to people who smoke Craven 'A''s. Because they so keenly enjoy the rare flavor of Craven 'A''s rich, mild tobacco . . . and the firm, clean feel of the natural cork tip . . . *Craven 'A' smokers almost never change brands.*



posed historical survey of a very unattractive period.

—Richard H. Rovere

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Disappearance, by Philip Wylie (Rinehart). A very long lecture on the condition of society, illustrated by two slides, one showing a world of men without women, the other a world of women without men. There is no story, and Mr. Wylie is far from bashful about taking up his reader's time with opinions and expositions, but his high personal excitement makes his loquacity seem pardonable, though deplorable, and the final effect of his book is one of massive, stentorian inoffensiveness.

Nightrunners of Bengal, by John Masters (Viking). A real adventure story, filled with risk, fighting, love, bloodshed, and hard-won victory. Mr. Masters, who is a good storyteller, deals with the Bengal Mutiny of 1857, in which Indian soldiers of the British Army rose up and murdered British officers and their families. The hero of the tale, Captain Rodney Savage, is an average, nice-looking, human fellow, who passes from one crisis to the next with such rapidity that one hardly has time to notice anything except his ability to keep going. The occasional grandiloquence of Mr. Masters' writing is in keeping with the death-or-glory nature of his characters, both Indian and English. Literary Guild selection for February.

Quorum, by Phyllis Bentley (Macmillan). A novel about the people who serve on a body called the Ashworth Textile Pageant Committee. The committee members—including a handsome, angry young woman who designs knitwear, a schoolgirl, an insurance salesman, an old millowner, and a rich, titled schemer—are taken up separately and described at length in a series of breathless synopses that bring them at a fast, steady trot from cradle to committee table. Miss Bentley's reasons for uncovering all these private lives are not disclosed.

Foxfire, by Anya Seton (Houghton Mifflin). The hero of this book is a stern mining engineer who is part Apache, the heroine is a spoiled New York girl, very pretty, and at the start of the story they are on their honeymoon. At the end, they are still mar-

try it...it's delicious!

sliced and ready to serve
GENUINE VITA BRAND
NOVA SCOTIA
SMOKED SALMON
Taste tempting as an appetizer, perfect for Sunday morning breakfast, ideal for pick-up suppers and unsurpassed for cocktail canapes.
VITA FOOD PRODUCTS, INC., N. Y. C.

VITA
Genuine
NOVA SCOTIA SALMON
KEEP REFRIGERATED
PERISHABLE
SMOKED
SLICED

Always
the SMARTEST Show
the DANCIEST Music
the FINEST Food
In Town!
the Copa's Gay New Revue
For Dinner at 8 • Then at 12 • Again at 2
COPACABANA
10 E. 60 • PL 8-0900
DINNER $2.75

The HEARTHSTONE
102 EAST 22 ST. • GR. 5-1889
Where New Yorkers have enjoyed good food and warm hospitality for over a quarter century.
Now our only restaurant in town.
Luncheon .75-1.75 *Dinner 1.40-2.25*
Closed Sundays

FRENCH
Fluent mastery from Berlitz-directed native teachers. Small friendly classes or private lessons. Enroll now. Studios open from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.
BERLITZ ®
630 Fifth Ave.
(at 50th St.)
CI 6-0110

Bermuda
where Spring is in the air!
Fly there without a care in fast, safe comfort
$85 plus tax
ROUND TRIP
COLONIAL
SAFETY IS NO ACCIDENT
OVER 20 YEARS OF SAFETY
COLONIAL AIRLINES
51 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N.Y.
CANADA • U.S.A. • BERMUDA
Call MU 6-5515 or see your travel agent

JOSE MELIS
AND HIS TRIO
Mermaid Room
PARK SHERATON HOTEL
NO TAX
NO COVER
NO MINIMUM
202 West 56th Street

for the perfect
DINNER
Enjoy the superb food, excellent service and refreshing atmosphere which is yours at the
Town House
Carl C. Masson, Manager
38th Street East of Park Avenue, New York

FISHERMEN'S NET
"HOME OF SEAFOOD DELICACIES"
LIQUOR Nicholas G. Chroneon, Dir.
493 THIRD AVE. NEW YORK MU 4-8911

ried but have had a lot of fights. Miss Seton, whose writing can be described only as incessant, gives them plenty of room for their domestic unhappiness by having them live in a desert. The desert is in Arizona.

GENERAL

THE POLITICS OF MURDER, by Joseph Bornstein (Sloane). Eight studies of the increasingly frequent use in modern times of what the author calls "one of man's most ancient political weapons." The most detailed and successfully presented of the case histories concern assassinations that led to the consolidation of power in the hands of Mussolini and Hitler, and hence to the Second World War—notably the killings of Matteotti, Ernst Roehm, and Dollfuss. Also included in this category, although on slimmer grounds, is the shooting, in 1934, of Louis Barthou and King Alexander of Yugoslavia, resulting in the elevation of, respectively, Laval and Prince Regent Paul, both Nazi sympathizers. Turning to Bolshevist assassinations, Mr. Bornstein deals, and very skillfully indeed, with the liquidation of an obscure G.P.U. agent in Switzerland and with the curious circumstances attendant on Trotsky's death. The final chapter, on the death of Lenin, is in strong contrast to the rest of the book. Although it is, on the whole, a temperate and well-constructed job, it consists chiefly of speculation, hints, and rumors about the part that Stalin may conceivably have played in a demise that was at the time thought to be due to natural causes. Illustrated with photographs.

MORALS SINCE 1900, by Gerald Heard (Harper). A dark look at the moral fabric of British society, which the author thinks has been steadily unravelling since the beginning of the century, and some suggestions as to how a new ethic, in keeping with the present scientific era, might be developed. Mr. Heard, as readers of his "Pain, Sex, and Time" know, is adept at critical analysis, seeing human flaws with an icy clearness. Much of what he says here about the changes in the "five natural moral laws," which deal with force, sex, wealth, word (meaning honor), and thought, can be applied to the United States as well as to Britain, and some of what he says, particularly his remarks about mendacity in advertising and the public indifference to it, fits

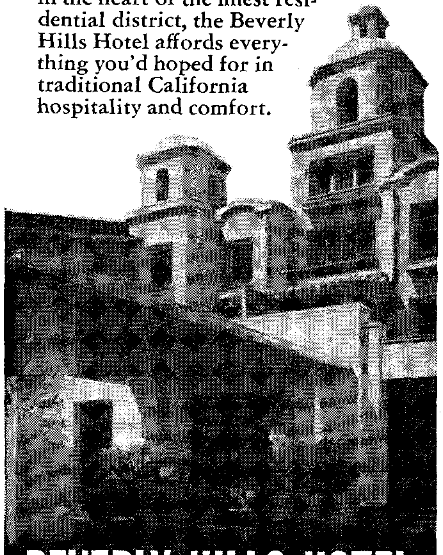
1870
OLD FITZGERALD
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
Distilled and Bottled by Stitzel-Weller Distillery Louisville, Kentucky
Bottled in Bond
OLD FASHIONED

Your Key to Hospitality
OLD FASHIONED
...but Still in Style
100% BONDED
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON
100 PROOF
Stitzel-Weller Distillery
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

OLD FITZ HOT TODDY
Here's the Kentucky way to a cheery, chill-chasing drink: Dissolve lump of sugar in toddy glass with bit of boiling water. Add twisted lemon peel, a clove, and 1½ ounces OLD FITZ. Fill glass with bubbling hot water and stir with small cinnamon stick.

YOUR PLACE IN *California*

Here you'll find leaders of business, society, governments, stage, screen and radio. For here they experience, as will you, a unique opportunity to combine relaxing hours with business accomplishment. Just minutes away from downtown Los Angeles, Hollywood's Radio City, the motion picture studios, in the heart of the finest residential district, the Beverly Hills Hotel affords everything you'd hoped for in traditional California hospitality and comfort.



BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL
Hernando Courtright, President
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA

GAGE AND TOLLNER'S

A famous Sea Food house for 70 years
Closed on Sunday
Established 1879
374 Fulton St., Brooklyn

for drycleaning...
Barrett-Nephews
...who else?

Barrett-Nephews is near your door
Barrett-Nephews costs no more
Barrett-Nephews
established 1819
Manhattan • Brooklyn • Bronx • Queens

this country even better than Britain. He is, however, given to a kind of easy generalizing that will be maddening to special groups (the chapter called "Sex," for instance, is not likely to soothe feminists), as well as to a certain "scientific" mysticism that might be called the Higher Ambiguity. By and large, though, his writing is provocative of thought as well as of temper, and certainly it is consistently stimulating.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

Murder on the Left Bank, by Elliot Paul (Random House). A New England family comes to Paris, and some fairly odd things happen to it after the seventeen-year-old daughter decides to concern herself with the events and characters involved in her brother's death there. Two murders take place before Mr. Paul's detective, a fine bearded man named Homer Evans, goes far enough back into the history of Rockport, Massachusetts, to clear everything up. The plot is ingenious and the author's style, though periodically a little arch, is still far ahead of most of the field. Strongly recommended.

The Case of the Purloined Picture, by Christopher Bush (Macmillan). Superintendent Wharton, of Scotland Yard, is on the trail of a rather special sort of thief—a man who steals valuable rugs and religious paintings from churches—and Ludovic Travers, on vacation in a small town populated largely by art dealers and collectors, thinks he's spotted him. He has just alerted the Inspector when a messy and mysterious murder is committed, and it takes their combined patience and cleverness to trace the connection between the looter of churches and the killing and arrive at a logical solution. A superior puzzle, but a little unfair, perhaps, in that the reader couldn't possibly solve it himself.

•

DEPARTMENT OF PLANNED ECONOMIC CONFUSION

[*From the Los Angeles Times*]

"Our problem is to rid ourselves of unnecessary social welfare activities and to make American free enterprise work," Ralph E. Davis, partner in the General Plant Protection Co., said yesterday in an address before the Kiwanis Club at the Biltmore.

"A good place to start," he continued, "is to return taxation to its true role of obtaining necessary revenue to run the government and to use it as an instrument for penalizing production."

DENISE DARCEL
"Interpreter of Song"

BOB FOSSE and MARY ANN NILES
Dynamic young dance team

STANLEY MELBA
and his Society Orchestra

CHICO-RELLI
and his Rhumba Orchestra

Closed Mondays

Cotillion room
Hotel Pierre
FIFTH AVENUE AT 61st STREET

Lum Fong
New York's Favorite Chinese Restaurant
150 West 52 St.
220 Canal St.
authentic Chinese Food and Delicacies

SERVING SMOKED SALMON pickled in Cream Sauce
DAIRY FOOD AT ITS BEST FOR 30 YEARS
Steinberg's
DAIRY RESTAURANT
BROADWAY & 81st ST., N.Y.C.
ENDICOTT 2-2030
OPEN EVERY DAY

Cherio
French-Italian Cuisine
Luncheon • Dinner until 11 p.m.
46 E. 50th St. Open Sun. 6 p.m. MU 8-1190

CONGRESS
Playing Cards
CEL-U-TONE FINISH
Only Congress Cards have the incomparable CEL-U-TONE FINISH

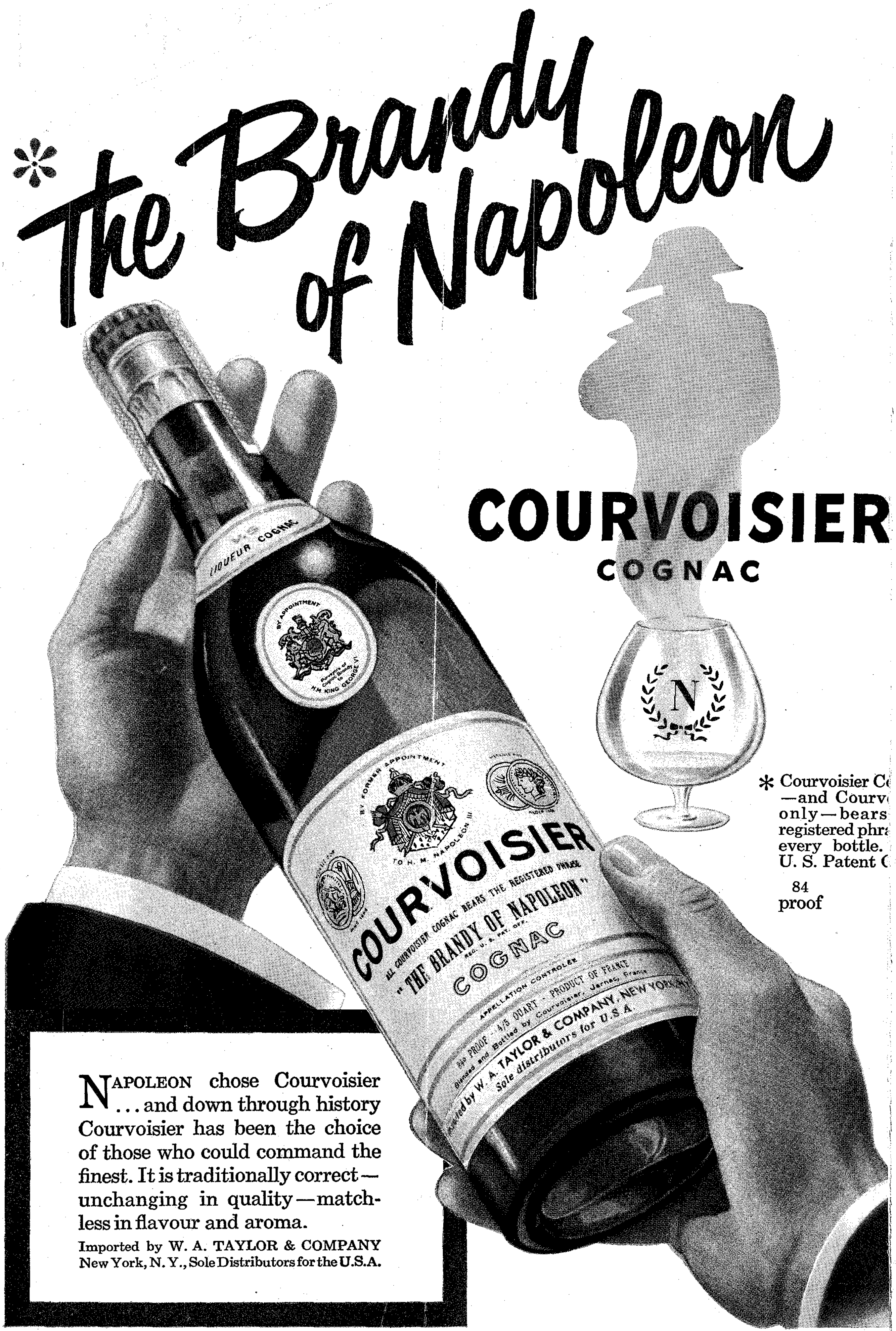
AT CEIL CHAPMAN'S OWN HOME. When this celebrated fashion designer entertains, you see her sure brilliant touch in every detail. Example—fresh new Congress decks appear at every game. "It's such a pity to strike an off-note with soiled, shabby cards," Ceil Chapman says. "And everybody loves a game that begins with the crackle of cellophane!"

One touch tells you—

WHAT A DIFFERENCE CEL-U-TONE FINISH MAKES!

It's that rich gleam and glide no other cards have . . . that smoother Congress "slip," that livelier Congress "snap." CEL-U-TONE FINISH does it! And see how gemlike their colors flash against the gold and silver glow of their edges! To offer such cardplaying luxury is the finest compliment you can pay your guests.

FREE! Complete latest rules for CANASTA, with smart-strategy hints. Just mail a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dept. 97, The United States Playing Card Company, Cincinnati 12, Ohio. (In Canada: The International Playing Card Co., Windsor, Ont.)


*the Brandy of Napoleon
COURVOISIER
COGNAC
V.S
LIQUEUR COGNAC
BY APPOINTMENT
Purveyors of Cognac Brandy to H.M. KING GEORGE VI
BY FORMER APPOINTMENT
TO H. M. NAPOLEON III
COURVOISIER
ALL COURVOISIER COGNAC BEARS THE REGISTERED PHRASE
"THE BRANDY OF NAPOLEON"
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
COGNAC
APPELLATION CONTROLEE
84 PROOF · 4/5 QUART · PRODUCT OF FRANCE
Blended and Bottled by Courvoisier, Jarnac, France
Imported by W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y.
Sole distributors for U.S.A.
N

* Courvoisier C
—and Courv
only—bears
registered phr
every bottle.
U. S. Patent

84
proof

NAPOLEON chose Courvoisier ... and down through history Courvoisier has been the choice of those who could command the finest. It is traditionally correct—unchanging in quality—matchless in flavour and aroma.

Imported by W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY
New York, N. Y., Sole Distributors for the U.S.A.